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HINTS ON ORNAMENTAL GARDENING.

(*Continued from vol. VII. p.* 341)

PLATE I.—A BRIDGE ADAPTED TO PARK SCENERY.

WHERE water intersects a park in such a way as to render a bridge across it necessary in the line of approach towards the mansion, the annexed design would be appropriate, if the ground at each end of the bridge happened to be so elevated, or gently rising from the plane of the park, as to permit the parapet to be level, instead of an extended curve, according to the usual practice in such edifices; and this circumstance would afford a greater length to the road-way of the bridge, and consequently produce an effect of magnitude at little additional expense.

Without the side arches, a building so formed would divide the grounds on both banks of the river or canal; but in this instance a free communication is obtained, and the walks along its margins preserved entire; which are here supposed to be embellished by plantations, as being in the immediate vicinity of the pleasure-grounds, and one bank might very properly form a part of them.

A bridge of this description should be placed so near the mansion, as to combine with its general design, and appear to be an essential part of the whole; in which case it would greatly add to its seeming magnitude and consequence, and lose its liability to the reasonable objection raised to bridges standing in the [illegible] park scenery, on account of their unsupported and spiring [illegible] and appearances.

MISCELLANIES.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

Mr. ADVISER,

If ever there was a poor young creature in want of advice, I am sure I am. I was brought up in the country by my grandmother, one of the best women that ever lived. She took me when I was about four years old, and I remained with her till I had completed my sixteenth year, when I had the misfortune to be deprived of her by death. I was then taken home by my mother, a widow of good fortune, who, to my very great distress, requires that I should totally forget all that my grandmother taught me to regard as most essential. The latter had incessantly in her mouth the saying, that idleness is the root of all evil; for which reason she never spent an idle moment herself, nor suffered any body about her to do so. She instructed me to interest myself for the poor, to do what I could to help them, and even sometimes to deny myself little indulgences, for the sake of serving them; because, she used to say, there can be no true charity without self-denial.

Now, sir, since I have been at home, I have not only been taught, but even compelled, to do the opposite to all this. I am obliged to give up all my usual occupations, and remain always idle; because my mamma says, that, as I have been so long immured, she is determined to give me all the pleasure in her power: this is very good of her; but indeed, Mr. Adviser, what she calls pleasure tires me to death, and while she tells me, that I enjoy more liberty than almost any young person of my age, I look upon myself as living under the greatest restraint. I dare not be seen with a needle in my hand, because it is very vulgar to work; I am never allowed to have a farthing in my pocket, because mamma says, I must not be suffered to squander my money upon cheats and impostors; for, according to her opinion, and that of her set, all poor people are rogues.

When I was with my grandmother, nothing but serious indisposition could excuse any of our family from going to church; but the very first Sunday after I arrived at home, I got a terrible scolding from mamma for proposing to go there, because she assures me, that it is a practice quite left off by all polite people.

As to my dress, I protest to you, Mr. Adviser, I am often ashamed to look at myself in the glass: my gown is cut down so much, and my sleeves are so shortened, that I really cannot help fancying sometimes, I see the venerable countenance of my dear grandmother surveying me, not, as she used to do, with a look of pleasure, but one of reproach and indignation at the indecency of my appearance.

Another thing which troubles me very much is, that in the country, I was always accustomed to tell the truth on every occasion, and here I am compelled to be fibbing from

morning till night; I must be delighted and transported to see people that I do not care a farthing about; charmed with the Opera, which I am never suffered to hear from the buzz which surrounds me; and enchanted with conversaziones, where one half of the company yawn away the evening, and the other talk only upon subjects which I do not understand.

But bad as all this is, Mr. Adviser, the worst is still to come: mamma wants me to marry, and has fixed upon Sir Simon Shallowbrain as a husband for me. My dear grandmother took great pains, a few weeks before she died, to explain to me the duties of a wife, and to impress me with the sacredness of matrimony. She begged of me never to marry any one whom I could not love and respect. Now I am quite sure that it would be impossible for me ever to love or respect Sir Simon, for he appears to me the most stupid, ill-bred, disagreeable creature in the world: he talks of nothing but eating, dress, and driving a new carriage which he has just invented; and I understand that the reason he proposed for me is, because he thinks I should look very well in it.

Mamma is so bent on this match, that she will not hear of any objection I can make to him: she tells me he is an elegant creature, and that it is only my gross ignorance which makes me find fault with him. Grandmamma always said, that it was my duty to obey my mother; but yet I can't help thinking, if she were alive, she would never suffer me to be married to a man like Sir Simon. While I was fretting about it, it came into my head, that a lady who visits my mamma, said the other day, that you must be a strange prosing old fellow; for that your notions were so obselete and *outré*, that you ought to have lived in the days of Elizabeth. Now you must know, sir, that my grandmamma taught me to have a very great respect for the people of those times; and I resolved immediately to ask you, whether you think I ought to marry Sir Simon or not. But, dear Mr. Adviser, I hope you will not think me obliged in conscience to obey mamma; for indeed, if I do marry him, I shall be the most miserable creature in the world. Pray, sir, send me your advice as soon as you can, and I shall always be your grateful, humble servant,

SIMPLICIA MEANRIGHT.

I have not the least hesitation in advising my young correspondent to give the baronet a decided refusal. Her mind seems to be fraught with every thing good, and I think it would be a thousand pities if she did not follow the advice of her worthy grandmother, and reserve her hand for a man whom she can love and respect. She must not forget, however, that it is her duty to obey her mother in all points in which she can conscientiously do so; and as I flatter myself, that my sentiments on most points are very similar to those of her deceased grandmother, I shall be most happy in affording her the benefit of my advice, whenever she chooses to ask it. S. SAGEPHIZ.

Mr. ADVISER,

I am the unfortunate husband of one of the cleverest wo-

men in England: my wife, you must know, sir, understands, as she says, the art of rising in the world better than any body else, and she has always some infallible scheme to make our fortunes; but unluckily, from some cause or other, which she protests nobody could have foreseen, these schemes constantly fail of success.

When I married her I had a handsome independence; she was portionless, but as I thought I had enough for both, that was no obstacle to our union. Some of my relations were foolish enough to reflect upon Mrs. Loveplan's want of fortune; and from that moment her mind has been employed in schemes to let them see, as she expresses it, that if she had not a fortune, she knows how to make one.

At this time we lived in the country, and her first project was, to persuade me to take into my own hands a farm which I let for a good rent. I represented to her that I knew nothing of agriculture; but she assured me, with the greatest confidence, that she was well skilled in the theory of it, having made it her study for years. I own I was far from thinking that her practice would be equal to her theory, but as I am naturally of an easy temper, rather than be eternally teased, I yielded, though I own, reluctantly enough.

The first fruit of her plan was an expense of nearly one hundred pounds in agricultural books, which were, as she assured me, absolutely necessary to enable her to form a system of her own, which should combine every thing that was good in those of other people, and consequently surpass them all.

What the principles of her system were I never took the trouble to learn, but its effects dispossessed me of nearly a third of my income; for the land was so impoverished by her management, that, after she had tried experiments on it for several years, which always turned out unsuccessfully, I was glad to dispose of it at last for a mere nothing.

I was in hopes, Mr. Adviser, that this first failure, as it was of such a serious nature, would have sickened her of experiments. No such thing: just at that time a distant relation of hers was going out to one of our most remote settlements abroad, and Mrs. Loveplan took it into her head, that a fortune might easily be made by sending out a cargo of beads, knives, looking-glasses, &c. &c. &c. She directly attacked me for money to purchase these commodities, but I firmly declared my intention not to risk any thing. I wish to Heaven I had kept my word! But you, as a single man, can have no notion, Mr. Adviser, how difficult it is for us Benedicts to resist a point which a wife is determined to carry. During three months I was besieged incessantly: the subject was introduced in all manner of ways; tears, complaints, caresses, entreaties, were alternately and unceasingly employed, till I was partly coaxed, partly worried into allowing my wife to borrow a sum of money to be laid out in commodities. She had recourse to a Jew, who took care to have a bond drawn in such a manner, that the money must be returned by a certain time under a heavy penalty. Five hundred pounds was raised and expended, and my wife congratulated herself

upon the certainty, that we should soon let people see we knew how to make much of a little. The young man set sail with our venture, and from that day to this, now a period of fifteen years, we have never received any intelligence either of it or him.

The Jew having waited beyond his stipulated time, took care to enforce the penalty, the payment of which reduced us very much indeed; but we had still sufficient for the necessaries of life, could my wife have been contented with them. This, however, was not the case; the mania of making a fortune had not yet quitted her: she now found out, that the readiest means of doing it, would be to take a number of houses, furnish them handsomely, and let them. This last project she executed without consulting me, as she easily found credit; but, alas! it has turned out like all the rest. Some of the houses stood a long time empty, others were let to people who did not pay, and the little rent she did receive was totally insufficient to discharge the enormous debts which she was obliged to contract, to furnish them in the style which she thought necessary.

However, just as she was beginning to be terribly embarrassed, a circumstance occurred which gave her, as she said, a sure means of extricating us from them: this was an acquaintance she formed with a gentleman who was about to stand candidate for a seat in parliament; he found little difficulty in persuading her, that his interest with the great was all-powerful, and he promised, if she would procure him a certain number of votes, to get me immediately an excellent place under government. She had concealed from me till then the debts which she contracted, but as soon as she received this promise, she acknowledged them, consoling me at the same time with an assurance, that they would soon be all paid, and our fortunes made into the bargain, if I would only assist her to get votes for her friend Mr. Plausible.

Though I had no very sanguine reliance on his promise, yet as our situation was really desperate, and I looked upon it that we had no other chance, I agreed to do all in my power. My wife was now in her element. She ran about among the voters, begged, coaxed, argued, and certainly some of her arguments were very *weighty* ones; at last she succeeded in getting the number of votes she wanted, but not before I had executed a bond to a money-lender, for a certain sum which was necessary to enable us to complete the business. We were completely successful; our friend was returned, and when I went to congratulate him on the occasion, he renewed his promise in so unequivocal a manner, that I returned home fully convinced, that, for once in her life, my wife was right, and that my fortune, if not made, would at least be repaired: but this cheering prospect soon vanished, for that was the last time I ever found Mr. Plausible at home. Weeks, and even months passed without my hearing from him; I wrote, but my letters remained unanswered, and when at last, upon my being arrested, Mrs. Loveplan applied to him for the loan of a small sum, which, by the way, was

nothing near what his election had cost me, she received a note, in which he regretted, that he had lately spent so much money in donations to public charities, that he had not just then the command of a shilling; but he certainly would send to her as soon as it was in his power. I need hardly tell you, that we heard no more of him.

This last blow proved nearly our ruin, but, through the kindness of some friends, a small annuity was secured to me out of the wreck of my property, which is just sufficient to keep us from want.

Scarcely were matters settled, when my indefatigable wife started a new plan. Somebody told her, that a celebrated authoress has lately cleared a considerable sum by a work called "France;" and she immediately calculated, that if so much could be gained only by residing a few months in a country, and then publishing an account of it, a vast deal more must be made by an author who would employ four or five years in travelling over the Continent, and then publish an account of its principal countries. I have represented to her in vain, that an unknown author stands but a poor chance of pecuniary remuneration for a work of that nature; she is firmly persuaded that her travels must prove a mine of wealth, and for the last three months, she has teased me incessantly to sell my annuity, and set out with her for the Continent. It is on this subject, sir, that I want your advice: I have tried all methods to cure her of this fancy, but in vain; and if you, Mr. Adviser, can point out to me any way likely to bring her to reason, you will for ever oblige yours, &c.

LAURENCE LOVEPLAN.

I consider this poor gentleman's case as a truly hard one, but I know not how it can be remedied, unless he can persuade his wife to travel by the fire-side; a method which, from various circumstances, I am inclined to think many of our modern tour-writers do actually practise. If she will not be prevailed upon to adopt this plan, all that he can do is, to remain proof to her entreaties, since it is pretty evident, that of all the projects she has yet adopted, this last is the most unpromising.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

SALE AND DISPOSAL OF LADIES IN THE EAST INDIES.

THE Editor subjoins the two following letters on a singular subject touched upon by an old correspondent, who signs himself in the last number *A Bachelor*. He does not think it necessary to make any comment upon either, as the first only relates to a matter of fact, and the last is of itself sufficiently explanatory: of course, the particulars supplied by S. N. B. depend upon the veracity of the writer, and the editor is not at all responsible for them.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

Noticing in your last publication a communication, stating that at Madras a raffle had been set on foot for the disposal of certain ladies who had visited India for

matrimonial purposes, I think it may be useful to inform you, that the Princess Charlotte, which sailed for Bengal in the course of the last month, carried out no less than forty females, who are bound upon the same speculation.

We all know, that there is at present such a glut of British manufactured goods in the Indian markets, that they have sustained a depreciation of little less than 100 per cent. below the prime cost. Whether this be the fact at present with females, I am not informed: it is not an article of trade in which I have been accustomed to deal, nor am I able exactly to set a price upon the ladies of my country, so as to be able to form a judgment; but really, if importations into each Presidency be as numerous as those by the Princess Charlotte, there is much reason to fear that they will come to a bad market.

To the question, whether such a mode of disposing of ladies by the throwing of dice do really exist, I can only say, that I have heard of it; and that were it not a fact, I should apprehend it would not have been permitted to be inserted in the newspaper of Madras.

I am, &c. A MERCHANT.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

Mr. EDITOR,

Your correspondent, *A Bachelor*, in the last number of the *Repository*, quotes an advertisement, if I recollect rightly (for I have not the article before me), from the *Madras Journal*, which is entitled, "A raffle for ladies;" and which announces, that on a certain day a number of females, recently imported, would be put into a sort of lottery; the most fortunate holders, I suppose, being allowed their choice out of the collection, and the owners of the lesser prizes being obliged to take up with the leavings. Whether any of the tickets of this lottery or raffle were divided and shared, we do not learn; but if they were, it is difficult to see how the matter could be adjusted: for suppose one female to fall to the lot of two, three, or four gentlemen, in what way could the business be settled, unless the gentlemen again threw among themselves for the lucky chance, or unless they consented to stated periods of possession, which, if the practice of raffling be allowed at all, is not impossible. Your correspondent, however, admits, that he doubts whether the whole advertisement be intended to be taken in joke or in earnest; and he requires some information upon that particular subject, which I do not pretend to be able to supply, never having been in India myself, and fortunately never having had a female relation who went there upon a speculation like that to which he refers. I should have thought, that from his maiden aunt, of whom he speaks as having tried her fortune there and failed, he might have obtained some curious intelligence, that would have thrown a little light upon a subject in which we are kept in comparative darkness. This obscurity and secrecy he properly hints arises from an unwillingness in the females to talk upon such unpleasant subjects, or to communicate any information as to the contrivances employed by them to obtain husbands at any rate. If, nevertheless, I am not prepared to

supply any information regarding the custom of raffling for females at Madras, I have it in my power, through a channel I will presently name, to give a faithful account of the mode in which matters of this kind were formerly arranged at Calcutta.

You are no doubt aware, that, from the different system of government now prevailing in our Indian possessions, and from various other causes to which I need not allude, which fewer fortunes are now made there than about twenty, or even ten years ago, when the larger number of male adventurers, who went out in the interest of some great man or family, obtained petty governments or states, and ruled over them just as best suited their own views and purposes, so that if the governor wished to obtain a large fortune rapidly (and you may readily believe that very few did not entertain this desire), they only had to lay double taxes on their miserable subjects, who were without appeal to any higher tribunal, and were therefore compelled to pay. This condition of affairs is now completely altered, I am happy to say, but with it has been introduced an alteration of serious importance to the fair sex; viz. that those gentlemen who go out to India *single*, are often obliged to remain so, at least for a great number of years, and there is consequently a much less demand for females than formerly. This I know is a melancholy piece of information for ladies of a certain age in this country, but all recent advices concur in representing it as true.

It is this circumstance that seems to me to render it probable, that the advertisement inserted by *A Bachelor* in his letter is a genuine and serious proposal, and is a new expedient resorted to by a number of ladies in despair, after waiting long and vainly for offers from those who really are not in a condition to marry them. Whether marriage were to be the consequence of obtaining a prize in this lottery or raffle, or whether that point were left to the discretion and choice of the parties winning, is a question it seems material to decide, with a view to the moral part of the subject, which has properly been noticed by your correspondent.

But, Mr. Editor, it is not a little singular, though in no inconsiderable degree offensive to our old-fashioned notions of propriety, to observe the mode in which ladies, some of rank and education, were a few years ago accustomed to dispose of themselves at Calcutta, and I apprehend at Madras and Bombay. This will be ascertained from the following extract of a letter from a young female, who, in ignorance of the prevailing practice, and having neither fortune nor friends in this country, and only beauty and a good understanding to recommend her, was induced to go out in one of the fleets to the Indies. I apprehend that it gives but too true a picture of what was the real state of things, and we cannot rejoice too much that the necessity of the case at least has produced some alteration for the better. I quote the particulars of her letter in her own words, omitting some of the prefatory parts, that relate merely to her private affairs, and to her few and poor connections

in England. It was addressed to her cousin, who had desired her to tell her the result of her adventures, and to give her advice, whether it would be fit for her to try the same experiment.

"*My dearest* MARIA,

* * * * "With respect to your request, that I should tell you plainly what I think of these matrimonial schemes (for such they are, let people disguise them as they will), I never can impress upon you too strongly the folly and impropriety of your making such an attempt. Certainly, the very project itself is one of the utmost indelicacy: for what is it but running counter to all the dictates of that diffidence and native modesty, for which Englishwomen have been so long held up as the perfect models? Let me conjure you to lay aside all thoughts of the kind, and rather live single in your own country upon the poorest pittance you can obtain by your art or industry, than do as I have done—an action which I shall repent to the last hour of my life.

"True it is I am married; I have obtained that for which I came out to India—a husband; but I have lost what I left behind me in my native country—happiness. Yet my husband is rich, as rich, or richer, than I could desire; but his health is ruined, as well as his temper, and he has taken me rather as a convenience than as a companion; and he plays the tyrant over me with as much severity as if I were one of the slaves that carry his palanquin. I will just give you a hasty sketch of the manner in which I came by him. What a state of things is that, where the happiness of a wife depends upon the death of that man who should be the chief, if not the only, source of her felicity! However, such is the fact in India; the wives are looking out with gratitude for the great mortality that may carry off their husbands, in order that they may return to England to live upon their jointures: they live a married life of absolute misery, that they may enjoy a widowhood of affluence and independence. This is no exaggeration, I assure you.

"You know that, independent of others, there were thirty of us females on board the H——, who sailed upon the same speculation: we were of all ages, complexions, and sizes, with little or nothing in common, but that we were single, and wished to get married. Some were absolutely old maids of the most shrivelled and dry description, most of them above the age of fifty, while others were mere girls, just freed from the tyranny of the dancing, music, and drawing masters at boarding-school, ignorant of almost every thing that was useful, and educated merely to cover the surface of their mental deformity. I promise you, to me it was no slight penance to be exposed during the whole voyage to the half-sneering, satirical looks of the mates and Guinea-pigs*; and it would have been intolerable, but for the good conduct and politeness of Captain S——. He was a man of most gentlemanly deportment; but the involuntary compassion I fancied I sometimes discovered in him, was extremely irksome. However, we will suppose

* So the midshipmen on board Indiamen are called.

our voyage ended, for nothing at all material happened, and that we are now safely landed at Calcutta.

"This place has many houses of entertainment of all descriptions, and the gaiety that prevails after the arrival of a fleet from England is astonishing. The town is filled with military and civil officers of all classes, and the first thing done after we have recovered our looks, is for the captains to give an entertainment, to which they issue general invitations, and every body, with the look and attendance of a gentleman, is at liberty to make his appearance. The speculative ladies who have come out in the different ships, dress themselves with all the splendour they can assume, exhausting upon dress all the little stock of money they have brought out with them from Europe. This, in truth, is their last, or nearly their last stake, and they are all determined to look and dance as divinely as possible.

"Such are the majority of the ladies; while the gentlemen are principally composed of those who have for some time resided in the country, and having realized fortunes, are determined to obtain wives with as little delay as possible. They are, as I have said, of all ranks, but generally of pale and squalid complexions, and suffering under the grievous infliction of liver complaints. A pretty prospect this for matrimonial happiness! Not a few are old and infirm, leaning upon sticks and crutches, and even supported about the apartment by their gorgeously dressed servants; for a display of all kinds of splendour on their part is no less attempted, and accomplished. These old, decrepit gentlemen address themselves to the youngest and prettiest; and the youngest and prettiest, if properly instructed in their parts, betray no sort of coyness or reluctance. In fact, this is the mode in which matches are generally made; and if now and then one happy couple come together, thousands are married with no hope of comfort, and with a prospect merely of splendid misery. Generally speaking, in India the officers make the best husbands; for they are frequently young, and uninjured by the climate, and are the best disposed to attend to the wishes of their wives.

"This is called 'the captains' ball,' and most frequently the greater part of the expectant ladies are disposed of there: it is really curious, but most melancholy, to see them ranged round the room, waiting with the utmost anxiety for offers, and looking with envy upon all who are more fortunate than themselves.

"If, however, as is sometimes the case, a considerable number remain on hand, after the lapse of about three months, they unite in giving an entertainment at their own expense, to which all gentlemen are at liberty to go; and if they fail in this *dernier ressort*—this forlorn hope, they must give up the attempt, and return to England."

* * * * * * * * *

Probably, Mr. Editor, the maiden aunt of your correspondent was in this last predicament: she baited her hook well, but failed to catch any fish. Be this as it may, I think that the above quotation supplies some amusing, though at the same

time rather painful particulars regarding the system that used to be pursued in India by adventurous females; it is, therefore, quite at the service of your correspondent *A Bachelor*; and, should any other

ON TIMBER, AND THE MEANS OF PRESERVING IT.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

Mr. EDITOR,

As you devote your Miscellany not merely to amusing topics of conversation, but to the discussion of scientific subjects, I am induced to propose for insertion a few observations on a discovery, which I hold to be of considerable importance: it is the more adapted to your work, because I am happy to observe, that some of its pages are monthly devoted to architectural points, and various improvements in ornamental and useful erections. Of the inventor of this discovery I can assure you I know nothing, and I am merely influenced in my wish to call your attention, and that of your readers, to it, by a conviction of its high value.

The annual diminution of our supplies of timber, more especially of oak, in consequence of its hitherto rapid consumption, has led to many experiments to increase its growth, and to promote its durability when applied to any of the purposes of art. I am not myself at all scientific upon the subject, but being acquainted with several gentlemen [illegible] concerns, a pamphlet [illegible] of the name of John [illegible] put into my hands, which promises to be an inquiry into the nature and constitution of timber, an investigation into the causes of the dry rot, and a proposal for effectually preserving timber against it, *and from untimely decay*. To a great number of your readers, employed perhaps in improving the buildings on their estates, this discovery, if such it be, may be of much importance; and I will therefore subjoin an explanatory extract or two from the pamphlet. It seems that the object of preservation, and of giving additional strength to the timber, is accomplished by means of a composition; and in adverting to the nature of the proposed remedy, and the several objects to which it is applicable, Mr. Lingard thus speaks:

"The power and effect of this composition are so great, that it cannot be evaporated, forced out, or extracted, either by damp or the heat of the sun, nor by any exposure or confinement.

"Nor will the timber be liable to contract dry rot, the pores being made completely impervious to moisture.

"The additional strength given to timber is, by saturating and consolidating the component parts of which it consists entirely by making the sap of oak circulate the heart, it will effectually prevent the dry rot; because the animal juices

cannot be set in motion, as heat and moisture, the parents of fermentation, cannot find admission.

"And as, after the application, the timber becomes impervious to wet and moisture, it is evident that no fungus can be generated, nor the high state of fermentation be created, to destroy it in the form of gas.

"The increase in the strength of timber, after the application of the composition, has been found by experiment to be so great, that a beam of fourteen inches square will be rendered equal in strength to one of sixteen, and one of ten and a half inches to another of twelve, &c.

"The reduction of scantling, which it is obvious may be made in consequence of the above fact, and which may equally take place in all cases, without exception, in which timber is used, would in itself be, in a very short time, an immense saving of expense in timber, with the additional circumstance, of an increased durability; and the advantages, to state them only in one instance, would be, that a ship might be constructed many tons lighter with equal strength, and the cargo will be securely protected from damp and mildew.

"In the red and yellow pine, the increase of strength has, on experiment, been found equivalent to one sixth; so that scantling one sixth less would be equally strong, and might be used with safety: and it is certain the yellow pine, prepared with this composition, is equal to red, or at least to red not so prepared; or, to express it perhaps more intelligibly, to the present strength of that species, so as to make inferior yellow equal to the finest red."

Now, this invention may be good for nothing: how far the veracity of Mr. Lingard is to be relied upon, I know not; nor how far, with every disposition to relate facts, he may have been swayed by a prejudice in favour of his own discovery. The subject, however, I think is well worth attention, and I shall be happy to be the means of throwing any new light upon it, by inducing some of your more scientific correspondents to favour your readers with further information.

F. F.

London, May 25, 1819.

THE JEALOUS HUSBAND.

Among the fine gentlemen who shone some years ago in the brilliant circles of Paris, none was more distinguished than Monsieur Dorval. His fine person and brilliant qualities rendered him an universal favourite with the ladies; and as he added a good fortune to his other *agrémens*, the mammas of Paris, whose cleverness in the art of match-making is well known, spared no pains to draw him into matrimony. He was not, however, in a hurry to choose a wife; in fact, it was not easy to find one who would suit him, for he expected a degree of submission and obedience, which in these enlightened days no husband thinks of requiring. At last, when he was turned of thirty, he cast his eyes upon Mademoiselle St. Hilaire, an orphan of noble family. She was very young, extremely beautiful, and appeared to

be of a most gentle and yielding temper: this last quality Dorval prized above all others, but as he was excessively captivated with her person, and knew his own susceptibility, he determined to carry matters with a high hand at first, that madame might see, even from the commencement of their nuptials, what he expected of her.

When people assume a character which is not natural to them, they are apt to overact it; and this was the case with Monsieur Dorval. He was naturally extremely amiable, and by no means of a despotic temper; but he was so intent upon being master, that, from his wish to inspire his wife with a due respect for his authority, he forgot the risk he ran of frightening away love. To be beloved was, however, necessary to his happiness, and he fully intended to win the heart of his wife as soon as he had established his authority upon a firm basis; but he soon found he had begun at the wrong end: it was evident that his gentle Adelaide was too completely under the dominion of terror, to be at all susceptible of a softer passion. At last he condescended completely to divest himself of his severity, but her coldness and restraint still continued; she obeyed him indeed with scrupulous exactness, but her obedience seemed that of an automaton; and Dorval, who was himself of an ardent character, began to believe that she was totally void of sensibility. This circumstance vexed him excessively, but Frenchmen are easily consoled for misfortunes, particularly for those which spring from *la belle passion*. Dorval sought for pleasure abroad; and the indifference which he soon began to feel towards his young wife, was increased by his finding that there was no prospect of his having an heir.

However, though he did not affect to feel any great tenderness for Madame Dorval, yet he was too humane to use her ill; and as it was evident that she had no intention to dispute his authority, he dropped by degrees the tone of a master: happy would it have been for his poor Adelaide if he had never taken it up.

Nearly eighteen months had elapsed since their marriage, and Madame Dorval, whose person was now completely formed, was considered one of the loveliest women in Paris. It will be readily believed, that she was surrounded by admirers, who spared no pains to console her for the neglect of her husband, but she betrayed no preference for any one. Dorval kept for some time a strict eye upon her conduct, but finding it wholly unexceptionable, he relaxed in his vigilance by degrees, and giving himself wholly up to his own pleasures, left her to pass her time as she liked.

Things were thus situated, when an incident occurred which, by flattering the vanity of Dorval, tended to revive his tenderness for his wife. He was one day thrown from his horse in the sight of Madame Dorval, who was in a carriage near him, and she betrayed an excess of alarm which Dorval had not supposed her capable of feeling. Never did he hear so piercing a shriek as the one she gave when she saw him fall: he hastened to remove her alarm by an assurance that he was not hurt; she heard

him in silence, but she was pale and trembling. Madame le Clerc, a lady who was in the carriage with her, rallied her upon her fright; she made no reply, and Madame le Clerc engaging Dorval, who had come into the coach, in conversation upon different subjects, nothing more was said about it.

The circumstance, however, made an impression upon the heart of Dorval, and the tender looks which he cast from time to time upon Adelaide, mortified Madame le Clerc not a little, that lady flattering herself that she was the sole sovereign of his affections. The connection gratified both her interest and her vanity; she had taken a great deal of trouble to attach him, and the idea of his breaking her chains was insupportable: but that he should desert her for his wife, and that wife such a poor spiritless creature, it was not to be borne; and she resolved to use every means in her power to destroy the interest which she was fearful Adelaide had excited.

She did not, however, find this task so easy as she had flattered herself it would prove: Dorval was not void either of humanity or reflection; he could not believe the suggestions of the artful Madame le Clerc, that Adelaide's alarm was affected, and his conscience told him, that if it was real, it was more than he deserved. He looked back upon his conduct to her during the time they had been united, and in spite of all the palliations which vanity and self-love suggested for it, he could not help owning, that he had been to blame.

Half inclined to take a little trouble to conciliate her, and half irresolute whether he should condescend so far, he went to his wife's apartment. He entered it rather suddenly, and at the moment that he did so, Adelaide thrust something into her bosom with so much quickness that he could not perceive what it was. Her confusion and agitation, however, raised a suspicion in his mind, that it was either a picture or a letter; but the blameless tenor of her life, her reserve and retired habits, were so direct a contradiction to the idea, that she was engaged in any intrigue, that Dorval knew not what to think. The hour which he passed with her was spent in mutual constraint. Dorval longed to question her about what he had seen, but pride, and the dread of appearing absurdly suspicious, prevented him.

Half inclined to be jealous, and half angry with himself for feeling so, he hastened from Adelaide to the house of Madame le Clerc, to whom he related what he had seen. Nothing could have happened more fortunately for her views, though she was too politic to betray the satisfaction it gave her, and while she appeared to exculpate Madame Dorval, she took care to express herself in such a manner as to strengthen the suspicions of Dorval. At last, when she had raised his jealousy to a proper pitch, she told him, that she possessed the means of learning, through a sure channel, whether his suspicions were just or not; but he must have patience, as it was impossible to get him this information immediately.

Dorval, who was naturally of a

very jealous disposition, passed a fortnight in the greatest anxiety; the circumstance dwelt upon his mind, and he more than once asked Madame le Clerc, whether she had discovered any thing. At last, she told him one morning, with a countenance of well-dissembled sorrow, that his suspicions were too just: Madame Dorval had an attachment, but who the object of it was, she could not discover. She had learned, however, that Adelaide always wore round her neck the portrait of this happy unknown; she had been seen to contemplate it for a considerable time together, to kiss it, and to bathe it with her tears. Madame le Clerc was going on, but the storm which her information raised frightened her into silence: in truth, if he had been himself the best and fondest of husbands, he could not have been more enraged at discovering this supposed alienation of his wife's affections. "The base ingrate!" cried he, "this then is the reason she gives herself up so much to retirement; she refuses the pleasures suitable to her age and condition, that she may feed her guilty passion: but I will instantly unmask her; the vile hypocrite shall feel the power of an injured husband."

With these words he rushed from the grasp of Madame le Clerc, who, terrified at his violence, vainly tried to hold him, and hastened back to his own house. He found his wife at her toilet; he had not patience to wait till she had finished dressing, but hastily dismissing her attendants, he demanded, in a stern tone, the portrait which she wore next her heart.

The countenance of Adelaide at that moment justified all his suspicions: she turned pale as death, and appeared nearly fainting. This sight softened, in some degree, her enraged husband. "Unfortunate woman!" cried he, "you have no cause to fear for your personal safety, wronged as I have been, guilty as you are!"——

"How!" interrupted Adelaide, in a tone of astonishment, "guilty!"

"Yes, dare you deny it? Dare you say, that you do not carry about your person the portrait of a lover?"

"It is true that I do wear the portrait of one whom I love, but it is also true, that he is not my lover; on the contrary, he is unconscious of my affection."

These words restored all the rage of Dorval: "Give me," cried he in a voice of thunder, "give me instantly this detested portrait!" and scarcely allowing her time to disengage it from her neck, he snatched it from her hand; but no sooner had he cast his eyes upon it, than he exclaimed, in a tone of wonder and delight, "It is not possible! my eyes must deceive me!" A glance at his Adelaide, however, convinced him that they did not: her glowing blush, the melting expression of her beautiful eyes, would, at that moment, have revealed to him the state of her heart, had it been possible for him to doubt it after the unquestionable evidence of her tenderness and fidelity which he held in his hand, for it was his own portrait which the wronged and innocent Adelaide had worn next her heart.

Never before did Dorval enjoy such delicious moments as those

which succeeded this discovery. He drew from his wife the only secret of her pure and affectionate heart: frightened by the despotic tone which he assumed in the beginning of their marriage, Adelaide saw in him only an imperious master; and the terror which he had inspired was so great, that even when he relaxed in his strictness, and suffered himself to appear such as he really was, she could not immediately shake off a sense of restraint, which gave to her manners the reserve and coldness that had so soon chilled his affection. But Dorval was too amiable, when he appeared in his natural character, to be long viewed with indifference by a young and susceptible female, who thought it her duty to love him. Adelaide wept in secret for the loss of his heart, but she did not abandon the hope of one day recovering it, and this hope supported her spirits. She had a genius for taking likenesses, and she availed herself of this talent, which her husband knew nothing of, to procure a portrait of him, the possession of which solaced many an hour. When Madame le Clerc heard Dorval relate the circumstance of Adelaide's concealing something in her bosom, she directly concluded, that the neglected young wife consoled herself with the attentions of a gallant; and she hoped, by bribing the woman of Madame Dorval, to learn the particulars of an intrigue, which her own depraved heart made her readily suppose existed. She was, however, disappointed in discovering the object of Adelaide's preference: all that she could ascertain was what she had related to Dorval; but from these circumstances she had no doubt of being able to separate them, and the very means which she took to do it, reunited them in the firmest manner.

Become wise by experience, Dorval from that moment trusted to the love of his wife as the surest means of preserving his authority as a husband; but though he was fond of believing that he possessed it, he gradually forgot to exercise it. In less than a year afterwards, Madame Dorval made him a father, and from that time it seemed to be their mutual endeavour, which should most readily yield to the wish and opinion of the other.

PLATE 3.—A LIGHT PHAETON WITH PATENT MOVEABLE AXLES.

THE plate which accompanies the present article, represents one of the most elegant, and, at the same time, one of the safest vehicles of the kind ever constructed. The accidents so frequently occurring to phaetons upon the old construction, were so frequent, and generally so inevitable, as to have led to their almost total disuse; but the important improvement in them by the application of Mr. Ackermann's Patent Moveable Axles, is likely to bring them again into fashion with gentlemen who are fond of the exercise of driving their own horses with perfect security.

Independent of the other beauties of the vehicle represented, its peculiar shortness and compact-

ness are particularly striking: in a phaeton upon any other plan, this would undoubtedly be a disadvantage in all respects but appearance; for the inevitable consequence would be, that in turning and what is called locking, the carriage must be overturned. The following letter from the builder of this phaeton, to Mr. Ackermann, the proprietor of the Patent Moveable Axles applied to it, will sufficiently explain this singular advantage.

84, Gray's Inn-lane, June 3, 1819.

Dear Sir,

I have great pleasure in communicating to you a most satisfactory account regarding the phaeton I have just built, with your Patent Moveable Axles. In every point, it far exceeds the expectations of the gentleman for whom it was constructed, but more especially in that of short-locking. As a proof of this, I may mention, that when we tried it together, the horses at starting were so unruly and restive, plunging from side to side so violently and suddenly, that in a carriage of the kind upon any other plan, we must certainly have been overturned. This, of course, is a most important desideratum, and renders your improvement of the utmost consequence. I have the gratification of adding, that the family coach I before built, gave every satisfaction: it has been in constant work for eight months, and is now only laid by in consequence of a death in the family. It is to be disposed of, and should any application be made to you upon the subject, I have only to add, that it may be seen at my factory. Your obedient servant,

T. KINDER.

In our number for March last, we gave a full account of the nature and advantages of this invention as applied to a landaulet, of which we gave a plate; and we have now only to subjoin a short illustrative extract from Mr. Ackermann's publication on the subject: it is a portion of an account, given by the author, of a journey he made on the Continent, in a travelling vehicle built with this important improvement; by the general adoption of which, we will venture to say, many lives might be saved, and hundreds of accidents avoided.

"I left Munich in the beginning of July last, and arrived at Hamburgh the end of August, during which time I made a tour of nearly twelve hundred English miles, through the very worst roads in that country, as my business led me not only into bye or cross roads, but among the mountains, where it is more than probable that a carriage with a wide track like mine had never ventured. The ruts here were also very deep, but that apparently insurmountable difficulty was conquered by the high fore-wheels and the pliability of the axles, and the well-known danger of breakage in working out of deep ruts in a common carriage, was altogether avoided. The hollow or sunk roads, frequent in the mountains of Germany, are cut through rocks, with a track from six to eight inches narrower than that of my carriage. Sometimes we were almost jammed in between the two sides of the road; at other times, the wheels on one side would be running twelve to fourteen inches high against one lateral acclivity, so that I and my travelling compa-

nion were obliged with our whole weight to prevent the carriage from being thrown against the other. When, however, we worked, almost miraculously, through the hollow roads, we had to contend with roots of large trees, as the mountains of Germany are generally covered with thick forests, these roots running in every shape and direction, and sometimes rising twelve inches above the ground; so that the wheels were continually acting above and below, from the nature of the unequal, rugged, and broken surface over which they were to move. Any gentleman who has travelled in the mountains of Pappenheim, Eichstädt, and Ertzgebürge, in Saxony, will readily conceive my situation, and the difficulties with which the carriage had to contend, with a track from six to eight inches wider than that of the hollow roads.

"It is a custom with the post-masters in those parts to furnish travellers with carriages particularly constructed for the bye-roads of that country, as they must either return the same way, or have their own vehicles sent forward to any point of the main road where it may suit their convenience to rejoin them. Several of these post-masters appeared to think me out of my mind, when I insisted on continuing my route in my own carriage instead of theirs, and foretold the certain disasters which *would await my obstinate determination.*

"*I left Leipsig for Halle* about eleven o'clock in a very dark and rainy night, and the postillion had to turn off from the main road at a spot where it was repairing: here, from the darkness of the night, he blundered into a deep but small stone-quarry, where there was, perhaps, just room enough, and no more, to turn a two-wheeled cart. But the short turn of the carriage, the high wheels, and the strength of the Moveable Axles, delivered us from this very dangerous position, to the amazement of the postillion, who declared, with no common violence, that a miracle alone could have effected it.

"We arrived in perfect safety at Halle, about six in the morning; and the account which the postillion gave of our extraordinary escape with the English carriage, as he was pleased to call it, collected, in the course of a few hours, all the coach-makers, wheel-wrights, smiths, and mechanics of the place, to examine this wonderful machine; while several of them made drawings, measurements, and wooden models from it. The same process, indeed, took place in almost every town through which I passed; and I have even, occasionally, delayed my departure, to give the various artisans and mechanics an opportunity to gratify their curious inquiries respecting the construction of the carriage."

ON SHAKSPEARE'S RICHARD III.

(Continued from vol. VII. p. 326.)

WE shall now consider the manner in which Richard manages his accomplices, and those from whom he derives his assistance in the fulfilment of his designs.

We discern in his conduct to-

wards them, as much at least as in their own department, the true colour of their character: we discover the full extent of their faculties, and the real value of their virtues. According as they are variously constituted, his treatment of them varies. He uses them all as the tools of his ambition; but assumes an appearance of greater friendship and confidence towards some than others. He is well acquainted with the engines he would employ: he knows the compass of their powers, and discovers great dexterity in his manner of moving and applying them. To the mayor and his followers he affects an appearance of uncommon devotion and piety; great zeal for the public welfare; a scrupulous regard for the forms of law and of justice; retirement from the world; aversions to the toils of state; much trust in the good intentions of a magistrate so conspicuous; still more in his understanding; and by means of both, perfect confidence in his power with the people. Now in this manner of conducting himself, who is not more struck with the address and ability displayed by Richard, and more moved with curiosity to know their effects, than shocked at his hypocrisy and base deceit? Who does not distinctly, though indirectly indeed, discern the character of the mayor? The deportment of Richard is a glass that reflects every limb, every lineament, and every colour, with the most perfect truth and propriety.

What! think you we are Turks or Infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death? &c.
Alas! why would you heap those cares on me?
I am unfit for state or majesty, &c.

The behaviour of Richard towards Buckingham is still more striking and peculiar. The situation was more difficult, and his conduct appears more masterly. Yet, as in former instances, the outlines and sketch of Buckingham's character are filled up in the deportment of the seducer.

The conduct of Richard to Catesby is different from his deportment towards the mayor and Buckingham. Regarding him as totally unprincipled, servile, and inhuman, he treats him like the meanest instrument of his guilt. He treats him without respect for his character, without management of his temper, and without the least apprehension that he has any feelings that will shudder at his commands.

We shall now consider the decline of Richard's prosperity, and the effect of his conduct on the fall of his fortunes.

By dissimulation, perfidy, and bloodshed, he paves his way to the throne; by the same base and inhuman means, he endeavours to secure his pre-eminence; and has added to the list of his crimes, the assassination of his wife and his nephews. Meanwhile he is laying a snare for himself. Not Richmond, but his own enormous vices proved the cause of his ruin. The cruelties he perpetrates excite in the minds of men, hatred, indignation, and the desire of revenge. But such is the deluding nature of vice, that of this consequence he is little aware. Men who lose the sense of virtue, transfer their own depravity to the rest of mankind, and believe that others are as little shocked with their crimes as they

are themselves. Richard having trampled upon every sentiment of justice, had no conception of the general abhorrence that had arisen against him. He thought resentment might belong to the sufferers, and their immediate adherents; but, having no faith in the existence of a disinterested sense of virtue, he appears to have felt no apprehension, lest other persons should be offended with his injustice, or inclined to punish his inhuman guilt. Add to this, that success administers to his boldness, and that he is daily more and more inured to the practice of violent outrage. Before he obtained the diadem, he proceeded with caution: he endeavoured to impose upon mankind the belief of his sanctified manners: he treated his associates with suitable deference; and seemed as dexterous in his conduct as he was barbarous in his disposition. But caution and dissimulation required an effort; the exertion was laborious, and naturally ceased when imagined to be no longer needful. Thus rendered familiar with perfidious cruelty; flushed with success; more elate with confidence in his own ability, than attentive to the suggestions of his suspicion; and from his incapacity of feeling moral obligation, more ignorant of the general abhorrence he had incurred, than averse to revenge; as he becomes, if possible, more inhuman, he certainly becomes more incautious.

Thus the conduct of Richard involves him in danger. The minds of men are alienated from his interests. Those of his former associates, who were in public esteem, are dismissed with indignity, and incensed to resentment. Even such of his adherents as are interested in his fortunes on their own account, regard him with utter aversion. A stroke aimed at him in this perilous situation, must prove effectual. He arrives at the brink of ruin, and the slightest impulse will push him down.

The other excellencies of this tragedy, besides the character of Richard, are indeed of an inferior nature, but not unworthy of Shakspeare. The characters of Buckingham, Anne, Hastings, and Queen Margaret, are executed with lively colouring and striking features; but, excepting Margaret, they are exhibited indirectly, and are more fully known by the conduct of Richard towards them, than by their own demeanour. Many of the episodes have uncommon excellence: of this kind are, in general, all the speeches of Margaret. Their effect is awful; they coincide with the style of the tragedy; and, by wearing the same gloomy complexion, her prophecies and imprecations suit and increase its horror. There was never in any poem a dream superior to that of Clarence. It pleases, like the prophecies of Margaret, by a solemn anticipation of future events, and by its consonance with the general tone of the tragedy: it pleases by being so simple, so natural, and so pathetic, that every reader seems to have felt the same or similar horrors.

This tragedy, however, like every other work of Shakspeare, has many faults; and, in particular, it seems to have been too hastily written. Some incidents are introduced without any apparent reason, or

without apparent necessity. We are not, for instance, sufficiently informed of the motive that prompted Richard to marry the widow of Prince Edward. In other respects, this scene possesses very singular merit. The scene, towards the close of the tragedy, between the queen and Richard, when he solicits her consent to marry her daughter Elizabeth, seems no other than a copy of that now mentioned. As such, it is faulty; and still more so, by being executed with less ability: yet this incident is not liable to the objection made to the former. We see a good prudential reason for the marriage of Richard with Elizabeth, but none for his marriage with Lady Anne. We almost wish that the first courtship had been omitted, and that the dialogue between Richard and Anne had been suited and appropriated to Richard and the queen. Neither are we sufficiently informed of the motives that, on some occasions, influenced the conduct of Buckingham. We are not enough prepared for his animosity against the queen and her kindred; nor can we pronounce, without hazarding conjecture, that it proceeded from envy of their sudden greatness, or from having his vanity flattered by the seeming deference of Richard: yet these motives seem highly probable. The young princes bear too great a share in the drama. It would seem the poet intended to interest us very much in their misfortunes. The representation, however, is not agreeable. The princes have more smartness than simplicity; and we are more affected with Tyrrel's description of their death, than pleased with any thing in their own conversation. Nor does the scene of the ghosts, in the last act, seem equal in execution to the design of Shakspeare. There is more delightful horror in the speech of Richard awakening from his dream, than in any of the predictions denounced against him. There seems indeed some impropriety in representing these spectres as actually appearing, which were only seen in a vision.

RICHARDSON.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WOULD-BE AUTHOR.

CHAP. IV.

A DIGRESSION—THE PROGRESS OF GENIUS—AND PROPOSITIONS AFTER MY DECEASE.

THE very long period, Mr. Editor, during which your readers have not heard from me, must have been to them a sad time of anxiety: doubtless, the doors of our friend Ackermann have been crowded with admirers of my compositions; and in the event of his not being able to solve their questions, hundreds, I dare say, thronged towards Westminster, in hopes of hearing from you, that Tristram Gilliflower, Esq. was yet in the land of the living; and that you, and you alone, as they imagined, detained his valuable manuscript from an expecting world.

I must, however, exonerate you from all blame; and the eager inquirers must be told, that a man of my attainments is not expected to bring home his work regularly, like

a shoemaker or tailor, on Saturday night. We, Mr. Editor, we sons of the pen, the offspring of Phœbus, cannot write at all times and in all seasons. Authors have been allowed their vagaries, and the slightest works are not the production of a minute. Of my brother authors, we have many instances on record of their dilatoriness. Goldsmith composed his poems by slow and laborious efforts: Churchill, though a versifier at fifteen, was not known as a poet till thirty: Sterne did not display himself as an original genius till a late period of life: the immortal work of Montesquieu was the occupation of twenty years: the wit of Butler was far from being extemporaneous, but painfully elaborated from notes which he incessantly accumulated*: Rousseau's *Emilius* was the fruit of twenty years' meditations: Addison, whose *Spectator* Young calls "a chance amusement," collected his materials in three folio volumes before he published them; and Dr. Drake, and a thousand others, will tell us, what age our immortal bard, Shakspeare, had attained before he printed his divine breathings.

If these great men, then, were so long ere their Muses were delivered, surely the *Recollections of a would-be Author* may be allowed some time in the pains of parturition.

Our inclinations, besides, do not always wait upon our need: we children of the sun have to contend with air and climate, and a thousand other circumstances. Dyer imputed the faults in his *Fleece* to its being written in a fenny country. De Foe says of King William's genius:

> Batavian climates nourish'd him awhile;
> Too great a genius for so damp a soil.

Young complains that his verse ran slow in this climate: Descartes, fearing the air of France would be too lively for his philosophical discoveries, took refuge in Holland: and why, Mr. Editor, am not I to be indulged in my whims and caprices? But enough of this, as your readers must be more pleased when I talk of myself, than when I speak of Messrs. Shakspeare, Young, Descartes, &c. &c.: I shall therefore proceed to indulge them.

On my return from Cornhill, when I arrived at my lodgings I began to turn over coolly in my mind the occurrences of the day, in which all that had been unpleasant subsided in the satisfaction, that my poetry was at length to see the light, and that the title-page would inform the world, who had condescended to furnish it with amusement: the disgraceful part of my adventure, that of being seized as a person suspected of anonymous libels, was easily got over, as one of those calamities, though hinted at by D'Israeli, which we authors sometimes have to encounter.

With what anxiety did I wait for the 1st of the following month! and in the mean time I read and wrote: I verily believe that Mr. Randal cursed the hour in which he was so weak as to encourage me in my mania, not that I was not a considerable loser. Alas! sir, submitting my effusions to this partial friend made woful havoc in my

* Vide D'Israeli's *Calamities of Authors*: but where did he learn this trait of Butler? All his biographers are silent on this head.

wine-cellar; for at the end of the week, and there were three more to come, I found but one solitary bottle lurking at the bottom of the saw-dust. Well, sir, what of that? Was it for me, a genius, to count bottles as they were emptied, or to heed paltry cash? Did Otway, or Steele, or Shenstone, or Savage, or Dermady, or Sheridan, ever think of money? No, sir; nor would I!

Enraptured with the adoration of the celestial Nine, though scorning to drink their beverage, I wrote and drank, till Mr. Crackenthorpe, my wine-merchant, was waited upon for another dozen of his three years' old crusted port, alias hot sloe-juice.

Day lingered after day, till at length, sir, I beheld the dear wet blue wrapper issue from the parcel of the stationer. "See here," I exclaimed, "I have it!" Not Aristotle after he had completed his Poetics, nor Sir Richard Arkwright when he discovered the principle of his spinning-jenny, nor—— zounds! never mind who were so delighted at having gained the object they had long sought after, as I was in beholding the dear Magazine; suffice it to say, that none were ever more transported. I was about to carry it off in triumph, to gloat on it at home, when Mr. Demy declared that he could not spare it, for Mr. Didapper over the way had bespoken it; "and it has quite slipped my memory," continued he, "to order one, sir, for you."—"Slipped your memory, Mr. Demy!" I cried, elevating myself on my heels: "do you know," continued I, with an air of contempt, "are you aware of the consequence of your misconduct? You are disappointing no common person."—"Yes, sir," answered the pert shopman; "and I do know, too, that if I disappoint Mr. Didapper, he will come here and *blow* me up."—"Blow you up, Demy, what do you mean?"—"Yes, he'll kick up a fine hullèbelaro," was the reply.—"And pray," I added, "what can make him so anxious to see it? Does he write any of the matter?"—"Lord bless me," said Demy, "he write, sir! No, sir: do you?" I crimsoned ruby red. "No, Mr. Gilliflower," he continued; "but he is always so anxious to see all the new bankrupts, and the like of that, with the dividends, and what not."—"Bankrupts, and dividends, and what not!" I exclaimed with disdain; while, during this colloquy, I was trying to get a peep at my beloved lines, as they might lie *perdue* within an uncut page.

Will you believe it, Mr. Editor, I found them not. At length, squeezed in among the answers to correspondents, I read, "We regret that the pressure of temporary matter obliges us to defer printing Mr. Gilliflower's beautiful lines, but they shall certainly be inserted in our next."—"Alas!" I uttered mournfully, "what is so thin, so tender, so full of feeling, as a poet's skin?" I cursed the editor's "regrets;" and throwing down the now useless number, exclaimed peevishly, "Here, Mr. Demy, pray do not disappoint Mr. Didapper of his *bankrupts, dividends, and what not.*"

I crawled sullenly out of the shop, and retired in dudgeon to my apartment. After conning over this "Notice to correspondents" several times, I recollected, that had I looked carefully over every page, I

might yet have found it, spite of the notice to the contrary; till at length, my aspirations vibrating between "regret" and the "beautiful lines," my mind found repose in the latter, and I sought further consolation in the works of some disappointed author like myself, until my wonted placidity returned.

To the next month I looked forward with greater anxiety than the last; and having cautioned Demy over and over again "to remember not to forget" to order the number of the Magazine for me, I resorted in the mean time to my studies, lest the public (of whom I thought quite as much as of myself) should be again disappointed of some production of my pen. I prepared three effusions ready for publication: these were, "The Female Suppliant," in the measure of "Pity the sorrows of a poor old man;" "The cruel Lover," in that of Monk Lewis's "Alonzo and Imogene," and the last an epigram.

I had tried my hand at a sonnet, but whether my genius disdained to be cramped in fourteen lines, or whether the gods, or rather the goddesses, were, or were not, unpropitious, I was obliged at length reluctantly to abandon it. "Try it some other way," said Mr. Rahdal; "put the lines into other order." I did, but still I found they would not do: though I was aware that Milton preferred his *Paradise Regained* to his *Paradise Lost*, and I might err in my decision; yet, fearful of tarnishing my blushing honours, I threw the unhappy composition into the fire,—but not without taking care to preserve a clean copy for some future day.

I am fully aware, Mr. Editor, that you, and many of your readers, will think me too prosing and too particular in my detail; but I am determined, that after my decease the public shall not be at any trouble in appropriating local circumstances to me and my works: a deficiency in this respect has caused much vexation and trouble in regard to those authors who have left no key behind them. I am convinced, that the curiosity of the public will be great after my death, to learn every circumstance of my life, and I should justly deem myself culpable of a proper want of deference to the future public, did I not attempt to satisfy it by every means in my power: after my decease they will bestow, most assuredly, that tribute to my memory, which during my life they have denied. For the purpose of doing every thing which my fame demands, I am now sitting to an eminent artist for my portrait, with a pensive air, a book in my hand, and my study in the distance. I shall hand you, Mr. Editor, such letters as you may deem worthy a fac-simile, and a view of the house, perhaps the very room, in which I was born, delineated by my own pencil.

My works I expect will not form more than twenty-one volumes royal octavo, which, as I do not desire to retain the copy-right of them, nor will you perhaps be compelled to send copies to the universities (thanks to the interference of parliament), will no doubt afford abundant profit to some distant Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown. I may, however, leave them for the benefit of the Literary

Fund, under a proviso, that they erect a monument to my memory by Chantrey, I shall be perfectly content to be in Westminster Abbey, until a more honourable place of deposit for my body can be found.

PLATE 6.—LITHOGRAPHIC SPECIMEN.

WE this month present our readers with a specimen of the lithographic art, which will be found particularly useful to ladies in painting and ornamenting work-boxes, cabinets, &c.

At the same time, we cannot do better than give room to another extract from the work of M. Senefelder, of which we spoke a few months since. He is, as our readers are aware, the inventor of the new and most useful art of engraving upon stone, and his book contains a full and satisfactory account of the whole process by which the operations are conducted. Our quotation of this month is from Chapter II. and refers more particularly to the preparation of the chemical ink, one of the most important requisites in the accomplishment of the work.

"MANNER OF PREPARING THE CHEMICAL INK.

"All the different ingredients of the composition of the ink, except the soap, of which only one half is taken, are put together in an iron saucepan, and exposed to a strong fire till the whole of the mass ignites. When the quantity is reduced to one half, the saucepan is carefully covered, or put into a pailful of water, to extinguish the flame and cool the substance.

"The reason why only one half of the soap is added is, that the alkali, in the violent heat, unites better with the other substances. As in this process it loses its power, and is saturated with carbonic acid, which renders it less fit to dissolve the greasy substances, it is best not to add the other half of the soap till after the burning, and to keep the composition over a coal fire, at such a degree of heat as is sufficient for the dissolution of the soap. This done, a small quantity of the composition may be taken on a clean knife, in order to ascertain whether it dissolves easily in cold water. If the soap is good, the prescribed quantity is always sufficient; but if the alkali in it is not strong and pungent enough, a small quantity of soap may be added, till it is seen that the ink easily dissolves in water. The lamp-black, which must be of the finest quality, and previously burnt on the fire in a close vessel, till yellow smoke no longer issues from it, must now be added to the composition, stirring it constantly all the while. When all has been well mixed, and worked up till it gradually becomes cool, the composition is then taken out of the saucepan, when any shape may be given to it. Most of it ought to be made into small cylinders or sticks, and in this dry state it is preserved for occasional use.

"Here it is necessary to add the following general observations:

"1. Under the denomination of soap, is understood the common soap prepared from tallow and soap lees: Venetian or oil soap is not so good for ink, as it renders it

more slimy when dissolved in water, and does not resist so well the action of aqua-fortis.

"2. For colouring the ink, there may be used, besides lamp-black, indigo, blue lake, vermilion, and red ochre, and various other colours, provided they do not alter the nature of the soap, which will be the case if they consist of neutral or other salts. The lamp-black, if not previously burnt as above-mentioned, contains a great quantity of pyroligneous acid, which unites with the alkali, neutralizes it, and thus prevents it from dissolving the greasy substances. It is, therefore, very material to burn or roast the lamp-black, before it is used, over a strong fire, by the action of which the acid escapes in the form of a yellow smoke.

"Another sort of black is preferable to this burnt or roasted lamp-black. It is prepared from animal grease or wax, or from a composition of ox-tallow and gum-penzoe. For this purpose, the tallow is melted and poured into a common lamp with a cotton wick; then the lamp is lighted, and placed under an iron or brass plate, on which the black collects. From time to time the black is scraped off with a knife, and preserved in a covered vessel, till the necessary quantity is obtained. This black is very fine and mild, and so strong, that with one ounce of it as much can be done as with three ounces of the common lamp-black. The ink prepared with this black is particularly fine and liquid.

"In general it is to be observed, that the greater the quantity of lamp-black used in the composition of the ink, and the blacker the ink is, the more it is apt to run on the stone, and to produce thick and coarse lines. The smaller the quantity of lamp-black in the ink, the finer the lines are; but, as it is not so visible, it is more difficult to work with it.

"3. For dissolving the ink, distilled water is best; pure rain-water, or, if this cannot be had, pure soft river-water, will do in case of need. If the rain-water is old and putrid, the solution is apt to become thick and slimy.

"4. The igniting and burning of the ingredients is not absolutely necessary, but it contributes much to render the ink of a superior quality for use.

"5. It is only when shellac enters into the composition that it is necessary to burn the ingredients well, as this substance does not fully dissolve, except in a very considerable heat.

"The shellac, which in China and the East Indies is prepared by an insect belonging to the genus of the bee, possesses the quality of melting in a moderate heat, but does not dissolve in any sort of animal grease, as tallow, butter, oil, wax, &c. if not previously freed from the acid which belongs to it; and this can only be done by a violent fire. If shellac is melted with oil or grease, it remains, at first, at the bottom of the vessel; if the heat is increased to such a degree as to ignite the ingredients, it begins to swell, and to cover the surface in the form of a spongy mass. The heat still increasing, it dissolves at last entirely. As soon as it has entirely dissolved, it is time to take the vessel from the fire, and to cover it well, in order to extinguish the flame.

"6. None of the above-men-

tioned compositions of ink can be kept long in the liquid state, as in a few days it becomes slimy, and unfit for use. It is, therefore, better to preserve the ink in a dry state, in which it does not experience any change for years; and to dissolve a small quantity of it, as often as required, by rubbing it down in a clean vessel or cup: if a sufficient quantity is thus obtained, a few drops of water may be added, and, by rubbing it with the finger, it will soon be dissolved. The ink is then fit for immediate use.

"7. In dissolving the ink in water, it is material to obtain the necessary degree of liquidity. A good ink must not contain undissolved particles, and ought to be of the thickness of cream or oil: if it is too thick, it is difficult to work with it; if too thin, it does not resist the aqua-fortis. A very few trials are sufficient to teach the student a correct proportion in this. A good artist will do well to prepare, every day, a sufficient portion of ink: if, during the work, it becomes too thick, as sometimes will happen, the addition of one or two drops of water will remedy this sufficiently."

These are the general observations on the use of the chemical or alkalic ink: some other particulars shall hereafter be mentioned in the description of the different manners.

DIALOGUES OF THE LIVING.

No. X.

On the pleasures of country retirement in Spring and Summer—The question discussed, whether fashionable persons ought to go into the country before the adjournment or prorogation of Parliament—Lady Blue's opinion upon the subject, with incidental observations on winter amusements and employments—On Lectures, and on evening Conversaziones.

Scene.—Hyde Park.

Persons.—Lady CANDLEWICK, Lady BLUE, and Sir JAMES.

Sir James. GOOD morning to your ladyship. I thought that you had left town for Lincolnshire: how happens it, that Sir Christopher and your ladyship remain so long in this odious city?

Lady Candlewick. The city, Sir James! Not in the city; we have quitted Fenchurch-street very long: we have nothing to do with the city now.

Sir James. I beg pardon for my error, but I assure you it was unintentional: when I spoke of the city, I alluded generally to the metropolis, including all its suburbs.

Lady Candlewick. Suburbs again, Sir James! I am astonished that you are so extremely ungenteel as to suppose that I and Sir Christopher reside in the suburbs. This it is to have had the misfortune, by parental compulsion, to marry a citizen, and a person formerly in trade, although only in the wholesale way. Besides, you know that he has so long quitted business, and retired into Sackville-street. I hope you consider Sackville-street quite out of the beat of the ordinary vulgar.

Sir James. Oh, certainly! Your neighbours are some of the gayest and most fashionable people in the world; and to do your ladyship justice, you are not a whit behind them.

Lady Candlewick. There, Sir James, you prove both your taste and discernment. I am proud of the good opinion you entertain of me.

Sir James. And it is this very circumstance, of your admirable attention to such matters, that makes me wonder that your ladyship and Sir Christopher should so long remain in London.

Lady Candlewick. The town is yet exceeding full of the genteelest families, is it not? I would not for the world be guilty of so gross a piece of ill-breeding as to remain in this smoky place when all the rest of the *beau monde* have quitted it. But Lady Slipshod, Sir David Saunter, Mrs. Glibb, and two or three more, who understand what is *ton*, the other night, at a rout at Lady Ape-airs', were agreeing that it would be quite ridiculous to forsake London at present.

Sir James. And why? Is not the country at this moment in its fullest verdure? and, above all, do not the fineness of the weather, and the earliness of the season, invite us not to lose a moment in enjoying its delights?

Lady Candlewick. Well, I confess you astonish me prodigiously. How the country may be, I do not know: I dare say the trees are green enough, and the weather fine enough; but you know that parliament sits so exceedingly late this year.

Sir James. And your ladyship is of opinion, that the country cannot be delightful until parliament has risen.

Lady Candlewick. Certainly it cannot. I confess, for my part, that I am very fond of the country; but then it must be at the proper time, not when all genteel people are in London.

Sir James. But I did not know that Sir Christopher Candlewick was in parliament.

Lady Candlewick. He is not, I know—the more the pity; he did all he could to get in: it cost him about 6000*l.* and at last he was obliged to give up the contest.

Sir James. No doubt it is a national misfortune.

Lady Candlewick. It is indeed; for all persons of any figure and appearance now get into parliament: it gives them additional consequence; and when the husband is an M. P. the wife can with more propriety take the lead in all fashionable parties. Indeed, Sir Christopher's ill success was a grievous disappointment:—but those rascally electors, what do you think they did, Sir James?

Sir James. Most likely took a bribe from his antagonist.

Lady Candlewick. Indeed they did, and from Sir Christopher too.

Sir James. How was that?

Lady Candlewick. Thus: I think you will agree with me, that it was the most profligate conduct in the world. No sooner had Sir Christopher paid down his 5000*l.* to be distributed among the electors—

Sir James. What! then Sir Christopher attempted to bribe them?

Lady Candlewick. Of course; that you know is the way.

Sir James. Indeed! I am sorry

to hear it: but I suppose Sir Christopher having set his rival candidate the example, that rival bribed the electors higher than he did, and so was returned for the borough.

Lady Candlewick. Exactly so: was it not most infamous? was such barefaced profligacy ever heard of? Then, too, how many splendid parties, how many fine dresses, and how many beautiful carriages, might I not have had for the money thus thrown away!

Sir James. Then, though Sir Christopher, to the regret, no doubt, of the nation, is not in parliament, I suppose your ladyship stays in town because he is not.

Lady Candlewick. Very true: for what pleasure can one have in the country, if it be not fashionable to be there?

Sir James. And because parliament may not be prorogued until the end of July, your ladyship will remain in Sackville-street till that date.

Lady Candlewick. Most certainly.

Sir James. I envy your ladyship's accommodating disposition; for though I am not in parliament, I am obliged to remain in London on some matters of business that cannot be deferred, and I confess I feel great reluctance at resigning, at this delightful season, the charms of the country.

Lady Candlewick. There you see is the difference between us: you like the country when the trees are green and the sun shines at all times; now I like it only when I can enjoy it fashionably: green trees and sunshine are nothing to me, at a wrong time.

Sir James. So that you measure your seasons, not by the progress of the months, or the approach of fine weather, but by the number of fashionable people who go into the country.

Lady Candlewick. Exactly.

Sir James. And you do not go into the country for the sake of health or enjoyment, so much as because other people, who generally lead the *ton*, set you the example. However, here comes a lady who is quite of a different opinion.

Lady Candlewick. You mean Lady Blue. Aye, indeed, she is thoroughly old-fashioned; quite of the last century in her dress and her opinions. You may see that, if you only look at her footman behind her, in his old-fashioned buckramed broad worsted-laced state coat.

Sir James. I confess, that, on some points, her ladyship's taste is a little too antiquated even for me, and among others, in the liveries she chooses: but that is not a matter of much consequence.

Lady Candlewick. Well, it is astonishing how some people differ: now, I hold it to be a matter of the highest consequence how our footmen are dressed: a lady of fashion now-a-days is much more anxious about the appearance of her footmen than of her children.

Sir James. About the last Lady Blue need take no care, as she has never had the felicity of being married.

Lady Candlewick. Felicity you call it! Ask Sir Christopher what he thinks of it. But here comes Lady Blue. Good morning to your ladyship—a fine morning for Rotten-row.

[*Enter Lady* BLUE.]

Sir James. I hope your ladyship enjoys perfect health.

Lady Blue. I thank you: if any

thing could give people good health, it would be such weather as we now enjoy.

Sir James. Such a season has seldom been known. How long has your ladyship returned from the country?

Lady Blue. Only three days ago. I have been there all the spring, and I think the country was never seen in higher perfection.

Lady Candlewick. Well, I am surprised, Lady Blue, to hear you say so; for no persons of note (excepting your ladyship) have yet left town.

Lady Blue. I am not at all of opinion, that the beauty of the scenery at a distance from the metropolis, is at all improved by the circumstance, that a number of fashionable people are rolling about it in barouches, or cantering across the commons on white ponies. On the contrary, such sights detract so much from the pleasure I receive, and make the country in so much resemble London. I am old-fashioned enough to love the country for its own sake.

Lady Candlewick. Well, now I am surprised at that; I cannot account for it.

Sir James. But I apprehend that your ladyship does not dislike to see those who have been fixed in a smoky city, and employed for many months in hastening from opera to rout, and from rout to masquerade, in the most fetid air, washing off the soot, as it were, in the fine free air of the country: at least they are happy in this employment, and it is an undoubted gratification to see others enjoying themselves.

Lady Blue. True, Sir James, where they really can enjoy themselves: but let me ask you, what taste can they have for the country who can make themselves such mere abject slaves to the ridiculous *pleasures*, as they are miscalled, of London in the winter season?

Lady Candlewick. Well, now I really am quite astonished to hear your ladyship call the pleasures of London ridiculous. Plays, balls, routs, and parties, seem to me the very essence of all that is charming.

Lady Blue. I do not much wonder that your ladyship should not find any thing very inviting in the country. At the same time, to the young, I am ready to allow that London has its attractions.

Sir James. And those who are more advanced in life may find many laudable and sufficient excuses, I think, for remaining there, at least, during four or five months of the year.

Lady Blue. The public institutions at which lectures are delivered in the winter undoubtedly are worth attending: there the young ladies may obtain a knowledge of chemistry, botany, the fine arts—at least as much as it is necessary they should know.

Sir James. And perhaps a little more. They get a smattering, just enough to make them conceited, and in trying to talk learnedly, to display their ignorance.

Lady Candlewick. Well, it is strange to see the odd notions that some people take into their heads. For my part, I have always considered those lectures the most improving things in the world.

Lady Blue. I am not disposed to object to them, for I think a great

deal of useful knowledge may be gathered from them.

Sir James. Do you think that they are calculated to make English-women better wives and mothers than if they never had heard them?

Lady Blue. You know, Sir James, that I am far from being of opinion, that it is fitting that English wives and mothers should be confined to mere pudding and pie-making, and needle-work. You know too, that I think they have at least as good understandings as men--often better; and that their talents are frequently of a much more useful kind. However, we will not enter into this question now; only, if you will do me the favour to attend any of my female *conversaziones* held every Wednesday, you will soon be convinced of the fact.

[We have not room for the rest of the conversation upon this interesting topic, and we must defer it till our next number.]

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XLIII.

As when some poet, happy in his choice
Of an important subject, tunes his voice
To sweeter sounds, and more exalted strains,
Which, from a strong reflection, he attains;
As Homer, while his heroes he records,
Transfuses all their fire into his words:
So we, intent the charming sex to please,
Act with new life and an unwonted ease;
Beyond the limits of our genius soar,
And feel an ardour quite unknown before.

I ACKNOWLEDGE the Essay on Decorum in Personal Behaviour, and think myself greatly obliged by the writer of it, in preferring the Female Tattler, to convey its admirable precepts to the public. It is too extensive to be inserted at once, and therefore I must be compelled to deal it out in extracts, as I have the permission to do; nor have I the least doubt but that my readers will be satisfied, as I think they will also be instructed, by the manner in which it will be conveyed to them in the pages of the *Repository*.

F—— T——.

The world is a great school, wherein men are first to learn, and then to practise. As fundamentals in all sciences ought to be well understood, a man cannot be too attentive at his first becoming acquainted with the public; for experience, it must be acknowledged, is a qualification as requisite in a fine gentleman as in a statesman. Yet it is to be remarked, that experience is much sooner acquired by some, than by others; for it does not consist so much in a copious remembrance of whatever has happened, as in a regular retention of what may be useful. When we have gained knowledge, the best way to improve it will be exercise, in which two things are carefully to be avoided, positiveness and affectation. If to our care in shunning them, we add a desire of obliging those with whom we converse, there is little danger but that we become all we wish; and politeness, by an imperceptible gradation, will enter into our minutest

I speak it without affectation or vanity, that no man has applied more assiduously than myself to the study of the fair sex; and I aver it with the greatest simplicity of heart, that I have not only found the most amiable and engaging, but also the most generous, and even heroic qualities, among those of the other sex who have honoured me with their favourable regard: nay, I have discovered more of candour, disinterestedness, and, I shall even add, the fervour of friendship among them, than among those of my own sex, though I have no right to complain of the latter.

My readers must observe, and indeed I desire they should, a more than ordinary zeal for inculcating a high esteem for, and a sincere attachment to, the sex. What I propose from it is, to rectify certain notions, which are not only destructive of all rational politeness, but, at the same time, and on that account, detrimental to the most valuable charm, and in no small degree to the dignity, of social intercourse. These notions have much spread of late, and the figure called a tonish gentleman has arisen out of them; whose fashion appears to be, to banish respect from, and to introduce a familiar, I might almost say a contemptuous, levity towards, those who are alone capable of making us truly and rationally happy.

"Fram'd to give joy, the darling sex are seen;
Beauteous their form, and lovely in their mien;
Silent, they charm the pleas'd beholder's sight;
And speaking, strike us with a new delight:
Words, when pronounc'd by them, such power impart,
Invade our ears, and claim the willing heart.
To the best ends the glorious passion sways;
By love and honour bound, the youth obeys;
Till, by his service won, the grateful fair
Consents at length to ease the lover's care;
Seals all his hopes, and calls the bridal joy
To give the title to untainted joy.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

"La Marziale," Fantasia, Concertante for the Harp and Flute, or Piano-forte and Flute, with a Violoncello Accompaniment, ad lib. composed, and respectfully dedicated to Mrs. Boissier Buttini of Geneva, by C. M. Sola. Pr. 6s.

"LA MARZIALE" comprises three movements in the key of F major, besides a few bars of introduction, viz. a march, an andante with variations, and a rondo; the whole of which, as is stated in the title-page, has been revised and corrected by Mr. Boosey. An instance of such candid modesty is rather unusual in musical writing; we hailed it as a favourable omen, and our expectations were not disappointed. What is meant by "fingered" in this instance, is not quite clear to us, as we find the fingers marked: possibly, it implies the qualification of certain passages, so as to be fingered with convenience. Be this as it may, we are happy to say this fantasia is a valuable production; it evinces delicacy of taste, a rich vein of true musical feeling, and a luxuriant harmonic colouring distinguish its pages. In the march, we observe a peculiar style of solemnity, and great selectness of expression. The variations to the

andante are very elegant throughout, and the adagio (No. 4.), in F minor, bears the stamp of impressive chasteness. The polacca possesses traits of striking originality as to subject, a merit which we prize the more since so many of the movements of this description appear modelled in the same mould. To this advantage Mr. S. has added the charms of good melody, and great fluency and connection in the periods. The execution of this fantasia demands an experienced performer on the harp; and the flute part, which acts an essential part, is likewise beyond the reach of mediocrity.

A sixth Divertimento for the Pianoforte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, ad lib. in which are introduced an original Lapland and a favourite Irish Air, composed, and respectfully inscribed to Miss Ironside, by F. J. Klose. Pr. 3s. 6d.

The allegro in B♭ with which this divertimento sets out, is written in a plain and somewhat heavy manner, not unlike the compositions of half a century or more ago. In the second part some interesting ideas are observable, both in a melodic and harmonic point of view. The Lapland air may have come to Mr. K. under that denomination, may even have been met with in Lapland; but it was not made in that latitude: it certainly, however, bears the stamp of considerable antiquity. Mr. K. has treated the theme very appropriately; the variation in the major key is pretty, and the short coda imagined with taste, and some little contrapuntal contrivance. The last, and by far the most extended movement, is founded on the Irish tune, "Oh! whistle, and I'll come to thee, my lad,"—a melody which would have found little recommendation with us for the present purpose. Mr. K. has made as much of it as could well be expected, and where he has most deviated from his theme he has been most successful. The sixth page is very fair.

Le Serment François, the celebrated French Air, as sung at Paris, arranged with Variations for the Piano-forte or Harp, by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 2s.

On this loyal and well-known French tune, called "The French oath," Mr. R. has presented us with five variations, and we must confess nothing could have been chosen more susceptible of variation. The treatment which this theme has received at the hands of Mr. R. may be termed respectable. We were particularly pleased with var. 4. which is certainly the best, both on account of the effective fulness of its harmony, and the proper and profitable employment which is assigned to the left hand. The last variation, in $\frac{6}{8}$ time, also has our approbation; the subject adapts itself kindly to that measure, and derives from it an advantageous form for the winding up.

A favourite Waltz for the Pianoforte, composed by C. Stokes. Pr. 1s. 6d.

This waltz must be classed among the lighter works of Mr. Stokes: it is written with propriety, but the ideas are not new. From the cautiousness with which the fingers are marked, in places where it would be impossible to use any others, we presume this waltz to be

intended for beginners; and yet there are passages in the bass part which the incipient pupil will have to toil hard to adapt kindly to the treble.

Wright's Collection of popular Dances for the Piano-forte, Harp, or Violin. No. 28. Pr. 1s.

For the information of our fair readers, we muster the several tunes, viz. Kitty O'Linch, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Spanish Dance, Hatfield House, Grand-Duke Michael, the Rage at Almack's, and Lady G. Bathurst. With the figures added to each, we have no concern; but as regards the music, we should prefer the third, fifth, and sixth in number. The last-mentioned is in the best French style, and the Spanish dance carries with it an air of Castilian *grandezza*.

The Lord's Prayer set to Music, by Wm. Grosse, *for Juvenile Supplicants; with an Accompaniment for the Organ or Piano-forte, and respectfully dedicated to the Family of the Rev. R. H. Shepherd, Minister of the Ranelagh Chapel, Chelsea.* Pr. 1s.

Our idea of the matter may be singular, but we cannot help thinking the propriety of setting the Lord's prayer to music somewhat questionable. The task is an awkward one, even in a musical point of view. To give [illegible] ing to a long string of [illegible] by no means easy; and in this respect Mr. G.'s labour affords evidence of our assertion. In his melody, however, we discover some select ideas, and a considerable degree of pathetic devotion; but we doubt much, whether *juvenile* supplicants will readily intonate some of the chromatic deviations from the scale of the key which Mr. G. has introduced.

Haydn's favourite Overture adapted for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for a Flute, Violin, and Violoncello, ad lib. by S. F. Rimbault. No. 2. Pr. 3s.

It would be well if Mr. Rimbault, in his adaptations, designated the opera of his author: his titles are too vague and general. The present masterly symphony in B♭ is universally known: it has for years been a standing dish at the theatres, between the acts. Mr. R. has done it great justice: the andante, in particular, is arranged with the utmost attention to the score, and to the scope of the instrument. We give him great praise for the judgment and talent which he has pre-eminently exerted in this movement.

PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

(Continued from vol. VII. p. 308.)

PLATE 2.—VIEW OF THE END OF THE GRAND GALLERY TOWARDS [illegible]

[illegible] there were [illegible] whole range of [illegible] Simplon worth visiting, but the spot this month represented in our plate, the length and inconveniences of the journey would be well repaid by that alone.

The objects are all of the most

striking description: the elegantly and artificially constructed bridge is admirably contrasted with the savage wildness of the surrounding scenery. The precipitous and impending rocks frown over the tasteful work of man, and seem indignant that it has been intruded into the recesses of their gloomy solitude. The torrent, swollen by tributary rivulets in the mountains, partakes of the same character, and dashing with uncontroulable impetuosity down the adjacent crags, foams under the bridge with an angry roar, as if it disdained that its turbulent waters should be confined to so narrow a channel. Of course, the quantity of water is more or less at different seasons. In winter the scene is most magnificent, when the bounding cataract threatens to carry all before it in its furious course. In summer, when the spot is most visited by travellers, a part of its magnificence is wanting, but still there is sufficient water to produce a striking and impressive effect.

The contrast between the white spray of the torrent, and the rocks over which it rushes, is like all the contrasts of nature, happy and harmonious.

The scattered firs and larches, which set at nought the sterility of the soil, while they produce another contrast, add not a little to the general effect of the view. The traveller, at the time he contemplates these objects, has quitted the Grand Gallery, to which our two preceding plates have been devoted, and is now on the side towards Italy. He enters upon the bridge the moment he has passed through the Gallery.

FINE ARTS.

PANORAMAS.

The annual succession of varieties in the Panoramic Exhibitions of the metropolis, tends not only to improve a very ingenious department of art, but also to add to the stock of general information, through a very agreeable and attractive medium. The following are the principal Exhibitions of this kind now open in the metropolis:

View of the North Coast of Spitzbergen.—Henry Aston Barker.

This view is painted from drawings taken by Lieutenant Beechey, who accompanied the Polar expedition last year. The particulars of this unsuccessful expedition are too fresh in the minds of our readers, to require any very detailed description, for the purpose of explaining the chief points of the panorama. The time fixed for the view (and none could be more judiciously selected) is when, on the evening of the 29th July, the Dorothea and Trent again found themselves in clear water, after having penetrated, amid many dreadful perils, forty miles within the icy barrier, and having been twenty-[illegible] adrift among it. It is their [illegible] to the margin of the ice, on the evening of their extrication, which is represented by the present

panorama, when a diversity of scenery was observable, that appeared well calculated to convey a general idea of the arctic regions.

The first sensation experienced by the spectator on entering this panorama, is one of extreme surprise at the novelty of the scene, which his eye for the first time traces; and he feels, as it were, a sort of chilliness, a congelation of the blood, at beholding the icy and tempestuous regions by which he is surrounded. The prevalence of this sensation among the visitors at this Exhibition, is the most unerring proof of the truth of the artist's pencil, and of the ability and fidelity with which he has copied from the original drawings, taken in the midst of the arctic regions by a very accomplished artist. There is something extremely picturesque in the way in which the parts of this view are arranged, so as to give interest and variety to the prospect. Every person who has seen even the best snow-pieces of the Dutch masters, must feel, notwithstanding their general admiration of the execution of the painter, how tiresome the uniformity of the colouring became after a short examination: not so, however, in this panorama; for though the icy seas present a bleak and cheerless prospect, yet the singular and fantastic forms which the immense floating masses of ice assume; the contrasted colour of the water; the uncommon appearance of the atmosphere; its rarefaction in some parts, and density in others; the deep yellow rays of the sun; the boldness of the rocky islands which are scattered in this high latitude, and the numerous animals that inhabit them, present a combination of objects which, from their novelty and variety, form a *coup d'œil* of the grandest and most picturesque kind. The phenomenon of the *ice-blink* is represented in the panorama; but the artist has not attempted to paint the beautiful and variegated hues which the ice is described to shed from the reflection and refraction of the prismatic colours of light—an attempt which we imagine would have been as hopeless as to represent the meridian effulgence of the sun. He has, however, given an agreeable relief to the colouring, by the introduction of several of the officers and crew of the ships, variously occupied on the ice. The ships themselves are finely and correctly painted; and by being placed in the act of buffeting the ice, present a bustle and appearance of truth, which keep alive the interest of the scene, and conceal the deception of art.

Among the birds which are depicted, there are fine specimens of the *larus glacialis*, the *larus arcticus*, *alca allé* and *arctica*, *larus eburneus*, *sterna hirundo*, *fulmar petrel*, and several other rare examples of the feathered tribe. There are also groups of polar bears, walrusses, and seals, sporting on the ice in a variety of attitudes.

This panorama, which is, we have no doubt, an accurate representation of the scenery, and state of the ships in the most critical period of their perilous expedition, will, we are persuaded, generally convey an adequate idea of the dangers which our sailors braved. by intrepidity, perseverance, and their

wonted discipline. In point of execution, it is highly creditable to the taste and skill of the artist.

View of Venice.—Messrs. Barker and Burford.

This view of Venice is taken from the *Piazza di S. Marco*, which, it is well known, combines an assemblage of the finest buildings immediately in the fore-ground, with a pleasing view of the most distant objects: the height of the houses, and their being so close together, necessarily, though unfortunately, excludes a view of any of the canals of the city, which are nearly 400 in number. The spectator is so placed as to have an elevated view of the whole square, the Ducal Palace, and *Piazetta*, with a minute representation of the church of St. Mark, a structure as extraordinary in its form and architectural arrangement, as costly in the materials employed in its decoration. To give an additional interest to the picture, a representation of the gay scene of the Carnival has been introduced, where quack-doctors, mountebanks, processions of all kinds, and a masked population in various sorts of sport, form the principal subject of the fore-ground. The most prominent object in this panorama is the celebrated ducal church of St. Mark, which was rebuilt in the year 976. Heterogeneous and extraordinary as are the component parts of this famed structure, it yet possesses uncommon magnificence; there is a richness and Asiatic splendour in the style of the structure, which, though at variance with simplicity, the fountain of chaste and pure taste, yet dazzles the eye, and recalls the mind to the contemplation of the ancient luxury and magnificence of the Venetian republic, which presented so anomalous a contrast in the manners and habits of the people, to those which prevailed in the other republics of ancient and modern times. The interior of this splendid church is entirely covered with Mosaic pictures, in coloured glass on a gold ground; the altars and columns are of the richest marbles, as also the tesselated pavement: these decorations were finished in the year 1071, and are in lavish profusion. The front of the exterior is formed of ten arches, five above and five below: the lower ones are supported by two rows of columns, amounting to 292 in number: some are of porphyry, others of verd antique, and the remainder of costly marble, all trophies of the Venetian conquests in Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land. The upper centre arch is terminated by a colossal statue of St. Mark; and over the lower one stand the celebrated Grecian horses, made of Corinthian brass, said to be the work of Lysippus. The history of these celebrated horses was given in a pathetic and eloquent strain in the French newspapers, when the Austrians took them down from the triumphal arch in front of the Tuilleries, in 1815. They had successively adorned the triumphal arches of Augustus, Domitian, Trajan, Constantine, and lastly of Buonaparte. Constantine removed them to Constantinople, with the chariot of the sun, and placed them in the Hippodrome, in which place they remained till the Venetians captured that city, in the year 1206, when the horses were removed to

Venice, where they stood over the grand entrance of St. Mark's nearly six hundred years, and were from thence removed by the French in 1797.

Venice is perhaps the finest city in Europe for producing panoramic effect in an exhibition of this kind: the florid architecture which is to be seen in most of the public buildings in a state of high preservation, "the splendid wrecks of former pride," the occasional intermixture of the noble Corinthian column with the materials of some mean edifice thrown up for the business of the humble artisan, present a beautiful and an interesting spectacle, alike recalling to the mind the time of the grandeur of this republic, and that of the vicissitudes of its fate; the time when, in the language of the poet,

"Wealth was theirs; nor far removed the date,
When Commerce proudly flourish'd through the state:
At her command, the palace learnt to rise;
Again the long fall'n column sought the skies;
The canvas glow'd beyond ev'n nature warm;
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form."—

And also the time when,

"Amidst the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed."

This panorama is not only perfect in the delineation of the view of the most beautiful part of the city, but it also gives in the distance, in fine perspective, a view of the Tyrolean Alps, and some of the islands in the Adriatic. It is very well executed, and has been much praised for the correctness of the architectural drawings.

EXHIBITION OF THE PRINCIPAL WORKS OF THE LATE MR. HARLOW.

In the course of the last month, the Exhibition of a number of the Paintings and Drawings by the late Mr. G. Harlow (whose premature death we so sincerely deplored in a former number of the *Repository*), commenced at the Picture-Gallery, No. 87, Pall-Mall. It contains 144 works, many of which are to be sold; a number of them are portraits in chalk, and several are small sketches taken from the works of the old masters during Mr. Harlow's tour last year in France and Italy. The principal attractions of this Exhibition are, a copy from Raphael's celebrated and last picture of the *Transfiguration*, of the same dimensions as the original, and executed in the short space of eighteen days; and an original sketch after the manner of Rubens. The shortness of time in which Mr. Harlow was employed in making the copy, will account for the hasty execution of some parts, and the unfinished state of others. Had the artist lived to receive it in this country, he would doubtless have given it that finishing touch, which would have more fully established his fame. The *Transfiguration* was the last great work of Raphael, who was, just after he had finished it, snatched from life in the great meridian of his powers; and when his body lay in state, this picture was placed at the head of his bier. The last work of Mr. Harlow was this copy; it reached this country just at the time of his sudden death, and may be said to be the record

of his talents, and the ornament of his tomb. So far we may touch upon the coincidence between the exhibition of the works of these two distinguished artists, without presumming to venture upon any comparison (for none would be fair or just) between the respective merits of each performance.

Mr. Harlow has, in his copy, shewn an extraordinary feeling for the original, and an astonishing facility for pourtraying and embodying some of its principal characteristics. Independent of the sublimity of the original composition, according to Sir Joshua Reynolds, it is perhaps the only work of Raphael in which some of the parts are not feebly drawn. The attempt, therefore, to make a copy from such a work, was not only an arduous but an almost appalling task. Many copies have been taken, but most of them were soon forgotten. That this will not be the fate of Mr. Harlow's we have the strongest reason to believe. The forms of the prophets, and divine effulgence and majesty of the Saviour, ascending from Tabor, produce a sublime and awful effect; the light shed from the apparition on the figures at the foot of the mountain is beautifully distributed; and the mingled expression of the group below, the contrast between the confidence and piety of the apostle, the scepticism of the bystanders, and the wretched appearance of the maniac who is presented for cure, are executed with much of the truth and force of the original. The drawing is also equally correct throughout the figures, and the colouring in parts is evidently unfinished. Enough is, however, done to shew the capacity of the late artist, and the loss which, when deceased, he must have been to art.

"On the receipt of this painting, the Lords of the Treasury, with a liberality highly exciting to Mr. Harlow's friends, issued an order for the delivery of it, as well as his sketches, and the costs which accompanied it, duty free.

Sketch of the Painting of the Presentation of the Cardinal's Hat to Wolsey in Westminster Abbey.

"The painting of which this is a sketch, was presented by Mr. Harlow to the Academy of St. Luke at Rome on the 21st last November, when he was elected an Academician of Merit of that illustrious academy of design. Canova, whose liberality and attention to our artists have so justly acquired for him their esteem, requested to have this painting at his house for a few days prior to its being sent to the academy, which was complied with; and on the 10th of last November upwards of 300 persons viewed it. Of this picture Canova writes in the following terms, in a letter dated from Rome, November 30, 1818, and addressed to Mr. Hamilton, the under-secretary of state:

"This letter will be delivered to you by Mr. Harlow, who has painted a picture with wonderful ability, entirely in the style, and with the effect, of Rubens; and he has thereby gained so much reputation amongst us, that he has been elected honorary member of the academy of St. Luke. I assure you I was [illegible] prodigiously surprised by the performance of this rare talent, as well as strongly attached to him by his amiable manners and

his kind heart. It is with great pleasure I send you this, wishing to let you know what esteem and affection I have felt for him.

CANOVA.

There cannot be a higher compliment, either to the artist or to his picture, than this introductory letter from Canova conveys. The sketch itself cannot be expected to convey a very adequate idea of all the parts of the picture which was executed from it. The outline and character of the work can alone be estimated from it. The grouping is simple, and the attitudes of the figures contrasted with dignity and ease. The touches of colouring are brilliant, and the architecture sheds a solemn grandeur upon the splendour of the scene. The drawing, though denoting a great improvement in this branch of study since Mr. Harlow left England, is yet feeble in some parts: the arms of one or two of the figures seem disproportionate to the size of the body. These defects may have been amended or obviated in the picture, and most probably were so from Canova's testimony.

The greater part of the sketches in this Exhibition are from works of art which fell under the eye of the artist in his tour: many of them rather appear to be materials or memoranda for the artist's future compositions, than to be intended as separate and finished sketches. They display considerable taste, and great improvement in drawing. The chalk and pencilled portraits are in general excellent likenesses.

EXHIBITION OF MR. REINAGLE'S COPIES FROM RUBENS.

MR. R. REINAGLE, A. R. A. is now exhibiting, in Pall-Mall, copies taken by him from three of the most celebrated pictures by Rubens in the Museum at Antwerp; viz. *the Crucifixion*, *the Adoration of the Magi*, and *the Entombment*. These works have been repeatedly copied, and frequently with considerable effect. The magnificence of the colouring of Rubens, the magical freedom of execution with which his pencil, as it were, swept along the canvas, illuminating it with so much splendour, without obliterating or intermixing the separate parts of that great variety of character which he meant to portray, or rendering the subordinate to the principal, has, however, left at a great distance even the best of his copyists; and if Mr. Reinagle has failed in this perilous attempt, he has at least failed in conjunction with eminent and skilful men; and it must be acknowledged, that if he cannot compete with the original, he can, without fear of defeat, enter the lists with any of his predecessors who have made copies from these celebrated works. In the brilliancy of his colouring he does not yield to any of them; in the delicacy he yields (and who is there that does not?) to the fine and charming hues of the original, which combine all the soft and luminous variations of nature. *The Adoration of the Magi*, or *of the Kings*, as Mr. Reinagle calls the picture, according to the innumerable precedents which artists have set for him, is a magnificent work.

In colouring and expression it equals the celebrated "Poem of Rubens," the ornament of the Luxembourg, now of the Louvre. It is from St. Matthew ii. 1, 2, 11, and represents the great event in Holy Writ of the arrival of the wise men of the East at Bethlehem. The grouping of this picture is admirable; it commences, as has been well described, at the summit, and descends in a serpentine line, and presents a mass of splendour, rich in variety of figures, dress, and dazzling colours: the greater part of the group is in glittering sunshine. The prominent figure is the Virgin, supporting the Child. The front group consists of the venerable stranger doing homage to the divine Infant, supported by a beautiful page; the Ethiopian at his side, clad in green, is struck with astonishment at the beauty of the Virgin, and presents, in the expression of his features, a strong contrast to the fine piety of "the silver-bearded stately figure" entering on the left, whose robes are full of majesty and beauty. There is a breadth, a grace, and a simplicity in the arrangement of the folds of the robe which cannot be too highly praised in the original, and which are admirably pourtrayed in this copy. The military attendants, the Asiatics, and the shepherds, present a singularly contrasted group, both in expression and costume. There is a splendour in the execution of this work which dazzles the eye, and a developement of character in the figures which cannot be contemplated without the strongest interest and delight. It is said, that the receipt which Rubens gave for the payment of this picture is still in existence, and that it proves he painted it in *sixteen days*. He charged 100 florins a day for his time, which, at that period, would be equivalent to about 50*l.* sterling.

The Crucifixion of our Saviour is an appalling spectacle, and the representation of this event by Rubens cannot be contemplated without the utmost feeling of awe. It has been described by succeeding artists of every rank and country. Sir Joshua Reynolds gazed upon it with delight, and exclaimed, "The genius of Rubens no where appears to more advantage than here; it is the most carefully finished picture of all his works." Mr. Reinagle has prefixed an elaborate description of this picture in his catalogue; but of all pictures, this is, we think, the last that requires any other description than that so emphatically conveyed by the artist's pencil. The resigned dignity and meekness of the Saviour still imprinted upon his brow when Death had performed his office, the dreadful sufferings and contortions of the thieves between whom he has been crucified, speak in terrible terms the scene which is drawing towards its close; while the consolatory resignation and piety of the Maries and St. John, in the midst of their agonies, afford to the Christian mind the salutary reflection, that those were but the sad trials of the hour in the promotion of the divine prophecy. The darkness of the eclipse of the sun, which begins to be felt upon the earth, sheds an awful grandeur over the catastrophe, and by its contrast, produces an astonishing effect upon the display of colours

and character in the fore-ground It is of this picture that Sir Joshua Reynolds makes the following observation: "I have dwelt longer on this picture than any other, as it appears to me to deserve extraordinary attention: it is certainly one of the finest pictures in the world, for composition, colouring, and what was not to be expected from Rubens—correctness in drawing"—The other copy, from *the Entombment of our Saviour*, has much of the delicacy of colouring of the original: the expression is acute and forcible.

This gallery is fitted up with extreme taste in rich drapery, to correspond with the brilliancy of the colouring in the pictures.

INTELLIGENCE REGARDING WORKS OF ART IN PROGRESS OR COMPLETED.

We have on more than one occasion alluded to the splendid commissions for portraits which Sir Thomas Lawrence was receiving in Vienna. He has lately executed a portrait of the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Prince Metternich. The young lady is represented as the Goddess of Youth, teasing the royal bird, which she holds raised on high in her right hand, while in her left she holds the bowl, which the struggling bird is not permitted to approach This portrait is spoken of in the highest terms by those who have seen it, and the artist has received permission to bring it to England

The Albion, 74, lately arrived at Portsmouth, has brought to England a group, by Canova, in Parian marble, of the three Graces (natural size), which are intended to be placed in the hall of Castle House, also several statues (natural size) of Hebes, Bacchantes, Nymphs, and of the Muses, taken from the most celebrated antique models, and executed under the eye of Canova, in white marble, which are intended to be placed in an elegant temple of the Muses, recently erected in Woburn Park, the seat of his Grace the Duke of Bedford. Some of these figures cost his grace 3000*l.* each. The cases containing them were not suffered to be opened at the Customhouse, from the danger there would be of breaking them, but the duty will be paid when fixed on their pedestals There has also been landed from this ship, a magnificent collection of medals and coins for the British Museum; and a curious and elegant collection of weights and measures for Lord Castlereagh, by which, we understand, his lordship hopes to illustrate a plan which he has had some time in progress, to equalize the weights and measures among all civilized nations Various packages of alabaster figures, vases, antiques, models, and groups, for numerous of the nobility, manufacturers at the potteries, and artists, have also been landed, with several casts from antique basso-relievos, &c. &c.

The fourth volume of Mr. Dibdin's most learned and splendid work on the *Typographical Antiquities of Great Britain*, is just ready for delivery: the illustrative embellishments are in no respects inferior to those of the three pre-



ceding volumes. We are not informed how many more volumes will be necessary to complete the undertaking.

One of the most perfect and extensive collections of engravings, ancient and modern, of all schools, from the origin of the art to the present day, the property of M. Clemence A. Holwiesner, banker at Frankfort, is about to be sold in that city by C. R. G. Prestel. The first volume of the catalogue, in French, consisting of two parts, has reached this country; and there is no doubt that some of our eminent collectors will send over their agents to make purchases.

On June 11, the rooms of Mr. Bullock's late Museum in Piccadilly were crowded to excess, to witness, and become candidates in, the sale of the military trophies which belonged to Buonaparte, and which, having been taken during the battle of Waterloo, were purchased by Mr. Bullock, and added to his magnificent collection of curiosities, natural and artificial. The prices of the various articles will shew how eagerly they were purchased: even an old pocket-handkerchief sold probably for twelve times its original value, and perhaps forty-eight times above its actual worth. The following were among the articles:

	£.	s.	d.
The carriage sold for	168	0	0
Small opera glass	5	5	0
Tooth brush	3	13	6
Snuff box	166	19	6
Stock, or collar	1	17	0
Old slippers	1	0	0
Razor	4	4	0
Sponge	0	17	6
Shaving-brush	3	14	0
Shirt	2	5	0
Comb	1	0	0
Shaving-box	7	7	0
Old gloves	1	0	0
Old pocket-handkerchief	1	11	6
	368	14	0

Great contention took place among the bidders, particularly towards the close of the sale. We have not room to enumerate more particulars, though others are in our possession.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE I.—WALKING DRESS.

A JACONOT muslin round dress, with a *chemisette* body, and long sleeves made rather full, and finished at the bottom with a fulness of muslin in front of the wrist; the fulness confined across by narrow bands, which button in the middle. The bottom of the skirt is richly embroidered, and the embroidery is surmounted by a full trimming of muslin. The spenser worn with this dress is composed of primrose-coloured figured poplin: it is made in a new style; is partially high behind; the back is of a moderate breadth, and has a little fulness at the bottom of the waist: there is no collar. The spencer turns over in the feminine style; it just meets at the bottom of the waist, and partially displays the

front of the under dress: it is ornamented round the bust by a narrow band of the same material, finished with a double edging of satin, and buttoned over at rather more than a nail distance. Long sleeve, nearly tight to the arm, finished by an epaulette of white satin, divided into full puffs by bands of poplin placed lengthwise: the bottom is ornamented to correspond. Head-dress, a bonnet composed of primrose-coloured satin, covered with fine clear India muslin: it is trimmed with full bows of ribbon, which are covered with white net laid on full; a bouquet of natural flowers is placed to one side; it ties under the chin. Gloves and shoes, to correspond.

PLATE 5.—EVENING DRESS.

A white satin slip, over which is a round dress, composed of white gauze with small pink spots: the bottom of the skirt is finished by a band of white satin, terminated by a full flounce of blond lace; over this is a trimming of a very novel and pretty description (for which we refer to our print), and this is surmounted by a lace flounce to correspond. Frock body, cut low round the bust, which is ornamented, in a novel style, with lace and bows of ribbon; there are two falls of the latter, one of which is disposed in such a manner that, with the bows, it forms a tucker. The back is full; the sleeve short, and very full. A lace scarf is thrown round the shoulders. Head-dress, a bandeau of pink satin, covered with a net-work of pearl, and finished by a pearl tassel. A superb plume of ostrich feathers is placed to one side. The hind hair is disposed in plaits, which are twisted round the top of the head, and intermixed with small bows. The front hair is curled very full on the forehead, but is much divided.—Necklace and ear-rings, pearl. White satin shoes, and white kid gloves.

We are indebted to Miss Pierpoint of No. 9, Henrietta-street, Covent-Garden, for both our dresses this month.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Promenade dress at present exhibits a good deal of variety, more indeed than we have commonly seen at this time of the year. For the early morning walk, an open or round dress, of jaconot or cambric muslin, is most in favour. These dresses continue to be profusely trimmed with either mull muslin or rich work; the latter we think is most in favour: they are made in general with pelerines, and are worn for the promenade without any other covering. Some of these dresses have a large round pelerine, formed of rows of rich work; it descends to the waist, and covers the shoulders: the effect is striking, but rather heavy.

Waists have not lengthened since the publication of our last number; on the contrary, they are, we think, a little shorter. Dresses in dishabille have always a little fulness in the back; but the fronts are either loose or tight to the shape, according to the fancy of the wearer.

For the dress promenade, or for carriage costume, light silk scarfs, silk or satin spencers, or pelisses and spencers composed of lace or clear muslin, lined with slight silk, are in the highest estimation: fi-

gured poplin is also very much worn for spencers, and *gros de Naples* is in very great request. The spencer which we have given in our print is the most novel and most appropriate to the season: many are still, however, made quite high and with collars. Satin still continues to be most fashionable for the trimmings of those made of poplin or silk; but those that are covered are usually trimmed with lace. We have seen some which we considered very pretty, that were finished in the French style at the bottom of the waist by scolloped lace, which was set on plain, and only a single row, except just at the back, where there were two or three rows very full. We must observe, that the lace was set on broad at the back, but narrower towards the front, which formed a light smart jacket: there was no collar, but a kind of pelerine ruff, composed of scolloped lace, supplied the want of it: the upper part of the ruff, composed of several rows of lace tacked very full, stood up round the throat; the lower part was a small pelerine, nearly pointed behind, and formed by two or three rows of lace.

Leghorn and plain straw bonnets seem now to be almost exclusively confined to undress: they are still worn very large, and are ornamented with ribbon only. Bonnets of the same description as that given in our print, are much in favour both for the carriage and dress promenade, and *gros de Naples* bonnets, profusely ornamented with blond or net, are much worn for the latter. Head-dresses composed of transparent materials are very general in carriage dress, but appear to be confined exclusively to it.

In the earlier part of the season there was much variety in head dresses for out-door costume; hats and bonnets were both in favour, and different shapes were worn. We see now very few of the former, and the latter are universally large; we mean the brims only, the crowns being of a moderate size, or rather in general low. Blond is the most fashionable trimming for the edge of bonnets, and they are always adorned with a bouquet of flowers. Those that are covered with muslin or net have sometimes a wreath of small daisies laid on in the middle of the *ruche* round the edge, which has a very pretty effect: another novelty, and one that has a very tasteful appearance, is the laying of net over the ribbon of these coloured bonnets.

Transparent bonnets are composed either of gauze, net, or letting-in lace, and all these materials appear to be pretty nearly equal in favour: there is always a slight intermixture of satin, and they are frequently adorned with half-wreaths of roses, which are placed in front of the crown; they are generally three or four in number.

We have but few observations to make, respecting in-door costume this month. Morning dress has not varied since the publication of our last number: it continues to be composed exclusively of jaconet or cambric muslin; very fine India muslin, both sprigged and plain, is also worn in dinner dress, but only partially, for silks are decidedly higher in estimation, and they are by no means of a slight kind; *gros de Naples*, le-

vantine, and others of the most substantial fabric, being now as much worn as in the winter: it is true, they are of light colours, but the materials are too heavy for the time of the year; slight sarsnets and fancy silks are much more appropriate to the season.

Dinner gowns are in general cut low round the bust: frocks are most in favour: backs still continue to be worn very broad; they are in general made with a little fulness. Sleeves are worn very full, and always short.

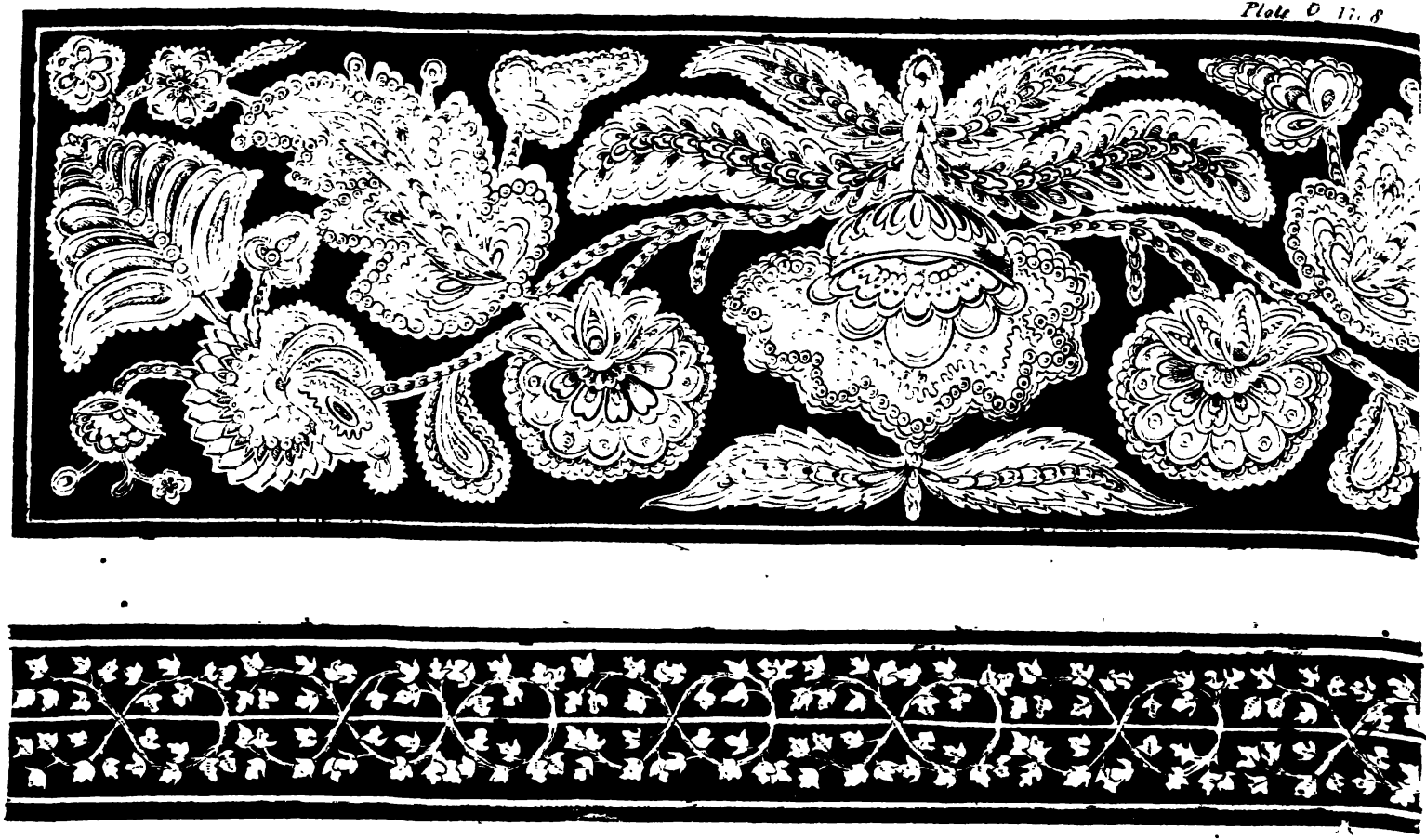
There is less variety in trimmings than we ever recollect before at this season of the year. Satin, gauze, and blond are the fashionable materials: they are disposed in flounces, *ruches*, and rouleaus. The most novel and pretty style of trimming that we have lately seen, are gauze flounces, edged with corkscrew rolls of narrow satin ribbon: four or five of these are placed at a little distance from each other; they are stiffened at the edge so as to stand out from the dress, and have a very light and tasteful effect.

The materials for full dress are various: white satin is in general estimation, as is also gauze or lace over white satin; but rich silks are also very much worn. Figured *gros de Naples*, striped satin, and fancy silks of different kinds, are as much worn as the light materials which have been for some years past considered fashionable in grand costume for summer. Dresses are worn very much trimmed; blond is very fashionable; but the most novel trimming that we have seen, was composed of transparent gauze, disposed in deep full puffs, between each of which was a space of about half a quarter in width, which was filled with a piece of gauze laid on plain, and richly embroidered in a bouquet of natural flowers mingled with Indian wheat and grass; the embroidery was an intermixture of silk and chenille; a row of scollop-shells composed of white satin, and placed very near each other, surmounted this trimming, and another was placed at the bottom of the dress.

The hair is now much more displayed in evening dress than it has been for some time. *Toques* and turbans are, it is true, still worn; but their use is, with few exceptions, confined to matronly ladies. Flowers are more in request than any other ornament for juvenile *belles*. Pearl ornaments, though not so generally adopted, are, however, worn by many *élégantes*, and they have certainly a beautiful effect upon dark hair. In very full dress they continue to be worn, as well as diamonds, with a mixture of flowers in the hair.

We have seen at the house of the lady who furnished our dresses, some bouquets for the hair in evening dress, which were very novel and pretty: they were composed of flowers of the season, intermixed with various kinds of grass, so well imitated, that they might deceive any eye. Bouquets of this description are also likely to be in estimation for *toques* and half-dress caps.

A new stay, called the corset *à la Grecque*, has made its appearance in the course of the last month: it is cut in a manner likely to be generally approved of, because it displays the shape in the most easy



and graceful style, without compressing the form in the slightest degree.

As an account of the court dresses is always given in the newspapers, we do not notice them in general; but we cannot help observing, that at the drawing-room held by his Royal Highness the Prince Regent on the 17th, the dresses of the ladies present exhibited the most complete mixture of magnificence and taste that we ever witnessed. The court was, in compliment to his royal highness's natal day, uncommonly numerous and brilliant. We observed with pleasure that, with few exceptions, the dresses were composed of our own manufactures; and certainly the richness and beauty of the silks, gauzes, blonds, &c. afforded a proof, that the productions of our own looms are fully equal to those of any foreign country.

Fashionable colours for the month are, pale blue, light green, lilac, rose-colour, light slate-colour, and peach-blossom.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, June 20.

My dear SOPHIA,

OUR promenades still continue to be filled with white-robed *belles*, who walk out without any other covering than a gown, which is always either made high, or worn with a *ficha* and ruff; it is composed of *perkale*: this is the only material now seen in promenade dress, but there is some variety in trimmings, and some also in the make of gowns. I shall endeavour to describe to you two or three which are at present fashionable; first premising, that these dresses constitute also the home costume, except for full dress.

One of these dresses, the robe *à schall*, is a low round dress: the back is plaited in on each shoulder, and is crossed behind in the handkerchief style: the fronts are formed in a similar manner: the sleeve is long; it is very full in front of the arm, but the fulness is confined across by narrow bands of work; it falls very far over the hand, and is finished at the bottom with lace or work. There is a half-sleeve, about half a quarter in depth, confined to the arm by an casing, and finished by a row of work, and a double row of work is set on very full upon the shoulder. The robe *à schall* is a revived fashion; it is one which I am inclined to think you borrowed from us about two years ago, and which we have now introduced again, when you have laid it down.

I had nearly forgotten an essential point, that of the trimming, which consists of a very broad piece of soft muslin formed into little puffs, and intersected with one or two rows of work set on in waves: this trimming has a pretty effect when it is not put on too deep.

Another of these dresses, which has no peculiar name, but which might be called the *robe of formality*, is made tight to the shape; the body is completely covered with very small tucks, which are placed across; there are at least half a hundred. The sleeve is almost tight to the arm; it is surmounted

by a winged epaulette, which has a double row of muslin trimming disposed in large plaits; it is finished at the hand with a single row of trimming to correspond; and there are from four to six narrow flounces, also disposed in large plaits, at the bottom of the skirt. This dress is very fashionable, but not quite so much so as the robe *à schall.*

The prettiest of the promenade dresses, at least in my opinion, has a full back, a front tight to the shape, and a collar composed of three rouleaus of soft muslin; a single fall of muslin, disposed in large plaits, forms an epaulette: the long sleeve is of an easy fulness, and slightly embroidered at the bottom; it is finished at the hand with a single row of muslin trimming. A sash, composed of *perkale*, is tied behind in two small bows with long ends; the ends are finished by a muslin trimming, disposed in large plaits: there are two rows, one placed considerably above the other, with small tucks between. The trimming consists of an intermixture of flounces and tucks: the former are set on in waves; there are three, and between each three tucks.

This dress is the only one worn with a girdle of the same material, the others being confined to the waist by sashes of broad ribbon, which are tied behind in bows and very long ends. I have seen these ends sometimes as long as the dress. Egyptian ribbons are not now much worn, those most in favour being striped in different shades of the same colour.

Straw hats are, upon the whole, the most numerous for the morning promenade, and yellow straw is most fashionable. *Gros de Naples* is also in favour, but the hats composed of it are always white. *Paille de soie* is also occasionally seen in the morning promenades; but it is more frequently worn in the evening, to which also gauze and tulle are exclusively appropriated.

The brims of bonnets are now of a more moderate size than when I wrote last; the crowns continue to be very low: the most fashionable bonnets meet under the chin, and are bent over the forehead in the Mary of Scotland style. Some few others are cut out very much on one side of the brim, so as to display the face, while the other side is very broad; and many of those worn in the morning have the brim very broad over the forehead, and sloped off abruptly at each side.

Gauze ribbons, which are always worn very broad, are now universally adopted for the trimmings of *chapeaux*: they are either striped or of two colours, and in general are of a very glaring description. Evening *chapeaux* are always adorned with flowers as well as ribbons: wreaths are most in favour. Roses, sun-flowers, daisies, and primroses, are all worn, but we see also many wreaths of fancy flowers. Straw hats have no flowers, but a diadem composed of *coques* of ribbon is substituted instead.

Straw hats are almost all yellow, and silk ones either white or rose-colour; but *paille de soie* are of various hues, pea-green, rose-colour, gilliflower, and the prettiest shade of lilac that I ever saw. Many gauze hats have the brims entirely covered with *bouillonnée*. *Ruches* are not now at all worn; the only

trimmings which are used for the edges of the brims of bonnets are puffs of ribbon, or gauze laid on in full scollops: but the greatest number of hats have no trimming at all at the edge of the brim.

Coloured satins are at present very much worn in evening dress; and white gauze over coloured sarsnet slips is also in favour. Waists have not increased in length. The bust is very much displayed in full dress, the gown being looped back on the shoulder, and on each side of the bosom: the sleeves are in general very full, and they are always confined to the arm by a narrow band, which is either of fancy silk trimming, of satin, or, in very full dress, of pearls.

Evening dresses are trimmed very high; but trimmings, at present, are neither tasteful nor varied: they consist either of *bouillonnée* or flounces, or sometimes a mixture of both. At a large party where I was present the other evening, there was only one lady in the room who had neither flounces nor *bouillons;* and her dress was so excessively pretty, that I must send you some account of it, though I must premise, that it is not to be regarded as very fashionable.

The dress was composed of white gauze, and worn over a pale rose-coloured sarsnet slip: at the bottom of the skirt was a full rouleau of white satin; above which were placed large bows of gauze, edged with very narrow blond lace: these bows had pointed ends; they were placed at considerable distances from each other, and between every one was a large shell, composed of alternate folds of white and pink satin. The *corsage* was composed of white satin, finished at the waist by tabs, cut in the form of shells: they were edged, as well as the bust, with a narrow pink gimp. The sleeve was a triple fall of blond over the plain tight sleeve of the slip, and the bust was finished with a row of narrow blond tacked under the gimp.

Flowers are very much in favour for the hair in full dress; they are worn in diadems: roses, mixed with wheat-ears, are most in favour. Cachemire turbans, made in the Turkish form, are much worn by matronly ladies; and an embroidered scarf, twisted through the hair, is a favourite head-dress both with young and middle-aged *belles.* Many of the former appear in their hair without any other ornament than a knot of ribbon, which fastens it up behind, and which is generally of the same colour as the hair.

Half-boots are most fashionable for the promenade; they are always of stout silk, which is generally of a light colour: they button at the side. Full dress slippers are always of white silk or satin, but they are frequently finished by an embroidery of silk of the same colour as the dress.

The rage for diamonds has in a great measure subsided. Pearls, though not much worn in the hair, are very general for necklaces, bracelets, and armlets. Gold rings, with mottoes, the letters of which are composed of pearl, are in great favour. Coloured stones are not very fashionable: they are, however, worn by some *parvenue belles,* for these ladies are in general fond of glaring ornaments.

You complain that my letters are too short, and yet you are uncon-

scionable enough to make yours much shorter: I must scold you for this when I write again, for I have only time now to tell you, that I am always your

EUDOCIA.

THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS *from* NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

ON DRYDEN AND POPE.

(From W. HAZLITT's *Lectures on the English Poets.*)

DRYDEN and POPE are the great masters of the artificial style of poetry in our language, as the poets of whom I have already treated, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton, were of the natural; and though this artificial style is generally and very justly acknowledged to be inferior to the other, yet those who stand at the head of that class, ought perhaps to rank higher than those who occupy an inferior place in a superior class. They have a clear and independent claim upon our gratitude, as having produced a kind and degree of excellence which existed equally nowhere else. What has been done well by some later writers of the highest style of poetry, is included in, and obscured by, a greater degree of power and genius in those before them: what has been done best by poets of an entirely distinct turn of mind, stands by itself, and tells for its whole amount. Young, for instance, Gray, or Akenside, only follow in the train of Milton and Shakspeare; Pope and Dryden walk by their side, though of an unequal stature, and are entitled to a first place in the lists of fame. This seems to be not only the reason of the thing, but the common sense of mankind, who, without any regular process of reflection, judge of the merit of a work, not more by its inherent and absolute worth, than by its originality and capacity of gratifying a different faculty of the mind, or a different class of readers; for it should be recollected, that there may be readers (as well as poets) not of the highest class, though very good sort of people, and not altogether to be despised.

The question, whether Pope was a poet, has hardly yet been settled, and is hardly worth settling; for if he was not a great poet, he must have been a great prose-writer, that is, he was a great writer of some sort. He was a man of exquisite faculties, and of the most refined taste; and as he chose verse (the most obvious distinction of poetry) as the vehicle to express his ideas, he has generally passed for a poet, and a good one. If, indeed, by a great poet, we mean one who gives the utmost grandeur to our conceptions of nature, or the utmost force to the passions of the heart, Pope was not in this sense a great poet: for the bent, the characteristic power of his mind lay the clean contrary way; namely, in representing things as they appear to the indifferent observer, stripped of

prejudice and passion, as in his Critical Essays; or in representing them in the most contemptible and insignificant point of view, as in his Satires; or in clothing the little with mock dignity, as in his poems of Fancy; or in adorning the trivial incidents and familiar relations of life with the utmost elegance of expression, and all the flattering illusions of friendship or self-love, as in his Epistles. He was not then distinguished as a poet of lofty enthusiasm, of strong imagination, with a passionate sense of the beauties of nature, or a deep insight into the workings of the heart; but he was a wit and a critic, a man of sense, of observation, and the world, with a keen relish for the elegances of art, or of nature when embellished by art, a quick *tact* for propriety of thought and manners as established by the forms and customs of society, a refined sympathy with the sentiments and habitudes of human life, as he felt them within the little circle of his family and friends. He was, in a word, the poet, not of nature, but of art; and the distinction between the two, as well as I can make it out, is this: The poet of nature is one who, from the elements of beauty, of power, and of passion in his own breast, sympathizes with whatever is beautiful, and grand, and impassioned in nature, in its simple majesty, in its immediate appeal to the senses, to the thoughts and hearts of all men; so that the poet of nature, by the truth, and depth, and harmony of his mind, may be said to hold communion with the very soul of nature; to be identified with, and to foreknow and to record, the feelings of all men at all times and places, as they are liable to the same impressions; and to exert the same power over the minds of his readers that nature does. He sees things in their eternal beauty, for he sees them as they are; he feels them in their universal interest, for he feels them as they affect the first principles of his and our common nature. Such was Homer, such was Shakspeare, whose works will last as long as nature, because they are a copy of the indestructible forms and everlasting impulses of nature, welling out from the bosom as from a perennial spring, or stamped upon the senses by the hand of their Maker. The power of imagination in them, is the representative power of all nature. It has its centre in the human soul, and makes the circuit of the universe. * * * *

Dryden was a better prose-writer, and a bolder and more varied versifier, than Pope: he was a more vigorous thinker, a more correct and logical declaimer, and had more of what may be called strength of mind, than Pope; but he had not the same refinement and delicacy of feeling. Dryden's eloquence and spirit were possessed in a higher degree by others, and in nearly the same degree by Pope himself; but that which Pope had was an essence which he alone possessed, and of incomparable value on that sole account. Dryden's Epistles are excellent, but inferior to Pope's, though they appear (particularly the admirable one to Congreve) to have been the model on which he formed his. His Satires are better than Pope's. His Absalom and Achitophel is superior, both in force of invective and dis-

crimination of character, to any thing of Pope's in the same way. The character of Achitophel is very fine; and breathes, if not a sincere love for virtue, a strong spirit of indignation against vice.

Mac Flecknoe is the origin of the idea of the Dunciad, but it is less elaborately constructed, less feeble, and less heavy. The difference between Pope's satirical portraits and Dryden's appears to be this in a good measure, that Dryden seems to grapple with his antagonists, and to describe real persons; Pope seems to refine upon them in his own mind, and to make them out just what he pleases, till they are not real characters, but the mere driveling effusions of his spleen and malice. Pope describes the thing, and then goes on describing his own description till he loses himself in verbal repetitions. Dryden recurs to the object often, takes fresh sittings of nature, and gives us new strokes of character as well as of his pencil. The Hind and Panther is an allegory as well as a satire, and so far it tells less home; the battery is not so point-blank. But otherwise it has more genius, vehemence, and strength of description, than any other of Dryden's works, not excepting the Absalom and Achitophel. It also contains the finest examples of varied and sounding versification.

The *Annus Mirabilis* is a tedious performance; it is a tissue of far-fetched, heavy, lumbering conceits, and in the worst style of what has been denominated metaphysical poetry. His Odes in general are of the same stamp; they are the hard-strained offspring of a meagre, meretricious fancy. The famous ode on St. Cecilia deserves its reputation; for, as a piece of poetical mechanism to be set to music, or recited in alternate strophe and antistrophe, with classical allusions, and flowing verse, nothing can be better. It is equally fit to be said or sung; it is not equally good to read; it is lyrical, without being epic or dramatic. For instance, the description of Bacchus,

> "The jolly god in triumph comes,
> Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
> Flush'd with a purple grace,
> He shews his honest face"—

does not answer, as it ought, to our idea of the god returning from the conquest of India, with Satyrs and wild beasts that he had tamed following in his train, crowned with vine-leaves, and riding in a chariot drawn by leopards—such as we have seen him painted by Titian or Rubens! Lyrical poetry, of all others, bears the nearest resemblance to painting: it deals in hieroglyphics and passing figures, which depend for effect, not on the working out, but on the selection. It is the dance and pantomime of poetry. In variety and rapidity of movement, the Alexander's Feast has all that can be required in this respect; it only wants loftiness and truth of character.

Dryden's Plays are better than Pope could have written; for though he does not go out of himself by the force of imagination, he goes out of himself by the force of commonplaces and rhetorical dialogues. On the other hand, they are not so good as Shakspeare's; but he has left the best character of Shakspeare that has ever been written.

His alterations from Chaucer and

Boccaccio shew a greater knowledge of the taste of his readers and power of pleasing them, than acquaintance with the genius of his authors. He ekes out the lameness of the verse in the former, and breaks the force of the passion in both. The Tancred and Sigismunda is the only general exception in which, I think, he has fully retained, if not improved upon, the impassioned declamation of the original. The Honoria has none of the bewildered, dreary, preternatural effect of Boccaccio's story. Nor has the Flower and the Leaf any thing of the enchanting simplicity and concentrated feeling of Chaucer's romantic fiction. Dryden, however, sometimes seemed to indulge himself as well as his readers, as in keeping entire that noble line in Palamon's address to Venus: "Thou gladder of the mount of Citharon!"

His tales have been, I believe, the most popular of his works; and I should think that a modern translation of some of the other serious tales in Boccaccio and Chaucer, as that of Isabella, the Falcon, of Constance, the Prioress's Tale, and others, if executed with taste and spirit, could not fail to succeed in the present day.

LADY GRACE GETHIN.

(From D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, vol. III)

In the south aisle of Westminster Abbey, stands a monument erected to the memory of Lady Grace Gethin. A statue of her ladyship represents her kneeling, holding a book in her right hand. This accomplished lady was considered as a prodigy in her day, and appears to have created a feeling of enthusiasm for her character. She died early, having scarcely attained to womanhood, although a wife; for "all this goodness and all this excellence was bounded within the compass of twenty years."

But it is her book commemorated in marble, and not her character, which may have merited the marble that chronicles it, which has excited my curiosity and my suspicion. After her death a number of loose papers were found in her hand-writing, which could not fail to attract, and, perhaps, astonish their readers, with the maturity of thought and the vast capacity which had composed them. These relics of genius were collected together, methodized under heads, and appeared with the title of "Reliquiæ Gethinianæ; or, some Remains of Grace Lady Gethin, lately deceased: being a collection of choice discourses, pleasant apophthegms, and witty sentences; written by her for the most part by way of essay and at spare hours: published by her nearest relations, to preserve her memory. Second edition, 1700."

Of this book, considering that comparatively it is modern, and the copy before me is called a second edition, it is somewhat extraordinary that it seems always to have been a very scarce one. Even Ballard in his "Memoirs of Learned Ladies, 1750," mentions, that these Remains are "very difficult to be procured;" and Sir William Musgrave, in a manuscript note,

observed, that "this book was very scarce." It bears now a high price. A hint is given in the preface, that the work was chiefly printed for the use of her friends; yet, by a second edition, we must infer, that the public at large were so. There is a poem prefixed with the signature W. C. which no one will hesitate to pronounce is by Congreve: he wrote, indeed, another poem, to celebrate this astonishing book; for, considered as the production of a young lady, it is a miraculous, rather than a human, production. The last lines in this poem we might expect from Congreve in his happier vein, who contrives to preserve his panegyric amidst that caustic wit with which he keenly touched the age.

A POEM IN PRAISE OF THE AUTHOR.

I that hate books, such as come daily out
By public licence to the reading rout,
A due religion yet observe to this;
And here assert, if any thing's amiss,
It can be only the compiler's fault,
Who has ill-drest the charming author's thought—
That was all right: her beauteous looks were join'd
To a no less admired, excelling mind,
But, oh! this glory of frail nature's dead,
As I shall be that write, and you that read*.
Once to be out of fashion, I'll conclude
With something that may tend to public good:
I wish that piety, for which in Heav'n
The fair is placed—to the lawn sleeves were given;
Her justice—to the knot of men whose care
From the raised millions is, to take their share.
W. C.

The book claimed all the praise the finest genius could bestow on it. But let us hear the editor.—He tells us, that "it is a vast disadvantage to authors to publish their *private undigested thoughts*, and *first notions hastily set down*, and designed only as materials for a future structure." And he adds, "that the work may not come short of that great and just expectation which the world had of her while she was alive, and still has of every thing that is the genuine product of her pen, they must be told, that this *was written for the most part in haste*, were her *first conceptions* and overflowings of her luxuriant fancy, noted with *her pencil at spare hours*, or as *she was dressing*, as her Πάρεργον only, and *set down just as they came into her mind*."

All this will serve as a memorable example of the cant and mendacity of an editor; and that total absence of critical judgment, that could assert such matured reflections, in so exquisite a style, could ever have been "first conceptions, just as they came into the mind of Lady Gethin as she was dressing."

The truth is, that Lady Gethin may have had little concern in all these "Reliquiæ Gethinianæ." They indeed might well have delighted their readers; but those who had read Lord Bacon's Essays, and other writers, such as Owen Feltham and Osborne, from whom these Relics are chiefly extracted, might have wondered that Bacon should have been so little known to the families of the Nortons and the Gethins, to whom her ladyship was allied; to Congreve and to the editor; and still more particularly to subsequent compilers, as Ballard in his Memoirs, and lately the Rev. Mark Noble in his Continuation of Granger; who both, with all the innocence of criticism, give spe-

* Was this thought, that strikes with a sudden effect, in the mind of Hawkesworth, when he so pathetically concluded his last paper?

cimens of these "Relics," without a suspicion that they were transcribing literally from Lord Bacon's Essays! Unquestionably Lady Gethin herself intended no imposture; her mind had all the delicacy of her sex; she noted much from the book she seems most to have delighted in; and nothing less than the most undiscerning friends could have imagined, that every thing written by the hand of this young lady was her "first conceptions;" and *apologize* for some of the finest thoughts, in the most vigorous style which the English language can produce. It seems, however, to prove that Lord Bacon's Essays were not much read at the time this volume appeared.

The marble book in Westminster Abbey must, therefore, lose most of its leaves; but it was necessary to discover the origin of this miraculous production of a young lady. What is Lady Gethin's, or what is not her's, in this miscellany of plagiarisms, it is not material to examine. Those passages in which her ladyship speaks in her own person, probably are of original growth: of this kind many evince great vivacity of thought, drawn from actual observation on what was passing around her; but even among these are intermixed the splendid passages of Bacon and other writers.

I shall not crowd my pages with specimens of a very suspicious author. One of her subjects has attracted my attention; for it shews the corrupt manners of persons of fashion who lived between 1680 and 1700. To find a mind so pure and elevated as Lady Gethin's unquestionably was, discussing whether it were most advisable to have for a husband a general lover, or one attached to a mistress, and deciding by the force of reasoning in favour of the dissipated man (for a woman it seems had only the alternative), evinces a public depravation of morals. These manners were the wretched remains of the court of Charles II. when Wycherley, Dryden, and Congreve seem to have written with much less invention, in their indecent plots and language, than is imagined.

"I know not which is worse, to be wife to a man that is continually changing his *loves*, or to a husband that hath but one mistress, whom he loves with a constant passion: and if you keep some measure of civility to her, he will at least esteem you; but he of the roving humour plays a hundred frolics, that divert the town and perplex his wife. She often meets with her husband's mistress, and is at a loss how to carry herself towards her. 'Tis true the constant man is ready to sacrifice, every moment, his whole family to his love; he hates any place where she is not; is prodigal in what concerns his love, covetous in other respects; expects you should be blind to all he doth, and though you can't but see, yet must not dare to complain. And though both he who lends his heart to whosoever pleases it, and he that gives it entirely to one, do both of them require the exactest devoir from their wives; yet I know not if it be not better to be wife to an inconstant husband (provided he be something discreet), than to a constant fellow who is always perplexing her with his inconstant humour: for the inconstant lov-

ers are commonly the best humoured; but let them be what they will, women ought not to be unfaithful, for virtue's sake and their own, nor to offend by example. It is one of the best bonds of charity and obedience in the wife, if she think her husband wise, which she will never do if she find him jealous.

"Wives are young men's mistresses, companions for middle age, and old men's nurses."

The last degrading sentence is found in some writer, whose name I cannot recollect. Lady Grehin, with an intellect so superior to that of the women of that day, had no conception of the dignity of the female character, the claims of virtue, and the duties of honour. A wife was only to know obedience and silence: however, she hints that such a husband should not be jealous. There was a sweetness in revenge reserved for some of these married women.

ANCIENT COOKS.

(From *the same.*)

These cooks of the ancients, who appear to have been hired for a grand dinner, carried their art to the most whimsical perfection. They were so dexterous as to be able to serve up a whole pig boiled on one side, and roasted on the other. The cook who performed this feat defies his guests to detect the place where the knife had separated the animal, or how it was contrived to stuff the belly with an olio, composed of thrushes and other birds, slices of the matrices of a sow, the yelk of eggs, the bellies of hens with their soft eggs, flavoured with a rich juice, and minced meats highly spiced. When this cook is entreated to explain his secret art, he solemnly swears by the manes of those who braved all the dangers of the plain of Marathon, and combated at sea at Salamis, that he will not reveal the secret that year. But of an incident, so triumphant in the annals of the gastric art, our philosopher would not deprive posterity of the knowledge. The animal had been bled to death by a wound under the shoulder, whence, after a copious effusion, the master cook extracted the entrails, washed them with wine, and hanging the animal by the feet, he crammed down the throat the stuffings already prepared. Then covering the half of the pig with a paste of barley thickened with wine and oil, he put it into a small oven, or on a heated table of brass, where it was gently roasted with all due care: when the skin was browned, he boiled the other side; and then taking away the barley paste, the pig was served up, at once boiled and roasted. These cooks with a vegetable could counterfeit the shape and the taste of fish and flesh. The king of Bithynia, in some expedition against the Scythians, in the winter and at a great distance from the sea, had a violent longing for a small fish called *aphy*—a pilchard, a herring, or an anchovy. His cook cut a turnip to the perfect imitation of its shape; then fried in oil, salted, and well powdered with the grains

of a dozen black poppies, his majesty's taste was so exquisitely deceived, that he praised the root to his guests as an excellent fish. This transmutation of vegetables into meat or fish, is a province of the culinary art we appear to have lost; yet these are *cibi innocentes* compared with the things themselves. No people are such gorgers of mere animal food as our own; the art of preparing vegetables, pulse, and roots is scarcely known in this country. This cheaper and healthful food should be introduced among the common people, who neglect them from not knowing how to dress them. The peasant, for want of this skill, treads under foot the best meat in the world; and sometimes the best way of dressing it is least costly.

The gastric art must have reached to its last perfection, when we find that it had its history, and that they knew how to ascertain the æra of a dish with a sort of chronological exactness. The philosophers of Athenæus at table dissert on every dish, and tell us of one called *màati*; that there was a treatise composed on it; that it was first introduced at Athens at the epocha of the Macedonian empire, but that it was undoubtedly a Thessalian invention, the most sumptuous people of all the Greeks. The *màati* was a term at length applied to any dainty of excessive delicacy, always served the last.

But as no art has ever attained perfection without numerous admirers, and it is the public which only can make such exquisite cooks, our curiosity may be excited to inquire, whether the patrons of the gastric art were as great enthusiasts as its professors.

We see they had writers who exhausted their genius on these professional topics; and books of cookery were much read: for a comic poet, quoted by Athenæus, exhibits a character exulting in having procured "the new Kitchen of Philoxenus, which," says he, "I keep for myself to read in my solitude." That these devotees to the culinary art undertook journeys to remote parts of the world in quest of these discoveries, sufficient facts authenticate. England had the honour to furnish them with oysters, which they fetched from about Sandwich. Juvenal records, that Montanus was so well skilled in the science of good eating, that he could tell by the first bite, whether they were English or not. The well-known Apicius poured into his stomach an immense fortune. He usually resided at Minturna, a town in Campania, where he ate shrimps at a high price: they were so large, that those of Smyrna, and the prawns of Alexandria, could not be compared with the shrimps of Minturna. However, this luckless epicure was informed, that the shrimps in Africa were more monstrous; and he embarks without losing a day. He encounters a great storm, and through imminent danger arrives at the shores of Africa. The fishermen bring him the largest for size their nets could furnish. Apicius shakes his head: "Have you never any larger?" he inquires. The answer was not favourable to his hopes. Apicius rejects them, and fondly remembers the shrimps of his own Minturna. He orders his pilot to return to Italy, and leaves Africa with a look of contempt.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

Mr. Boulton has now in the press, a work, which has for its object a full explanation of the Commerce of Russia, more particularly that of St. Petersburg; with the last export and import regulations.—This gentleman's known experience in the commerce of his country, leads us to expect considerable illustration of this important subject.

Mr. William Proctor has in the press, *Rosamond, Memory's Musings*, and other poems.

The Siege of Carthage, a new, and not condemned tragedy, in five acts, is upon the point of publication: affixed is an interesting appeal to the public, and other matter connected with the theatres royal London, by W. Fitzgerald, jun.

Also, in the press, *Fredalia*, or *the Dumb Recluse*, a new poem, in three parts, by W. Fitzgerald, jun. author of the Siege of Carthage, a tragedy.

Mr. Curtis has just published a second and enlarged edition of his work on the *Anatomy, Physiology, and Diseases of the Ear*. In this edition the physiology is much extended, and the uses of the different parts of the human ear are more fully explained, by a minute comparison of its structure with that of the different classes of animals, particularly quadrupeds, fowls, insects, the amphibious tribe, and also fishes. The treatment employed in the various diseases of the ear, is also considerably enlarged.

In a few days will be published, in 8vo. *The Old Woman's Letter to her respected and valued Friends of the Parish of———*.

T. Key's *Catalogue of New and Secondhand Books, Foreign and English*, on sale at 53, Coleman-street, is nearly ready for delivery: it contains some scarce and curious articles on divinity, antiquities, history, poetry, the drama, romances, facetiæ, arts, sciences, philology, bibliography, alchymy, astrology, medicine, mathematics, &c.

Observations are about to appear on Emigration to Poland, and the Agriculture of that country, in preference to America, from a personal residence of three years, by an Englishman.

Poetry.

THE LADY ANGLER:

A new Song, addressed to the Author of the Poem of "The Angler," by a Lady.

By purling stream, in shady dell,
The angler tunes his vocal shell,
And, hark! invites the fair:
Soft and enticing are his keys,
And sweet of men of sense the praise—
Our smiles reward his care.

Chorus.

The jolly angler's sports we'll join,
And love with pastime shall combine.

Too long has foolish custom crept
Between the sexes—too long kept
Those form'd for bliss apart:
The bottle's rude intemp'rate noise
The social charms of life destroys,
Which woman's born to impart.

Chorus.

The jolly angler's sports we'll join,
And love with pastime shall combine.

The chase ill suits our tender frame,
Exposure brings the blush of shame—
Indelicate display!

But see the fair, with arm divine,
Spring round the rod and throw the line*;
'Tis Grace herself at play!

Chorus.

The jolly angler's sports we'll join,
And love with pastime shall combine.

We'll share the peaceful angler's joys;
The world's tumult, care, and noise,
For calmer scenes resign:
Upon our cheeks health's ruddy glow
Ethereal beauty will bestow,
And make our charms divine.

Chorus.

The jolly angler's sports we'll join,
And love with pastime shall combine.

Boy, hither bring th' elastic wand:
Endued with magic by our hand,
I'll charm the finny prey;
With graceful sweep, the line once thrown,
Fishes, as well as men, shall own
Our universal sway.

Chorus.

The jolly angler's sports we'll join,
And love with pastime shall combine.

SONG,

For Mrs. A B--CH--N --N of A--CH--NT--RLY.

No more does the song give delight,
Ah! no more does the dance on the green;
For Mary, who gladden'd each sight,
Is no more on these plains to be seen.

Her presence divine does no more
Add a charm to each streamlet and grove;
Oh! who will her image restore?
When again Kelvin's banks will she rove?

The queen of the vall y was she;
How the Sylphs hover'd round when she smil'd!
Her converse delighted—ah, me!
Like enchantment the moments beguil'd.

While her voice gave delight to the groves,
Then the warblers that flit on each spray,
More melodiously sung of their loves,
And the fields look'd more pleasant and gay.

Oh! return, and the meadows will smile;
Then the rose-bud will shed its perfume,
The swains will with joy leap the while,
And gay Phœbus again will illume:
For thou art the joy of each heart,
The delight of each nymph and each swain;
Thy presence will transport impart,
Joy shall bound, and evanish will pain.

GLASGOW. JOHN CARNEGIE.

* No attitude can be invented that is attended with more gracefulness than that of waving the rod and line; and, indeed, all the motions used in angling are peculiarly adapted to the display of a handsome arm. Dancing itself, perhaps, would not tend to best w more gracefulness of action, attitude, and gait, or to render the whole frame more healthy, by opening the chest, exercising the limbs, and making them all act in unison.

The following curious Specimen of Poetry, presented us by a Friend, is dedicated to the Lovers of Alliteration.

(From a Madras Journal.)

An Austrian army, awfully array'd,
Boldly by battery besieg'd Belgrade;
Cossack commanders cannonading come,
Dealing destruction's devastating doom;
Every endeavour engineers essay
For fame, for fortune, fighting furious fray!
Generals 'gainst generals grapple; gracious God!
How honours Heav'n heroic hardihood!
Infuriate, indiscriminate in ill,
Kinsmen kill kindred, kindred kinsmen kill;
Labour low levels longest, loftiest lines;
Men march 'mid mounds, 'mid moles, 'mid murd'rous mines;
Now noisy, noxious numbers notice nought,
Of outward obstacles opposing ought:
Poor patriots! partly purchas'd, partly press'd,
Quite quaking, quickly "quarter, quarter" quest.
Reason returns, religious right redounds,
Suwarrow stops such sanguinary sounds.
Truce to thee, Turkey; triumph to thy train,
Unjust, unwise, unmerciful Ukraine.
Vanish, vain vict'ry!—vanish, vict'ry vain!
Why wish we warefare? Wherefore welcome were
Xerxes, Ximenes, Xanthus, Xaviere?
Yield, yield, ye youths! ye yeomen, yield your yell!
Zeno's, Zarpater's, Zoroaster's zeal,
Attracting all, arms against acts appeal*.

IMPROMPTU LINES,

Addressed to the Stump of an old Tooth on its final Extraction. By J. Brett, Esq.

Farewell, thou much esteem'd and valued *friend!*
This day hath brought thee to thy *final end;*
Whilst quiet as a lamb to slaughter led,
Thou, unresisting, left thy natal bed.
By nicest calculation it appears,
Thou'st been my *servant seven and fifty years;*

* To render this poetical description of the siege of Belgrade complete, it appears to require only a motto; and as the battle rages with great fury throughout the whole composition, I am of opinion that the following would not be amiss, more especially as the alliteration is preserved:

"Ardentem aspicio atque arrectis auribus
asto."—Virgil.

And though by day oft hidden from my sight,
I never knew thee absent at a night;
And not one menial ever did me grace,
Was ever found more constant in his place.
The best of servants thou hast always been;
I never knew thee troubled with the spleen;
And ne'er yet during life, at play or labour,
E'er heard thee snarl, or quarrel with a neighbour; [law;
Though oft provok'd, thou never went'st to
Thou wert contented with a *civil jaw!*
Thou'st done me *mighty service* in thy day,
And till old age brought on thy health's decay,
I never knew thee flinching from thy post,
Or grumbling at thy diet, boil'd or roast;
Nor has thine appetite seem'd over shy,
When thou'st been offer'd *hash*, or *grill*, or *fry*.
Thou wert a *merry rogue*, and thought no sin
Whene'er I *laugh'd*, to give a cheerful *grin*;
And 'mongst the firmest friends I ever knew,
I ne'er found one stood firmer, sir, than you.
When thou'st had *pains* in either nerve or bone,
I've felt for thee, as for my very own; [walk,
And "many a time and oft" have lain awake,
Whilst thou'st complain'd of any sudden *ache*;
Nor have I closed an eye, since man or lad,
Whene'er I've found thee sorrowful or sad.
Thou wert a sober, steady, honest fellow;
I never knew thee either drunk or mellow;
And whilst a servant thou hast been of mine,
I never knew thee taste of *ale* or *wine**,
Or ever heard thee at thy lot repine.
Till Jove's dread fiat, on one fatal day,
Snatch'd from thy heart thy *better half* away;
Then, not till then, did e'er I hear thee moan
At fate's decree, or utter one sad groan!
But when thy food thou wert reduc'd to *mump*,
And nothing of thee left but one vile *stump*,
Thou took'st it so to heart—fate toll'd thy knell—
And I thus bid a faithful *friend*—farewell!

Pelican-Place, Leamington Spa, April 1, 1819.

THE

FINAL DISSOLUTION OF GREENLAND.

From Mr. MONTGOMERY'S "*Greenland.*"

In the cold sunshine of yon narrow dell
Affection lingers; *there* two lovers dwell,
Greenland's whole family; nor long forlorn,
There comes a visitant; a babe is born.
O'er his meek helplessness the parents smil'd;
'Twas Hope; for Hope is every mother's child:
Then seem'd they, in that world of solitude,
The Eve and Adam of a race renew'd.
Brief happiness; too perilous to last; [past.
The moon hath wax'd and wan'd, and all is
Behold the end: one morn, athwart the wall,
They mark'd the shadow of a rein-deer fall,
Bounding in tameless freedom o'er the snow;
The father track'd him, and with fatal bow
Smote down the victim, but before his eyes
A rabid she-bear pounc'd upon the prize:
A shaft into the spoiler's flank he sent;
She turn'd in wrath, and limb from limb had rent
The hunter, but his dagger's plunging steel,
With riven bosom, made the monster reel;
Unvanquish'd, both to closer combat flew;
Assailants each, till each the other slew;
Mingling their blood from mutual wounds, they lay
Stretch'd on the carcase of their antler'd prey.
Meanwhile his partner waits, her heart at rest,
No burden but her infant on her breast;
With him she slumbers, or with him she plays,
And tells him all her dreams of future days;
Asks him a thousand questions, feigns replies,
And reads whate'er she wishes in his eyes.
Red evening comes; no husband's shadow falls, [walls,
Where fell the rein-deer's, o'er the latticed
'Tis night; no footstep sounds towards her door;
The day returns, but he returns no more.
In frenzy, forth she sallies; and with cries,
To which no voice except her own replies
In frightful echoes, starting all around,
Where human voice again shall never sound,
She seeks him, finds him not: some angel-guide
In mercy turns her from the corpse aside;
Perhaps his own freed spirit, lingering near,
Who waits to waft her to a happy sphere;
But leads her first, at evening, to their cot,
Where lies the little one, all day forgot;
Imparadis'd in sleep, she finds him there,
Kisses his cheek, and breathes a mother's prayer.
Three days she languishes, nor can she shed
One tear between the living and the dead:
When her lost spouse comes o'er the widow's thought,
The pangs of memory are to madness wrought;
But when her suckling's eager lips are felt,
Her heart would fain—but, oh! it cannot—melt;
At length it breaks, while on her lap he lies,
With baby wonder gazing in her eyes.
Poor orphan! mine is not a hand to trace
Thy little story, last of all thy race: [grown,
Not long thy sufferings; cold and colder
The arms that clasp thee chill thy limbs to stone. [sigh
'Tis done: from Greenland's coast, the latest
Bore infant innocence beyond the sky.

* The author is a water-drinker.

L. Harris & Printers, 373, Strand.

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THE SECOND SERIES.

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J. L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, *will be acceptable.*

The MS. of Mr. J. T. K. *is left out for him, and will be delivered on a proper description being given of it. It is wholly inadmissible.*

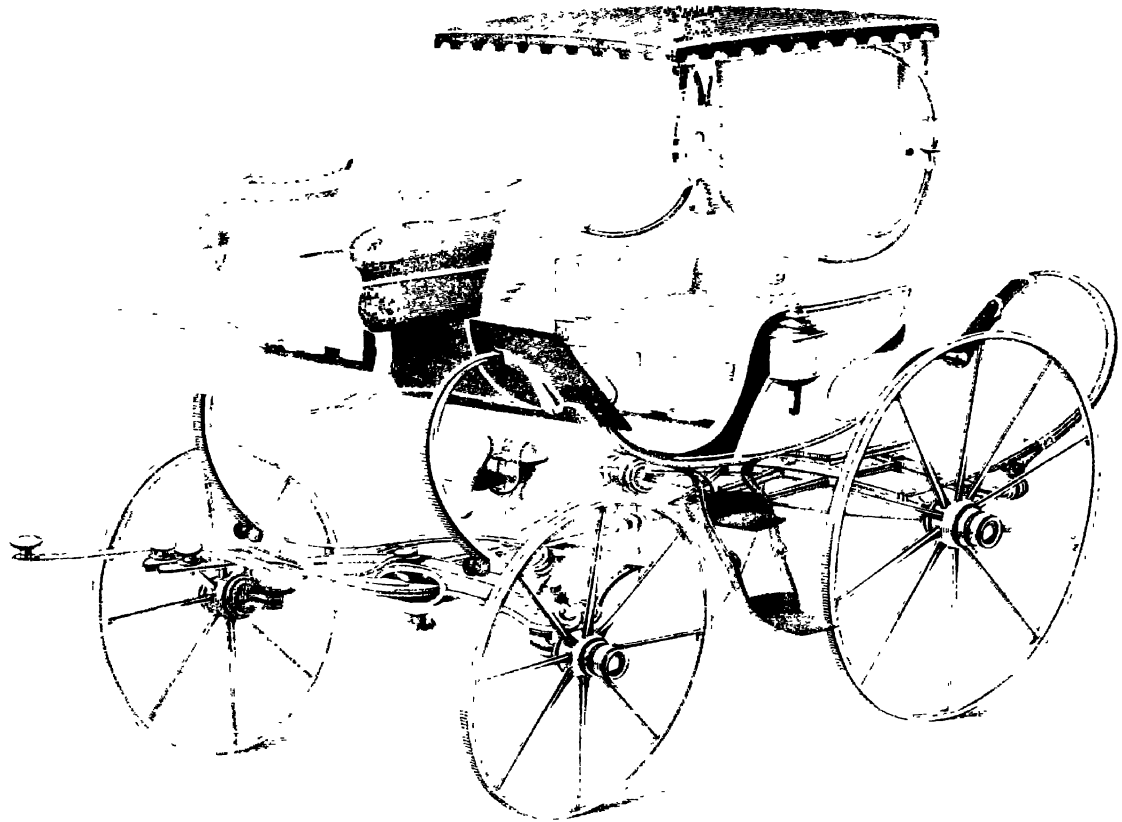
We are sorry that an accident has postponed the insertion of the continuation of the amusing Recollections of a Would-be Author. *We request our friend at Worcester to send his favours somewhat earlier.*

Mr. Allen *(if we read the name rightly) will find the lines from his unpublished romance inserted this month.*

The favours of several correspondents have been unavoidably postponed.

Antiquarius *must, we are afraid, be contented with an abridgment of his last communication.*

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.



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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. VIII. AUGUST 1, 1819. No. XLIV.

PLATE 7.—LONDON ENGINEER STEAM-YACHT.

THIS yacht is the property of several gentlemen, zealous to promote the success of the application of steam as the propelling power to vessels, the company chiefly consisting of some of our civil engineers, who projected it for the purpose of exemplifying how much safety the amplest means might be applied to such purposes; consequently, in the appointments of the vessel, all those precautions have been taken which at various times have been recommended by the engineers of London, and the whole of the works have been executed under their immediate inspection.

Her passage to or from Margate, in the Isle of Thanet, is performed in about seven hours, no otherwise regarding the tide or wind than as she occasionally takes advantage of the latter, when sails considerably increase the celerity of her progress. The vessel is of unusual magnitude, and the cabins, three in number, are unique in their dimensions and accommodation. The chief cabin is very spacious, and fitted up as an elegant dining-room, with sofas, looking-glasses, carpeting, &c. The interior cabin, or withdrawing-room, is furnished with equal elegance; and a complete kitchen, containing ample culinary apparatus, affords the means of preparing an excellent dinner, which is always provided for the passengers. Her construction was planned by Mr. Maudesley, the engineer, under whose indefatigable exertions she has been completed, and has become a vessel highly interesting, on account of her scientific excellencies, her great accommodation, and her peculiar beauty. The outside is ornamented with carving, painted in imitation of gold: at the head is a figure representing Science, inscribing a problem of Euclid on a tablet. The ports are oval, and of plate glass, circumscribed by wreaths of oak-leaves and acorns; between them are the caduceus and foliages alternately; and the border, which decorates the whole length of the vessel, is composed of marine emblems and foliage.

The badge represents a dolphin entwining a trident and cornucopia, about which are distributed the mechanic powers, and other emblems of engineering; and the stern is surmounted by an eagle, the emblem of energy and power, supporting rich swags, and festoons of oak, laurel, flowers, and fruit: these, and the other ornamental parts, were executed from designs by Mr. Papworth, the architect. The vessel was built by Mr. Brent of Rotherhithe.

MISCELLANIES.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

Mr. ADVISER,

THE person who now addresses you is a singular example of the injustice of public opinion. I am, you must know, sir, by my own choice, a spinster at the age of twenty-six. I have been four times on the point of marriage, and the world says, I have jilted my four suitors: it is certain that I accepted their addresses, and afterwards refused them; and yet, Mr. Adviser, I am, notwithstanding this conduct, the most constant creature alive. Yes, sir, I must repeat it, I am really constant; and it is for that very reason that I have acquired the character of a jilt. Now, my good sir, don't frown, and taking off your spectacles, throw my letter aside, with a declaration that I am either mad or a fool. Only take the trouble to read it through, and I am sure you will be of my opinion.

Very early in life I determined never to marry, unless I met with a man whose character should resemble in every respect one which I had drawn in my own mind; and I assure you, that my imaginary hero had nothing superhuman about him. He was to be a good man (not in the city acceptation of the term), of a liberal disposition, of a mild and cheerful temper, gentlemanly manners, not disagreeable in his person, and not addicted to any pursuit which could injure his fortune. Surely, sir, it was not unreasonable, that a young and handsome girl, who had been well educated, and possessed a good fortune, should expect to meet with such a husband; and ought she not rather to be pitied than blamed, for having been four times deceived? That this has actually been the case, I think you will allow, for I believe I can convince you, that not one of my four lovers answered this description.

My first admirer was a young gentleman of moderate fortune; his manners were singularly winning and amiable. I had heard, and he himself did not deny it, that he was rather of a hasty temper; but he declared, that his anger was very short-lived; that he was always sincerely penitent for any offence which he might give in his fits of passion; and that he kept so strict a watch over his temper, that nothing but great provocation indeed could exasperate him. I have before told you, that I did not expect a faultless monster; and

though I was at first a little alarmed at hearing that he was of a hasty temper; yet as I knew my own disposition well enough, to be certain that I should not be capable of giving him great provocation, I thought that this defect in his temper could not materially injure our happiness, and I consented to give him my hand.

He had a small spaniel, of which he appeared very fond; this animal attached itself very much to me, and as it was one of the most caressing of its kind, it soon became a favourite. During ten days my lover was absent on some business; immediately on his return he paid me a visit, accompanied by his dog. The joy of the animal on seeing me was unbounded; he gambolled round me, and attempted to jump into my lap; in doing so, his paw caught in my muslin dress, in which he made a large rent. Conceive my surprise, and I may add, my horror, when the brute his master seized the poor little animal by the throat, and dashed him with the greatest violence against the chimney-piece! I caught the poor fellow up in my arms, and took shelter with him in my bedchamber. His master endeavoured to palliate the brutal excess of which he had been guilty, but I positively refused ever to see him again.

A guardian, with whom I resided at that time, took a great deal of pains to make up matters between us, but to no purpose. The story was told by my lover in the way most favourable to himself; I have a proud spirit, and I disdained to justify my conduct. It cost me some trouble, however, to forget him; but at last the incessant attentions of another gentleman, whom I shall call Mr. Placid, induced me again to think of enlisting under the banners of Hymen. Mr. Placid's manners were less prepossessing than those of my first lover, but his character was very good, and his temper so exceedingly mild, that I had no fear of his ever disturbing my tranquillity.

We had been acquainted a considerable time without my having any cause to suppose that our marriage could be otherwise than happy. One evening, on Mr. Placid calling on me, he perceived that I had been weeping: he inquired the cause: I told him it proceeded from the loss of a friend who had died rather suddenly the day before, and whose last moments I had witnessed. While I was speaking, he took my hand, but he dropped it hastily, exclaiming, "Good Heavens, madam, your hand burns like fire! I have no doubt you have caught a fever." I was beginning to assure him of what was really the case, that my friend's distemper was not contagious; but without attending to me, he hastily quitted the room, and as I afterwards learned, went immediately to an eminent physician, to know what means he could take to banish the infection which he was fearful he had caught from touching my hand. Several days passed without my seeing any thing of him; when my woman, who was the sister of his valet, informed me, that his servants had received positive orders not to come near my house on any account, nor to suffer any of my people to enter his. I could hardly believe that this was true, and being determined to ascertain

whether it was or not, I sent a message by my footman, who was actually turned away from the door. Can you wonder, Mr. Adviser, that I immediately wrote to this pusillanimous animal (by the bye, I have since learned that he fumigated my letter before he ventured to read it), to inform him that every thing between us was at an end.

As I had not been warmly attached to Mr. Placid, I was soon reconciled to what had happened, and shortly afterwards I received the addresses of Sir George Glitter. This gentleman had given proof that he possessed a brave spirit; he was also truly humane, and appeared in every respect so amiable, that I thought all the chances for happiness were on my side, and it was not till after our wedding-day was fixed, that I discovered he had a failing, which I believed would completely undermine our felicity. This was a passion for being considered a man of taste, and though he had not in reality the smallest pretension to the character, he had already squandered an immense sum upon knick-knacks of every description. As I saw that this passion appeared daily to increase, I was afraid, that in a little time both his fortune and my own would be expended in pictures, vases, medals, &c. and from this cause I broke off my third matrimonial negociation.

My last lover was a gentleman whose fortune was much inferior to my own; but this circumstance did not weigh with me, as he appeared to be a man of sense and honour, whom I could not find, upon the strictest enquiry, possessed any failing likely to mar my happiness, if he became my husband. When things were just agreed upon between us, an uncle of my lover, from whom he never had the smallest expectation, died intestate, and my intended, as his heir at law, became possessed of two hundred thousand pounds. He flew to me immediately on receiving the news, and discovered so much joy at having it in his power to convince me of the disinterestedness of his affection, that for a few hours I was one of the happiest creatures alive; but when we came to converse on the subject of his inheritance, I found that his uncle had left a large family of illegitimate children, whom he had always declared that his fortune should be divided among. I supposed, of course, that my lover would make some provision for these children, but to my great surprise, he declared that he would do nothing for them. They were not, he said, entitled to any thing by law, and he should consider it would be an encouragement to vice if he were to provide for them. I hope, Mr. Editor, you will not think me an encourager of vice when I tell you, that this conduct appeared to me to spring from avarice and inhumanity, not delicacy. I told my lover plainly, that I considered it was our positive duty to take care of our indigent relations, no matter whether they were legitimately allied to us or not; and that, in my opinion, he was peculiarly called upon to provide for these children, since the noble estate which he inherited would, but for the sudden death of his uncle, have been legally theirs.

I shall not repeat what passed

between us on this occasion; suffice it to say, that he was deaf to all my arguments, and I was so completely disgusted with his sentiments and behaviour, that I broke off our marriage directly.

I had, before this affair, been pretty severely handled by my acquaintance, especially the female part of it; but my character was completely established as a jilt by the malicious turn given to my conduct by my last lover and his friends. It is two years since it happened, and I have had no proposal since. Now, Mr. Adviser, I think it very hard, that the malice of the world should be perhaps the means of forcing me, contrary to my inclination, to lead apes. I say the malice of the world, because I am certain, it is the reports circulated about me which prevent me from having proposals, and I cannot consider myself really in fault, for refusing any of those already made to me, when I discovered the characters of my admirers.

I have told you the sort of man to whom I am willing to give my hand, and if, in your opinion, I deserve such a husband, do be so good, through the medium of your paper, which I know is read by many of my acquaintance, to state the particulars of my case, and to try to convince people, that it is more honourable to break off a marriage, even at the last moment, than to go to the altar with an intention to commit perjury, which must have been my case if I had given my hand to any of those who addressed me. I am, sir, your very humble servant,

CAROLINE CAREFUL.

As I think my fair correspondent's own letter the best justification of her conduct, I have published it; and whatever the world may say, I am so well satisfied she is in the right, that if I were twenty years younger, I should have no hesitation in offering myself to her acceptance. As it is, I avow myself her knight, and am ready to fight her battles with my pen; in proof of which I hereby command all those who have hitherto condemned her conduct, duly to weigh and consider the merits of her case, and to retract their hasty and ill-grounded opinions, under pain of incurring the high displeasure of the

ADVISER.

A SET OF PUNS.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

I DO not pretend, Mr. Editor, that the following puns are original on my part; but I maintain that they are very amusing, and I therefore inclose them for your use. Perhaps it would be dangerous, on several accounts, if I were to lay claim to them, not merely because they might be traced to another, but because there is a notion prevailing at this moment, which has assumed the dignity of an axiom among a certain class of dull souls who do not know how to relish a joke, that *he that would make a pun would pick a pocket.* I am not sure whether any part of the stigma will attach to him who

retails the puns, but if it do, I shall be content to bear it. Indeed, if I could make as good puns as some of those I send you, I do not know whether I could not be content to be put upon a level with *gentleman* Barrington, if I did not like to keep company with *boxing* Baldwin. Be that as it may, I shall transcribe the following dialogue between two notorious punsters, who, notwithstanding their *criminal* propensity, for such it is considered, were invited to and welcomed in all companies.

T. What men are the best soldiers?

S. Men with red hair: and why?

T. Because they have their *firelocks* always ready.

S. Who was the first tapster?

T. Potifer. Who were the first bakers?

S. The *Crustumerians*, from whom were taken all the *Masters of the Rolls*

T. Why were ladies fifty years ago best qualified for hunting?

S. Because they came with a *hoop* and a *hollow*. Why do we call Presbyterians, Quakers, and Calvinists, vermin?

T. Because they are *in-sects*. From whence did the first Hermaphrodites come?

S. From *Middlesex*. And in what county are most dogs kept?

T. In *Barkshire*. In what part of England should a spendthrift live?

S. In *Waste-moreland*.

T. Who were the first mortgagers?

S. The people of *Cumberland*.—Where were the first breeches made?

T. In *Thyatira*.

S. Where do the best corn-cutters come from?

T. From *Leghorn*. Tell me the seat of the spleen?

S. The *hips*. Why should turf-sporting gentlemen choose horses with greasy heels?

T. Because their heels are always given to *running*.

I will conclude this trifle by quoting a very grave divine's definition of punning, as a sort of warrant for sending you something more of this kind for your next: "Punning," says he, "is a virtue that most effectually promotes good fellowship, and the end of good fellowship laughter." It would be easy to go over the various clauses of this definition, and thus prove it to be accurate and close, but I leave that to the discernment of your readers. I remain, yours, &c.

A CARTHAGINIAN.

and why I call myself so, will serve as a puzzle until I answer the question.

A UNIVERSAL GENIUS.

THE number of Frenchmen who arrive daily in London is scarcely credible; the *great nation* must suppose England a land flowing with milk and honey, for they come here without money, friends, or resources of any kind, in the *modest* expectation of getting some provision or other immediately. One reason for this is the facility with which a Frenchman can travel in France: if he wants, for instance, to go to Paris from one of the provinces, he goes to the *rou-*

lage, that is, the waggon-office, opens his portmanteau, tells the clerks that he has no money, and asks the loan of what he wants to carry him to Paris, on his clothes, or any valuables he may have. They examine his things, and in general give him what he wants. The portmanteau is then forwarded, but it is not delivered to him till he repays the sum advanced.

This practice has led many of the poor fellows, newly arrived, into a sad scrape, as they supposed, if they could muster enough to reach London, they might avail themselves of the same resource here. The writer of this was present the other day at a very ludicrous scene, that happened through this money-lending plan. A Frenchman, who had just arrived, being desired by a clerk at one of the diligence-offices to pay something, drew out, with an air of great *sang froid*, the sum of six sous. "These," said he, "are all I have; but here is my trunk, and I will thank you to lend me something on my clothes."—"D——n your clothes!" replied the affronted clerk, "what have I to do with your clothes! D'ye take me for a pawnbroker?"—"*Pardon*, sir, we always do so in France; you will not refuse."—"Indeed I shall."—"*Sacre*, but I have no money; if you don't lend me some, I can have no dinner." The clerk turned from him muttering, "You should have thought of that in France." A gentleman present felt for the poor fellow's situation, slipped a trifle into his hand, and inquired what he could do to gain a livelihood. The answer was concise. "I can do every thing, sir." Upon closer inquiry, it turned out that this universal genius could fight, dance, make straw baskets, and play a little upon the fiddle.

STATE OF SOCIETY IN THE UNITED STATES.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

Mr. EDITOR,

I KNOW it is not your practice to review books, and I am not going to attempt to induce you to alter it; but I cannot refrain from submitting to your discretion for insertion, a short extract or two from Mr. Fearon's recently published work, called "Sketches of America; a Narrative of a Journey of 5000 miles through the Eastern and Western States of America."

You and your readers are probably aware, that the author was employed by a select number of families, most, if not all, of them resident in Southwark, to proceed to the United States, to ascertain and report to them what sort of living it was there: they left it to him and his judgment whether they should remove bag and baggage from England, and transfer their persons and their patriotism to that country, which, owing every thing to Great Britain, has of late shewn itself her most rancorous enemy. The result of Mr. Fearon's observations was in the negative, and we have the good fortune still to be favoured here with the presence of those families by whom he was entrusted.

The effect of Mr. F.'s book, if properly circulated, would certainly be to discourage emigration;

but I much fear that it will not be extensively read among those who are most interested in knowing the real state of things.

I do not think that in this kingdom, even among the higher ranks, much knowledge prevails as to the condition of society in the United States: in fact, it is not to be wondered, that people in general should not take particular pains to inquire as to the customs and manners of a people with whom they feel little sympathy. As to their public and national institutions, their vaunting disposition, with the assistance of a few panegyrical friends on this side the water, has compelled us to have more acquaintance with them than many of us desire: besides, as to habits of life, it is commonly thought that they very nearly resemble ourselves; but this is assuredly a mistake, for by the ensuing curious extract, giving a conversation between two friends, represented as well informed for Americans, it will be seen that even the language is gradually changing, and that not a few transatlantic vulgarisms have been inserted into it.

"Q. Where are you going, middle on?—*A.* Yes.

"Q. Do you keep at Boston?—*A.* No.

"Q. Where do you keep?—*A.* Fairfield.

"Q. Have you been a lengthy time in Boston, eh, say?—*A.* Seven days.

"Q. Where did you sleep last night?—*A.* —— street.

"Q. What number?—*A.* Seven.

"Q. That is Thomas Adams ——'s house?—*A.* No, it is his son's.

"Q. What! have *you* a son?—*A.* Yes; and daughters.

"Q. What is your name?—*A.* William Henry, I *guess*.

"Q. Is your wife alive?—*A.* No, she is dead, I *guess*.

"Q. Did she die slick right away?—*A.* No, not by any manner of means.

"Q. How long have you been married?—*A.* Thirty years, I *guess*.

"Q. What age were you when you were married?—*A.* I *guess* mighty near thirty-three.

"Q. If you were young again, I *guess* you would marry earlier?—*A.* No; I *guess* thirty-three is a mighty grand age for marrying.

"Q. How old is your daughter?—*A.* Twenty-five.

"Q. I *guess* she would like a husband?—*A.* No; she is mighty careless about that.

"Q. She is not awful (ugly), I *guess*?—*A.* No, I *guess* she is not.

"Q. Is she sick?—*A.* Yes.

"Q. What is her sickness?—*A.* Consumption.

"Q. I had an item of that. You have got a doctor, I *guess*?—*A.* *Guess* I have.

"Q. Is your son a trader?—*A.* Yes.

"Q. Is he his own boss?—*A.* Yes.

"Q. Are his spirits kedge (brisk)?—*A.* Yes; I expect they were yesterday.

"Q. How did he get on in business?—*A.* I planted him there. I was his sponsor for a thousand dollars. I *guess* he paid me within time, and he is now progressing slick."

The above will give some notion of the manners of the inhabitants of the United States in civil life. The following scenes more parti-

cularly to their religious conduct, and is as deplorable a picture of the fanaticism of credulous ignorance as is to be met with in any writer ancient or modern. Mr. Fearon has been giving an account of what he saw at different chapels and churches in one of the greatest cities of America, Philadelphia.

"I went at eight o'clock in the evening to Ebenezer church. The door was locked, but the windows being open, I placed myself at one of them, and saw that the church within was crowded almost to suffocation. The preacher indulged in long pauses, and occasional loud elevations of voice, which were always answered by the audience with deep groans. When the prayer which followed the sermon had ended, the minister descended from the pulpit, the doors were thrown open, and a considerable number of the audience departed. Understanding, however, that something was yet to follow, with considerable difficulty I obtained admission. The minister had departed; the doors were again closed, but about four hundred persons remained. One (apparently) of the leading members gave out a hymn, then a brother was called upon to pray; he roared and ranted like a maniac: the male part of the audience groaned, the female shrieked: a man sitting next to me shouted: a youth standing before me continued for half an hour bawling, 'O Jesus! come down! come down, Jesus! My dear Jesus, I see you! Bless me, Jesus! Oh! oh! oh! come down, Jesus!'

"A small space further on, a little girl, about eleven years of age, was in convulsions: an old woman, who I concluded was her mother, stood on the seat holding her up in her arms, that her ecstasies might be visible to the whole assembly. In another place there was a convocation of holy sisters, sending forth most awful yells. A brother now stood forward, stating, that 'although numbers had gone, he trusted the Lord could that night work some signal favour among his dear lambs.' Two sisters advanced towards him, refusing to be comforted, 'for the Lord was with them:' another brother prayed, and another. 'Brother Macfaddin' was now called upon, and he addressed them with a voice which might almost rival a peal of thunder, the whole congregation occasionally joining responsive to his notes. The madness now became threefold increased, and such a scene presented itself as I could never have pictured to my imagination, and, as I trust, for the honour of true religion and of human nature, I shall never see again. Had the inhabitants of Bedlam been let loose, they could not have exceeded it. From forty to fifty men praying aloud, and extemporaneously at the same moment of time. Some were kicking, many jumping, all clapping their hands, and crying out in chorus, 'Glory! glory! glory! Jesus Christ is a very good friend! Jesus Christ is a very good friend! O God! O Jesus! come down! Glory! glory! glory! Thank you, Jesus! thank you, God! Oh, glory! glory! glory!'

"Mere exhaustion of bodily strength produced a cessation of madness for a few minutes. A hymn was given out and sung; praying then recommenced: the scene of

madness was again acted, with, if possible, increased efforts on the part of the performers. One of the brothers prayed *to be kept from enthusiasm!* A little girl of six years of age became the next object of attention. A reverend brother proclaimed, that 'she had just received a visit from the Lord, and was in awful convulsions—so hard was the working of the spirit!'

"This scene continued for some time, but the audience gradually lessened, so that by ten o'clock the field of active operations was considerably contracted. The women, however, forming a compact column at the most distant corner of the church, continued their shriekings with but little abatement. Feeling disposed to get a nearer sight of the beings who sent forth such terrifying yells, I endeavoured to approach them, but was stopped by several of the brethren, who would not allow of a near approach to the holy sisterhood. The novelty of this exhibition had, at first sight, rendered it a subject of amusement and interest; but all such feelings soon gave way to an emotion of melancholy horror, when I considered the gloomy picture it represented of human nature, and called to mind, that these maniacal fanatics were blaspheming the holy name of Christianity. Notwithstanding my warm love of liberty, I felt, that were I an absolute lawgiver, I would certainly punish and restrain men who thus degraded their nature; who set so wicked an example of religious blasphemy, and so foully libelled the name and character of Revelation."

One more quotation, and I have done; if it were not an extract of very great singularity, I would not claim your attention longer to this work. The following advertisement is extracted by Mr. Fearon from an American newspaper: it may be advanced as a specimen of the matrimonial felicity reigning in the United States.

"*Take notice*—and beware of the swindler Jesse Dougherty, who married me in November last, and some time after marriage informed me, that he had another wife alive; and before I recovered, the villain left me, and took one of my best horses. One of my neighbours was so good as to follow him, and take the horse from him, and bring him back. The said Dougherty is about forty years of age, five feet ten inches high, round-shouldered, thick lips, complexion and hair dark, grey eyes, remarkably ugly and ill-natured, and very fond of ardent spirits, and by profession a notorious liar: this is, therefore, to warn all widows to beware of the swindler, as all he wants is their property, and they may go to the devil for him after he gets that: also, all persons are forewarned from trading with the said Dougherty, with the expectation of receiving pay from my property, as I consider the marriage contract null and void, agreeably to law: you will, therefore, pay no attention to any lies he may tell you of his property in this country. The said Dougherty has a number of wives living, perhaps eight or ten (the number not positively known), and will no doubt, if he can get them, have eight or ten more. I believe that is the way he makes his living.

"MARY DODD."

"Sept. 5, 1817."

After the publication of the work from which the above information is derived, and after the tardy conviction of Mr. Fearon, prejudiced in favour of America, that it is much better to remain in England, those who quit this country will not deserve our compassion, let their disappointments or deprivations be what they may. I am, &c.

A CONSTANT READER.

LONDON, June 24.

THE GENEROUS LOVER:

A Tale from the Spanish of CERVANTES.

"AND these are now all the remains of the once-flourishing Nicosia; these ruinous walls, still smoking with the blood of their gallant but unfortunate defenders. Alas! were they but capable of feeling, we might together deplore our misfortunes, and perhaps find some alleviation in giving vent to our grief! 'Tis too true, that the only consolation we can receive in misery, is the perception that we are not the only wretched beings upon earth; that there are others who share the same fate, and feel the same anguish as ourselves. Ye towers, though now uprooted from your foundations, and scattered by the devastating fury of the Moslem conquerors along the plain, ye have some chance of recovering your exalted situation, and of being again erected by those hands which have hurled you to the ground: but what end can I ever hope for to my misfortunes? They cannot be repaired; unpitying Fate can only have still greater in store for me, if indeed that be possible: the past is but too sure an omen, that my future fate is destined to be equally wretched."

Such were the lamentations of a Christian slave whilst gazing on the ruined walls of the capital of Cyprus, of which the Infidels had lately made themselves masters. He compared his fate with that of the unfortunate city, and addressing the stones as though they had possessed the power of understanding his complaint, displayed but too clearly the acuteness of his misery, for violent grief produces a state of mind closely allied to derangement: the wretched know not what they say, scarcely are they aware of what they do.

Whilst Richard (this was the name of the slave) uttered these words, a young Turk, graceful in his person, and tall and well-proportioned in his figure, suddenly issued from one of the pavilions which were erected on the plain close to the spot where the Christian was standing. "I am convinced," said the young Mahometan, approaching him, and in a soothing tone of voice; "I am convinced you have wandered to this place only to avoid the sight of those who cannot feel for your grief, to vent in solitude the sad and mournful thoughts which incessantly haunt you: am I not right?"—"I confess it," replied Richard; "and I acknowledge the weakness which I have suffered to gain the ascendency over me. Yet, can I find any one to compassionate my misfortunes? and I wander here to mourn

unseen, though these ruins, far from assuaging my sorrow, only tend to augment it."—"You are speaking of the ruins of Nicosia," rejoined the Turk; "indeed what other ruins can you mean, for no others are present to our eyes. Certainly the destruction is terrible; nothing can be more lamentable. Who that two years since had seen this famous and rich Island of Cyprus; who that had seen her inhabitants, justly renowned as the happiest of human beings, whose lives were so peaceable, so tranquil; who that had beheld the abundance which was spread over their land, the prosperity that blessed their industry, could now view them, banished, dispersed, wandering in foreign lands, or loaded with chains, and become slaves where they had so long lived as masters, without shedding a tear at the pitiable change? But let us no longer discourse of calamities so capable of adding to our own sorrows, since we cannot provide any remedy for them. Let us talk of your misfortunes, and try if it be not possible to find some means of alleviating them. It can be only for your own sake that I am thus urgent with you no longer to conceal them from me; discover them unreservedly to me. You owe me this confidence in return for the affection I bear you, and the sincerity of which I flatter myself you can no longer doubt. Would you for ever refuse to trust a fellow-countryman, who really loves you, and has not hesitated to entirely unbosom himself to you? I can readily believe, that the situation to which you see yourself reduced, may have contributed to produce your deep melancholy. but yet this melancholy is excessive, there must be some other hidden cause; for besides that it is not the property of noble minds to suffer themselves to be entirely depressed by such misfortunes as these, you must be aware, that it is not impossible but that you may be able to redeem your liberty. You are not confined on the coasts of the Black Sea, as are too many unfortunate slaves, who can never hope to regain their freedom, at least not without incredible danger and difficulty; you are permitted one day to hope for liberty, and that happiness must depend upon your own exertions. Thus I conclude, that your grief arises from some other cause than that of your state of slavery. I adjure you, therefore, once again to open your heart to me. I offer to you all that I possess; all my means, my interest, every thing in my power shall be devoted to your service. Perhaps Providence has caused me to assume this dress and turban, which I abhor, to make me the happy instrument of rescuing you from despair. You know, Richard, that my master is the cadi of this town. You know the power he possesses, and the influence I have over him. You are not ignorant of my ardent desire of abandoning a religion which I profess but outwardly, and which I was compelled to adopt at an early period, when torn from my home a mere child. Life compared to immortality is as the shadow to the substance; ten thousand deaths ought not to deter us from pursuing that course by which alone we can hope for salvation. I repeat this now only for

the purpose of convincing you, that you ought to place confidence in me; and like a sick person, who, if he would be cured, should reveal to the physician the cause and progress of the malady from which he suffers: you must no longer conceal from me the origin of that grief which consumes you. Speak then, dear Richard; you have but too long kept silence; and be again assured, there is no danger I will not risk to restore you to liberty and happiness. Much is in my power, through the influence I have over my master the cadi; and can I have stronger motives for using my utmost exertions in your behalf, than the thought that we both possess one faith, and that one beloved country gave us birth?"

The unhappy Richard listened in mournful silence, but gratitude for the proffered kindness urging him to make some reply, "My dear Mahomet," (this was the name given to the young Turk), answered he, "you have but too truly guessed the cause of my despair; and believe me, could your knowledge of the circumstances which have for ever rendered my days miserable, furnish you with the means of remedying them, I should consider my slavery as a blessing from Heaven, nor would I exchange these ignominious chains for the crown of a monarch. But, alas! my misfortunes are so great, so agonizing, that there does not exist the being who could comfort me ever so little, far less one who could point out to me a remedy for them. I will however relate them to you; for then you will more clearly explain to me the motives that have so long induced me to carry them in my own breast: excuse me if I am brief. But, previously to commencing my sad tale, I would fain know for what reason Azam Bashaw, my master, has caused these pavilions to be erected in the country, before he makes his grand entry into Nicosia, where he is about to take upon himself the duties of bashaw."—"I will satisfy your curiosity in a few words," replied Mahomet. "It is customary with the Turks, that the newly appointed bashaws of a province shall not make their public entry into the city where they intend to reside, until their predecessor has quitted it. For this reason, when the new bashaw arrives, the former one goes out of his palace, and remains for some days in the country, awaiting letters from his successor, without which he dare not present himself to the sultan. These letters are nothing less, properly speaking, than the result of an investigation into his conduct; and on this account he is not permitted to be present when the investigation is made, in order that every one may complain of abuses or ill treatment, unawed by his power and authority. These letters are put into his hands sealed and carefully closed, and he is obliged to present them unopened to the sultan, on his arrival at Constantinople. The vizier-bashaw, and four inferior bashaws, who act as chancellors and counsellors of state, open these letters, read their contents, and according to the information so conveyed, reward or punish him. It is true, that if he knows he is guilty, he may avoid the punishment he deserves, but such immunity will cost him immense sums: even if his conduct be approved, and nevertheless his re-

ward be withheld, which is not unfrequently the case, he must open his purse largely, if he desires to obtain any other employment. Merit is seldom rewarded in the Ottoman empire; every thing is sold to the highest bidder, and may be purchased by the most notorious villain; indeed, in order to have a greater number of places to sell, those who are in possession are often deprived of them under the most trifling pretences: these are the artifices of the viziers, and of the other ministers who hold the reins of government; and be assured, that I advance nothing I cannot confirm. Every thing is carried on by violence in that empire, and should these principles continue to actuate our rulers, it is morally impossible it can be of long duration; and if it still does exist, is only to render the punishment due to our sins greater when it shall descend upon our heads. To return, however, to our subject: it is for the reasons I have mentioned that the bashaw, your master, has been encamped without the town these four days. If his predecessor has not yet left his palace, as usual, it is on account of a severe indisposition with which he has been afflicted; but I believe he is now much recovered, and tomorrow, or the next day, will probably repair to the pavilions which are erected behind yonder hill: your master will then make his state entry into the city. This is all the explanation I can give you in reply to your question."

"Well then," said Richard, "if it will gratify you, listen to the detail of my misfortunes: yet I fear I shall be unable to give a distinct account of them; they are so great, and yet so various, that I doubt the prolix recital of them will tire out your compassion. But first of all, I must ask you one question. Did you not know, or at least have you not heard speak of, a young angel in our native town of Trapana, who was universally reputed the most beautiful woman in Sicily? Without exaggeration, I may venture to affirm, that the ages that are past never beheld one more lovely, those to come will never behold her equal. Her beauty was so perfect, that even those who most envied could find no fault in her. All our poets made her the theme of their Muse; but however brilliant were their expressions, their praises always fell far short of her charms, and but feebly proclaimed the matchless graces that distinguished her from the rest of her sex. Can you not guess the name of this incomparable fair-one? Surely you were not always so insensible to woman's charms when at Trapana!"—"I was unwilling to interrupt your enthusiastic praise," said Mahomet, "but if you do not allude to Leonisa, the daughter of Rodolph of Florence, I cannot recollect any other person who resembles the picture you have drawn."—"It is indeed herself," exclaimed Richard: "her adorable yet fatal beauty has been the cause of all my misfortunes; it is for her loss, not for these galling chains, that tears burst from my eyes, that my heart is oppressed with woe. It is the remembrance of her that causes the complaints which weary even those who pity me. It is her fate, in short, which has caused me to pass for a madman in your eyes, or at least for a

man who has suffered himself to be depressed by his adverse fortune, who wants both resolution and courage. This Leonisa, so haughty to me, so kind to another, has plunged me in the melancholy which I cannot shake off. I loved her from my tenderest years, from my very childhood; or more properly speaking, I adored her, and paid her the same homage I should have rendered to a divinity."

(To be continued.)

PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

PLATE 8.—A VIEW NEAR GONDO.

By the succession of views we have supplied, the reader will by this time have become pretty intimately acquainted with the wild and terrible beauty of the valley of Gondo. The representations from month to month have gradually increased in interest and effect; and if the plate we gave in our last was striking, that which accompanies our present number approaches the magnificent and the sublime: there is probably nothing more impressive than the appearance of the original spot from whence the drawing was taken. The time has been chosen by the artist with excellent judgment, and the kind of light thrown upon them, adds grandeur to the look of the various objects.

The road to this situation rapidly descends, and during the whole way, the mind of the traveller is suspended between terror and admiration: the further he advances the more the rocks ascend in the most picturesque and fantastic forms: at times they are so perpendicular, that they assume the appearance of enormous towers, flanked by massive walls; and for such they might be mistaken, did not their enormous height and size preclude the possibility of their having been the work of man.

Fresh cascades, hurrying into the Doveria, where their waters are swallowed up and lost in the general stream, are seen at every turning of the road. They assist most importantly in producing a pleasing but awful effect.

The traveller, as he pursues the route, soon observes a large erection, of simple but gloomy architecture, which admirably harmonizes with the general nature of the scene that surrounds it: it is composed of eight stories, but only two of them are habitable, and form the residence of an inhabitant of the Valais, where travellers surprised by a sudden tempest find a welcome shelter. A chapel, and some inferior buildings, dependent upon and belonging to this inn, form the village of Gondo.

CHERISH YOUR OLD FRIENDS, AND BEWARE HOW YOU FORM NEW ONES.

Tom Rigby and George Falkner were natives of the same village. Rigby was the son of a carpenter; Falkner was an orphan: his parents had been shopkeepers in the village, but at their death he

was placed, by an uncle who lived in London, as a border with the village schoolmaster. The two boys were constantly together, and the greatest pleasure of their childhood was building castles in the air. They were never to separate: when they were old enough to be apprenticed, they were to be bound to the same business; and when they had each made their fortune, a thing which they never doubted would happen, they were to sit down together and enjoy themselves.

There was, however, some difference in their notions of the manner in which the fortune should be applied. Tom delighted in planning improvements, which he was determined to make both in the village and in the condition of its inhabitants: one was to have his cottage rent free; another was to have an additional cow; and the old woman who sometimes gave them credit for apples and gingerbread, was to be put in possession of an excellent orchard, which Tom was determined to buy from a sour old fellow, who once took the liberty of thrashing our two friends for robbing it.

George readily acquiesced in these arrangements, but he added others to which Tom did not quite so cordially agree. They were to have a handsome house, fine clothes, and a carriage. It required much persuasion to reconcile Tom to the last-mentioned article, till he recollected that it would be very useful to the widow of their late curate, who was subject to the rheumatism. This good old lady was very fond of Tom; she often gave him cakes and halfpence, and he determined that she should be rewarded with the use of the coach.

The time now began to draw near when our young castle-builders were to commence those labours which they expected would be crowned with such splendid success. Tom's father talked of apprenticing him to a house-painter in a neighbouring town; and George mustered up all his courage to compose a letter to the uncle who supported him, for leave to be bound at the same time, and to the same master. Scarcely, however, had he begun to write, when he was told that his uncle desired to see him: full of surprise at this unexpected visit, he hastened to the parlour, where he was met by his uncle, whom he now saw for the first time; for hitherto the old gentleman had taken no other trouble about him than merely to pay the small sum agreed upon for his board. He embraced him with some appearance of affection; told him, that a few lucky hits in business induced him to think of doing more than he had hitherto done for his (George's) benefit, and that if he behaved himself properly, he would place him at a grand school, and make a gentleman of him.

We must do George the justice to say, that the joy which this intelligence created in his mind, was balanced by the grief of parting with his friend. He cried heartily when he went to take leave of Tom, and was profuse in his assurances of all that he would do for him when he became a gentleman. Tom said very little; he struggled to suppress his tears, but they burst out when George bade him good bye, and he stood a long time

with his eyes straining after the carriage in which his friend went away with his uncle.

The variety of objects on the road helped to dissipate George's sorrow, and by the time he reached London he was in excellent spirits. In a few days his uncle placed him at a fashionable seminary; he had good clothes, a liberal allowance for his pocket, and instead of plain George, was called Master Falkner.

Soon after his arrival in town, he wrote to his friend Tom, and received a reply, which he read with great pleasure. He intended to write again very soon, but day after day passed, and there was always something to prevent him. At last Tom grew very uneasy at his silence, and sent him another letter. George's ideas were now much altered; he began to have some notion of forms; the superscription, "To George Falkner," hurt his dignity very much, and matters were not mended by the contents. One of his schoolfellows happened to be looking over his shoulder when he began to read it, and he burst out laughing while he repeated aloud: "Dear George, this comes with my kind love and service, and hoping you are in good health." The other boys joined in his mirth; it was agreed among them, that Tom was a poor ignorant country bumpkin; and for the credit of his gentility, George declared, that he was surprised the boy should take the liberty to write in that free way to a person like him.

Nevertheless, in spite of his assumed consequence, there were some passages in the letter which touched his heart, and he took the first opportunity to answer it; but in the ardour of his desire to teach Tom that politeness which he had just acquired himself, he attacked him so warmly on the respect with which it was necessary to treat a young gentleman like him, that his letter was little more than an instruction to his friend how it would be proper to address him in future. In answer to it, he received the following:

"*Dear* GEORGE,

"I am very sorry to have made your schoolfellows laugh at you, for having such an acquaintance as I am. I knew that you were always more clever than I, but if you had written to me ever so badly, I should not let others ridicule you; no, George, if the biggest boy in our village said a word against you, I'd knock him down: that I would, if I was sure to be beaten to a mummy for it.

"But this is not what I wanted to say: I only write to tell you, that seeing I don't know how, as you say, to express myself properly, I shall not write to you any more; for I never could remember all the directions you have sent me, and if I forgot them, you would be angry with me again. So good bye, dear George! I shall always wish you well, and will remain your true and loving friend till death us do part, "T. RIGBY."

What effect this letter might have had, if George consulted his own feelings, we cannot say, but by this time he got very intimate with Master Flareit, who was reckoned the genteelest boy in the school. George shewed him the letter, which he declared was a most insolent scrawl: in conse-

quence, George considered himself very much affronted, and from that time he thought no more of Tom.

Some years elapsed: George's progress in his studies was not very great, but he became an adept in every thing fashionable. His uncle's wealth increased; and just as George had finished his education, he died, and left him a handsome fortune. Young Falkner soon proved, that he knew how to spend money as genteelly as any body; his house, table, and equipage were not only as fashionable, but as expensive as those of people with four times his income. This was not all; he piqued himself upon his generosity, which, by the way, he exerted only for the benefit of his fashionable friends. If a gentleman happened to be out of cash, George's purse was directly at his service; if a lady admired an expensive trinket, Mr. Falkner was sure to offer it to her acceptance, and that, too, in so delicate a manner, that there was no refusing him; at least every body that he obliged said so.

Things went on in this manner for five years. George thought himself the happiest man in the world; he was surrounded by friends, who all panted for an opportunity to serve him. At last the opportunity which they had so often desired came, for he not only spent all his fortune, but got considerably in debt, a circumstance which gave him no uneasiness as long as his creditors did not trouble him; but as their patience could not last for ever, they clapped executions into his house, seized upon what was left, and in a few hours our man of fashion found himself without home, money, or any resource but the bounty of his friends.

This change did not trouble him much, for he recollected that Sir Plausible Promiseall had some time before offered to procure him a place under government. He had declined this offer, because he disliked the drudgery of business, and could do without it. Now, however, as he must absolutely exert himself, he wrote immediately to inform Sir Plausible, that the change in his circumstances having removed his objections to business, he was willing to accept of the place, and would be glad also to have it immediately.

After a few hums and haws, Sir Plausible was sorry, very sorry, that his friend Mr. Falkner had taken so much time to make up his mind; things of that nature seldom went a begging; he was sure that the place which he had had in view was given away, and it was very unlikely that another opportunity would occur of serving him; if it should, Mr. Falkner might depend upon his endeavours. But in the mean time, if he might advise, Mr. F. should try his other friends; no doubt there were some of them who could do something or other for him. As he concluded this civil speech, the polite baronet wished him good morning, calling at the same time to his valet, to desire one of the footmen to open the door for Mr. Falkner.

I fancy, dear reader, we need not accompany George in his visits to all his fashionable friends; your own experience may perhaps render it easy for you to credit,

that some among them behaved even worse than Sir Plausible. Despairing at last of obtaining any provision through their kindness, he appealed to their justice, and demanded payment of different sums which he had lent to them: but he was not more successful in this respect than in the former. Some denied their debts; others were very sorry they could not pay; and many were astonished at the fellow's impudence, in claiming money which he had actually forced upon them against their inclination: in short, our unfortunate soon found himself in the high road to starvation; but his creditors, though they had not obtained the amount of their debts, were more merciful than his friends, and they made up a small sum among themselves for him. He had acquired wisdom enough to know, that his last chance of procuring the means of existence depended upon a judicious use of this money; and as his spirit revolted against remaining near his former friends, he resolved to try whether he could not obtain a

rkship at one of our commercial towns. Accordingly he took his place on the top of a stage-coach, and quitted London, execrating high life and high-lived connections, and recollecting, with bitter reproaches on his own folly, his total desertion of the only companion he had ever had who was likely to have proved a true friend.

He had nearly reached his journey's end, when, by the coach being overturned, he broke his arm; and to add to this misfortune, the accident happened at some distance from any house.

This seemed the climax of his misery: heat, fatigue, and vexation combined with the accident to produce an immediate effect upon his blood; he was seized with a burning fever, and carried in a state of insensibility to the nearest house, the master of which, who happened to be passing as the other passengers were deliberating what was to be done with him, humanely offered to receive him.

Here, during three weeks, he lay in a state which gave little hope recovery; at last his senses returned, but his weakness was so great, that his life was very doubtful, and he himself thought his last moment was approaching.

He perceived that he was assiduously attended by two females, who, from their ages, appeared to be mother and daughter. As soon as they saw that his senses had returned, the eldest of the two spoke to him in the kindest terms: she assured him he was among friends, who would do every thing in their power to forward his recovery; but she begged he would not attempt to reply, as his only chance depended on being kept perfectly quiet.

"You are mistaken," said he, "I know that I cannot recover; but it is a comfort to me, that at least I have experienced kindness and humanity at the end of my life. I can do little to repay it, but I beg you will accept of what I leave behind, except my watch; that I should wish to send to one that I am sure loved me, if he is yet living; if not, it will be yours. His name is Tom Rigby; it is now twelve years since I have heard of him, and then he lived in the town of ——: we were boys together;

I used him very ill, but if he ever knows what I have suffered, he will forgive me."

"I do forgive thee with all my heart, dear George," cried a young man rushing forward, and clasping one of the invalid's hands, who, overcome by so unexpected a sight, fainted, to the great terror of poor Tom. His mother-in-law, the old woman who had so kindly attended George, forced him out of the room, and applied herself to the recovery of her patient, not without some fears that Tom's indiscreet appearance had actually killed him. Her fears were luckily vain; he soon recovered his senses, and from that hour he grew gradually better, and in a short time he was pronounced out of danger.

When he was able to converse, they each related what had passed during their separation. George found that his friend disliked the business to which he had been apprenticed, and having a little legacy left him, he bought out the remainder of his time, and purchased a small farm. He soon found that a farmer wants a wife; he had the luck to get a good one, she was an excellent manager. Her mother, who was a widow, lived with them, and assisted in the care of the household; and from the time of his marriage, every thing prospered with him. He was now about to take another farm, and he urged George to stay with him, and assist in the management of it. Falkner was grateful for the offer; he accepted it, conditionally, that he should find himself capable of the business. In a few years he became a good practical farmer: he married a worthy girl, whose little portion enabled him to take some land into his own hands. He formed his habits by those of his friend, became useful and happy, and they both lived to be surrounded by children and grandchildren, who were brought up in habits of virtuous industry, and to whom they often repeated: "Cherish your old friends, and beware how you form new ones."

EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE OF AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER.

On the 22d day of April, our party set sail in a large schooner from Fort George, or Niagara-Town, and in two days crossed Lake Ontario to Kingston at the head of the river St. Lawrence, distant from Niagara about 200 miles. Here we hired an American barge (a large flat-bottomed boat), to carry us to Montreal, a further distance of 200 miles; then set out from Kingston on the 28th of April, and arrived the same evening at Ogdensburgh, a distance of 75 miles. The following evening we arrived at Cornwall, and the succeeding night at Pointe du Lac, on Lake St. Francis. Here the bargemen obtained our permission to return up the river, and we embarked in another barge, deeply laden with potashes, passengers, and luggage. Above Montreal, for nearly 100 miles, the river St. Lawrence is interrupted in its course by rapids, which are occasioned by the river being confined in comparatively narrow, shal-

low, rocky channels; through these it rushes with great force and noise, and is agitated like the ocean in a storm. Many people prefer these rapids, for grandeur of appearance, to the falls of Niagara. They are from half a mile to nine miles long each, and require regular pilots. On the 30th of April, we arrived at the village of Cedars, immediately below which are three sets of very dangerous rapids (the Cedars, the Split-rock, and the Cascades), distant from each other about one mile. On the morning of the 1st of May, we set out from the Cedars, the barge very deep and very leaky. The captain, a daring rash man, refused to take a pilot. After we passed the Cedars rapid, not without danger, the captain called for some rum, swearing at the same time, that God Almighty could not steer the barge better than he did! Soon after this, we entered the Split-rock rapids by a wrong channel, and found ourselves advancing rapidly towards a dreadful watery precipice, down which we went. The barge slightly grazed her bottom against the rock, and the fall was so great as to nearly take away the breath. We here took in a great deal of water, which was mostly baled out again before we were hurried on to what the Canadians call the *Grand Bouillon*, or great boiling. In approaching this place the captain let go the helm, saying, "By God, here we fill!" The barge was almost immediately overwhelmed in the midst of immense foaming breakers, which rushed over the bows, carrying away planks, oars, &c. About half a minute elapsed between the filling and going down of the barge, during which I had sufficient presence of mind to strip off my three coats, and was loosening my suspenders when the barge sunk, and I found myself floating in the midst of people, baggage, &c. Each man caught hold of something; one of the crew caught hold of me, and kept me down under water, but, contrary to my expectation, let me go again. On rising to the surface, I got hold of a trunk, on which two other men were then holding. Just at this spot, where the Split-rock rapids terminate, the bank of the river is well inhabited; and we could see the women on shore, running about much agitated. A canoe put off, and picked up three of our number, who had gained the bottom of the barge, which had upset and got rid of its cargo; these they landed on an island. The canoe put off again, and was approaching near to where I was holding on the trunk, when, terrified with the vicinity of the cascades, to which we were approaching, it put back, notwithstanding my exhortations in French and English, to induce the two men on board to advance. The bad hold which one man had of the trunk to which we were adhering, subjected him to constant immersion, and in order to escape his seizing hold of me, I let go the trunk, and, in conjunction with another man, got hold of the boom (which, with the gaff, sails, &c. had been detached from the mast to make room for the cargo), and floated off. I had just time to grasp this boom when we were hurried into the Cascades; in these I was instantly buried and nearly suffocated. On rising to the sur-

face, I found one of my hands still on the boom, and my companion still adhering to the gaff. Shortly after descending the Cascades, I perceived the barge, bottom upwards, floating near me. I succeeded in getting to it, and held by a crack in one end of it: the violence of the water and the falling out of the casks of ashes, had quite wrecked it. For a long time I contented myself with this hold, not daring to endeavour to get upon the bottom, which I at length effected; and from this my new situation I called out to my companion, who still preserved his hold of the gaff. He shook his head, and when the waves suffered me to look up again, he was gone. He made no attempt to come near me, being unable or unwilling to let go his hold and trust himself to the waves, which were then rolling over his head.

The Cascades are a kind of fall, or rapid descent, in the river, over a rocky channel below: going down is called by the French *sauter*, to leap or shove the Cascades. For two miles below, the channel continues in uproar, just like a storm at sea, and I was frequently nearly washed off the barge by the waves which rolled over. I now entertained no hope whatever of escaping; and although I continued to exert myself to hold on, such was the state to which I was reduced by cold, that I wished only for speedy death, and frequently thought of giving up the contest as useless. I felt as if compressed into the size of a monkey; my hands appeared diminished in size one half, and I certainly should (after I became very cold and much exhausted) have fallen asleep, but for the waves which were passing over me, and obliged me to attend to my situation. I had never descended the St. Lawrence before, but I knew there were more rapids ahead, perhaps another set of the Cascades; but at all events the La Chine rapids, whose situation I did not exactly know. I was in hourly expectation of these putting an end to me, and often fancied some points of ice extending from the shore to be the head of foaming rapids. At one of the moments in which the succession of waves permitted me to look up, I saw at a distance a canoe with four men, coming towards me, and waited in confidence to hear the sound of their paddles: but in this I was disappointed. The men, as I afterwards learned, were Indians (genuine descendants of the Tartars), who, happening to fall in with one of the passenger's trunks, picked it up, and returned to shore, for the purpose of pillaging it, leaving, as they since acknowledged, the man on the boat to his fate. Indeed, I am certain I should have had more to fear from their avarice, than to hope from their humanity; and it is more than probable, that my life would have been taken, to secure them in the possession of my watch and several half-eagles which I had about me.

The accident happened at eight o'clock in the morning; in the course of some hours, as the day advanced, the sun grew warmer, the wind blew from the south, and the water became calmer. I got upon my knees, and found myself in the small Lake St. Louis, about three to five miles wide. With some

difficulty I got upon my feet, but was soon convinced, by cramps and spasms in all my sinews, that I was quite incapable of swimming any distance, and I was then two miles from shore. I was now going, with wind and current, to destruction; and cold, hungry, and fatigued, was obliged again to sit down in the water to rest, when an extraordinary circumstance greatly relieved me. On examining the wreck, to see if it was possible to detach any part of it to steer by, I perceived something loose, entangled in a fork of the wreck, and

ng. This I found to be a small trunk, bottom upwards, which, with some difficulty, I dragged upon the barge. After nearly an hour's work, in which I broke my penknife trying to cut out the lock, I made a hole in the top, and to my great satisfaction, drew out a bottle of rum, a cold tongue, some cheese, and a bag full of bread, cakes, &c. all wet. Of these I made a seasonable though very moderate use, and the trunk answered the purpose of a chair to sit upon, elevated above the surface of the water.

After in vain endeavouring to steer the wreck or direct its course to the shore, and having made every signal (with my waistcoat, &c.) in my power, to the several headlands which I had passed, I fancied I was driving into a bay, which, however, soon proved to be the termination of the lake, and the opening of the river, the current of which was carrying me rapidly along. I passed several small uninhabited islands; but the banks of the river appearing to be covered with houses, I again renewed my signals with my waistcoat and a shirt which I took out of the trunk, hoping, as the river narrowed, they might be perceived: the distance was too great. The velocity with which I was going, convinced me of my near approach to the dreadful rapids of La Chine. Night was drawing on, my destruction appeared certain, but did not disturb me very much: the idea of death had lost its novelty, and become quite familiar. Finding signals in vain, I now set up a cry or howl, such as I thought best calculated to carry to a distance, and being favoured with the wind, it did, although at above a mile distance, reach the ears of some people on shore. At last I perceived a boat rowing towards me, which being very small and white-bottomed, I had for some time taken for a fowl with a white breast; and I was taken off the barge by Cap'ain Johnstone, after being ten hours on the water. I found myself at the village of La Chine, 21 miles below where the accident happened, and having been driven by the winding of the current a much greater distance. I received no other injury than bruised knees and breast, with a slight cold: the accident took some hold of my imagination, and for seven or eight succeeding nights, in my dreams I was engaged in the dangers of the Cascades, and surrounded by drowning men.

My escape was owing to a concurrence of fortunate circumstances, which appear almost providential. I happened to catch hold of various articles of support, and to exchange each article for another, just at the right time. Nothing

but the boom could have carried me down the Cascades without injury, and nothing but the barge could have saved me below them. I was also fortunate in having the whole day; had the accident happened one hour later, I should have arrived opposite the village of La Chine after dark, and of course should have been destroyed in the rapids below, to which I was swiftly advancing. The trunk which furnished me with provisions and a resting-place above the water, I have every reason to think was necessary to save my life; without it I must have passed the whole time in the water, and been exhausted with cold and hunger. When the people on shore saw our boat take the wrong channel, they predicted our destruction: the floating baggage, by supporting us for a time, enabled them to make an exertion to save us; but, as it was not supposed possible to survive the passage of the Cascades, no further exertions were thought of, nor indeed could they well have been made.

It was at this very place that General Ambert's brigade of 300 men, coming to attack Canada, were lost; the French at Montreal received the first intelligence of the invasion by the dead bodies floating past the town. The pilot who conducted their first bateau, committing the same error as we did, ran for the wrong channel, and the other bateaux following close, all were involved in the same destruction. The whole party with which I was, escaped: four left the barge at the Cedars village, above the rapids, and went to Montreal by land; two more were saved by the canoe. The barge's crew, all accustomed to labour, were lost: of the eight men who passed down the Cascades, none but myself escaped, or were seen again; nor indeed was it possible for any one, without my extraordinary luck, and the aid of the barge, to which they must have been very close, to have escaped: the other men must have been drowned immediately on entering the Cascades. The trunks, &c. to which they adhered, and the heavy great-coats which they had on, very probably helped to overwhelm them: but they must have gone at all events; swimming in such a current of broken stormy waves was impossible. Still, I think my knowing how to swim kept me more collected, and rendered me more willing to part with one article of support to gain a better: those who could not swim, naturally clung to whatever hold they first got, and of course many had very bad ones. The captain passed me above the Cascades, on a sack of woollen clothes, which were doubtless soon saturated and sunk.

The trunk which I picked up belonged to a young man from Upper Canada, who was one of those drowned; it contained clothes, and about 70*l.* in gold, which were restored to his friends. My own trunk contained, besides clothes, about 200*l.* in gold and bank-notes. On my arrival at La Chine, I offered a reward of 100 dollars, which induced a Canadian to go in search of it. He found it some days after, on the shore of an island on which it had been driven, and brought it to La Chine, where I happened to be at the time. I paid him his reward, and understood that above

one third of it was to be immediately applied to the purchase of a certain number of masses, which he had vowed in the event of success, previous to his setting out on the search.

ON SHAKSPEARE'S FEMALE CHARACTERS.

I CANNOT agree, that Shakspeare has exerted more ability in his imitation of male, than of female characters. Before you form a decided opinion on a subject so interesting to his reputation, let me request your attention to the following particulars.—If Shakspeare, with those embellishments which we expect in poetry, has allotted to the females on his theatre such stations as are suitable to their condition in society, and delineated them with sufficient discrimination, he has done all that we have any right to require. According to this measure, and this measure alone, we are permitted to judge of him. I will not, you see, be indebted to the facile apologist you mention, who admits the charge; but pleads, in extenuation of the offence, that Shakspeare did not bring forward his female characters into a full and striking light, "because female players were in his time unknown." His defence must rest upon critical principles; and if, "with those embellishments which we expect in poetry, he has allotted to the females on his theatre such stations as are suitable to their situation in society; and if he has delineated them with sufficient discrimination, he has done all that we have any right to require."

1. In the character of Miranda, simplicity is intended to be the most striking circumstance. Consistent, however, with simplicity, is gentleness of disposition, flowing out in compassionate tenderness, and unrestrained by suspicion. Miranda, seeing the danger of shipwrecked strangers, never supposes that they may be suffering punishment for heinous guilt, but expresses the most amiable commiseration:

> If by your art, my dearest father, you have
> Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
> Oh! I have suffer'd
> With those that I saw suffer!

Conscious of no guile in herself, conscious of native truth, she believes that others are equally guileless, and reposes confidence in their professions. Her easy belief does not proceed from weakness, but from innate candour, and an ingenuous undismayed propensity, which had never been abused or insulted. If her simplicity and inexperience had rendered her shy and timid, the representation might have been reckoned natural; but Shakspeare has exhibited a more delicate picture. Miranda, under the care of a wise and affectionate father, an utter stranger to the rest of mankind, unacquainted with deceit either in others or in herself, is more inclined to ingenuous confidence, than to shy or reserved suspicion. Moved in like manner by tender and ingenuous affection, she never practises dissimulation, never disguises her intention, either in the view of heightening the love or of trying the veracity of the person whom she prefers. All these particulars are distinctly illustrated

in the exquisite love-scene between Ferdinand and Miranda.

Fer. Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world, &c.
Mir. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
&c.

Thus simple, apt to wonder, guileless, and because guileless, of easy belief, compassionate and tender, Miranda exhibits not only a consistent, but a singular and finely distinguished character.

2. Isabella is represented equally blameless, amiable, and affectionate: she is particularly distinguished by intellectual ability. Her understanding and good sense are conspicuous: her arguments are well applied, and her pleading persuasive. Yet her abilities do not offend by appearing too masculine: they are mitigated and finely blended with female softness. If she ventures to argue, it is to save the life of a brother: even then it is with such reluctance, hesitation, and diffidence, as need to be urged and encouraged.

Luc. To him again, intreat him,
Kneel down before him, &c.
Isab. Oh! it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.
Luc. That's well said.

The transitions in Isabella's pleadings are natural and affecting: her introduction is timid and irresolute. Lucio tells her,

——— If you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it.
To him, I say.

Thus prompted, she makes an effort: she speaks from her immediate feelings: she has not acquired boldness enough to enter the lists of argument, and addresses angels merely as a suppliant:

Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does.

Animated by her exertion, she becomes more assured, and ventures to refute objections. As she is a nun, and consequently acquainted with religious knowledge, the argument she employs is suited to her profession:

Isab. Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And He that might the 'vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy.

At length, no longer abashed and irresolute, but fully collected, she reasons, so to say, on the merits of the cause:

Good, good, my lord, bethink you:
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Nor is her argument unbecoming in the mouth even of a nun. Her subsequent conduct vindicates her own character from aspersion. Besides, she had with great delicacy and propriety, at the beginning of her pleading, expressed herself in such a manner as to obviate any charge:

There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead but that I must.

Emboldened by truth, and the feeling of good intention, she passes, at the end of her debate, from the merits of the cause, to a spirited appeal even to the consciousness of her judge:

——— Go to your bosom;
Knock there; and ask your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault.

Isabella is not only sensible and persuasive, but sagacious, and capable of becoming address. In communicating to her brother the unworthy designs of Angelo, she seems aware of his weakness; she is not rash nor incautious, but gives her intimation by degrees, and with studied dexterity.

It is not inconsistent with her gentleness, modesty, and reserve, that, endowed as she is with understanding, and strongly impressed with a sense of duty, she should form resolutions respecting her own conduct without reluctance, and adhere to them without wavering. Though tenderly attached to her brother, she spurns, without hesitation, the alternative proposed by Angelo, and never balances in her choice.

Neither is it incongruous, but a fine tint in the character, that she feels indignation, and expresses it strongly. But it is not indignation against an adversary; it is not on account of injury: it is a disinterested emotion; it is against a brother who does not respect himself, who expresses pusillanimous sentiments, and would have her act in an unworthy manner. Such is the amiable, pious, sensible, resolute, determined, and eloquent Isabella. She pleads powerfully for her brother, and no less powerfully for her poetical father.

3. But if the gentle, unsuspecting, and artless simplicity of Miranda; if the good sense and affecting eloquence of Isabella, should not induce you to acquit the poet, you will yield perhaps to the vivacity and wit of Beatrice. No less amiable and affectionate than Miranda and Isabella, she expresses resentment, because she feels commiseration for the sufferings of her friend.

Is she not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, and dishonoured my kinswoman?

Like Isabella, too, she is distinguished by intellectual ability, but of a different kind. She does not defend herself, or make her attacks with grave, argumentative, and persuasive elocution; but, endowed with the powers of wit, she employs them in raillery, banter, and repartee.

Ben. What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible, Disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil, count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

Her smartness, however, proceeds from wit rather than from humour. She does not attempt, or is not so successful, in ludicrous description, as in lively sayings.

Beat. My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good lord for alliance! Thus goes every one to the world, but I, and I am sunburn'd; I may sit in a corner, and cry, Heigh-ho, for a husband!

Ped. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting.

Another distinction, not unconnected with the preceding, is, that though lively, she is nevertheless serious, and though witty, grave. Possessed of talents for wit, she seems to employ them for the purposes of defence or disguise. She conceals the real and thoughtful seriousness of her disposition by a show of vivacity. Howsoever she may speak of them, she treats her

own concerns, and those of her friends, with grave consideration. A compliment, and the enticement of a playful illusion, almost betrays her into unusual confession.

Prince. Faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord, I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care.

She is desirous of being reputed very sprightly and disdainful; but it is not of the qualities which we chiefly possess that we are usually most ostentatious. Congreve wished to be thought a fine gentleman; Swift would be a politician, and Milton a divine. What Beatrice, who is really amiable, would have herself thought to be, appears in the following passage, where Hero, pretending not to know she was present, describes her in her own hearing:

Nature never framed a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice:
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on, &c.

Tender, affectionate, and ingenuous, yet conscious of more weakness than Miranda, or not like her educated in a desert island, she is aware of mankind, affects to be mirthful when she is most in earnest, and employs her wit when she is most afraid. Nor is such dissimulation, if it may be so termed, to be accounted peculiarly characteristical of female manners. It may be discovered in men of probity and tenderness, and who are actuated by serious principles; but who are rendered timid, either from some conscious imbecility, or who become suspicious by an early, too early an observation of designing persons. If such men are endowed with so much liveliness of invention as, in the society to which they belong, to be reckoned witty or humorous, they often employ this talent as an engine of defence. Without it, they would perhaps fly from society like the melancholy Jaques, who wished to have, but did not possess a very distinguished, though some portion of such ability. Thus, while they seem to annoy, they only wish to prevent: their mock encounter is a real combat: while they seem for ever in the field, they conceive themselves always besieged: tho' perfectly serious, they never appear in earnest; and though they affect to set all men at defiance, and though they are not without understanding, yet they tremble at the censure, and are tortured with the sneer of a fool. Let them come to the school of Shakspeare. He will give *them*, as he gives many others, a useful lesson. He will shew them an exemplary and natural reformation or exertion. Beatrice is not to be ridiculed out of an honourable purpose: nor to forfeit, for fear of a witless joke, a connection with a person who is "of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirmed honesty."

4. Portia is akin both to Beatrice and Isabella. She resembles them both in gentleness of disposition. Like Beatrice, she is spirited, lively, and witty. Her description of some of her lovers is an obvious illustration. "First, there is the Neapolitan prince," &c. Her vivacity, however, is not so brilliant, and approaches rather to sportive ingenuity than to wit. Her situation renders her less grave, when in a serious mood, than Isabella; but, like her, she has intellectual endowment. She is observant, pe-

netrating, and acute. Her address is dexterous, and her apprehension extensive. Though exposed to circumstances that might excite indignation, she never betrays any violent emotion, or unbecoming expression of anger. But Isabella, on account of her religious seclusion, having had less intercourse with the world, though of a graver, and apparently of a more sedate disposition, expresses her displeasure with reproach, and inveighs with the holy wrath of a cloister. To the acquaintance which both of them have of theology, Portia superadds some knowledge of law; and displays a dexterity of evasion, along with an ingenuity in detecting a latent or unobserved meaning, which do her no discredit as a barrister. We may observe, too, that the principal business in *The Merchant of Venice* is conducted by Portia. Nor is it foreign to remark, that as in the intimacy of Rosalind and Celia, Shakspeare has represented female friendship as no visionary attainment; so he has, by the mouth of Portia, expressed some striking particulars in the nature of that amiable connection:

> ——— In companions
> That do converse and waste the time together,
> Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
> There must needs be a like proportion
> Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit.

5. Our poet, in his Cordelia, has given us a fine example of exquisite sensibility, governed by reason, and guided by a sense of propriety. This amiable character indeed is conceived and executed with no less skill and invention than that of her father. Treated with rigour and injustice by Lear, she utters no violent resentment, but expresses becoming anxiety for reputation.

She displays the same gentleness, accompanied with much delicacy of reproof, in her reply to a mercenary lover:

> Peace be with Burgundy!
> Since that respects of fortune are his love,
> I shall not be his wife.

Even to her sisters, though she has perfect discernment of their characters, and though her misfortune was owing to their dissimulation, she shews nothing virulent nor unbecoming. She expresses, however, in a suitable manner, and with no improper irony, a sense of their deceit, and apprehensions of their disaffection to Lear.

Towards the close of the tragedy, when she receives complete information concerning the violent outrages committed against her father, the sufferings he has undergone, the ruin of his understanding, and has the fullest evidence of the guilt and atrocity of her sisters, she preserves the same consistency of character; notwithstanding her wrongs, she feels and is affected with the deepest sorrow for the misfortunes of Lear: she has the most entire abhorrence of the temper displayed by Goneril and Regan; yet, her sorrows, her resentment, and indignation are guided by that sense of propriety, which does not in the smallest degree impair her tenderness and sensibility, but directs them to that conduct and demeanour, which are suitable, amiable, and interesting. Tenderness, affection, and sensibility, melting into grief, and mingled with sentiments of reluctant disapprobation, were never delineated

with more delicacy than in the description of Cordelia, when she receives intelligence of her father's misfortunes.

There are few instances in any poet, where the influences of contending emotions are so nicely balanced and distinguished; for while in this amiable picture we discern the corrected severity of that behaviour which a sense of propriety dictates, mitigated and brought down by fine sensibility, and the softness of the female character, we also see this softness upheld, and this sensibility still more engaging, by the influence of a sense of propriety.

Need I add to these illustrations, the sisterly and filial affections of Ophelia, leading her to such deference for a father, as to practise deceit at his suggestion on a generous lover, and strive to entangle him in the toils of political cunning? Need I add the pride, the violence, the abilities, and the disappointed ambition of Margaret? Need I add Dame Quickly and Lady Anne?

RICHARDSON.

EXTRACTS FROM A GLEANER'S COMMONPLACE-BOOK.

ANTIQUITY OF COACHES.

IT is not a little remarkable, that although we read in Scripture of chariots for footmen, and of chariots for horses, and of the frequent use of carriages in ancient Greece and Rome, yet it was not until the middle of the reign of Queen Elizabeth that coaches were introduced into England; and we learn, that "good Queen Bess" usually rode all the way from London to Exeter on horseback, behind the lord-chancellor. The first coach ever seen in England [illegible] of the equipage of Henry Fitzalan, the last Earl of Arundel of that name, who died in 1579. It was invented by the French, a waggon post-chaise, which was first introduced into England by the son of the celebrated Sully, minister of husbandry, [illegible] coaches were [illegible] London by Captain Bailey in [illegible] and, in the same year, [illegible] chairs, [illegible] by Sir Sanders Duncombe, Knt. who was a great traveller, and had most probably seen them at Sedan, in France, where Dr. Johnson supposes they were first made. Brewer, in his *Beauties of Middlesex*, observes, in a note, that "it is familiarly said, that Hackney, on account of its numerous respectable inhabitants, was the first place near London provided with coaches of hire, for the accommodation of families, and that thence arises the term *hackney-coaches*. This appears quite futile: the word *hackney*, as applied to a hireling, is traced to a remote British origin, and was certainly used in its present sense long before this village became conspicuous for wealth or population." In 1637, the number of hackney coaches in London was restricted to 50; in 1652, to 200; in 16[illegible]; in 1694, to 400; in [illegible] in 1710, to 800; in [illegible] in 1808, to 1100; [illegible] 1200! In imitation of the hackney-coaches, Nicholas Sauvage introduced the *fia-*

cres at Paris, in the year 1650. The *hammercloth* is an ornamental covering of the coach-box, Mr. S. Pegge says, "The coachman formerly used to carry a *hammer*, pincers, a few nails, &c. in a leathern pouch, hanging to his box, and this cloth was devised for the hiding of them from public view."

AN ACCOUNT OF AN ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN A SAILOR AND A SHARK.

Some sailors having disembarked the last part of their lading, which was coals, those who had been employed in that dirty work, ventured into the sea to wash themselves, but had not been long there, before a person on board observed a large shark making towards them, and gave them notice of their danger; upon which they swam back, and all but one reached the boat; and him the shark overtook almost within reach of the oars, and griping him by the small of the back, his devouring jaws soon cut him asunder, and as soon as he swallowed the lower part of his body, the remaining part of his body was taken up, and carried on board, where his comrade was. The friendship between him and the deceased had long been distinguished by a reciprocal discharge of all such endearing offices as implied a union and sympathy of souls. On his seeing the severed trunk of his friend, he was filled with horror and emotion, too great to be expressed by words. During this affecting scene, the insatiable shark was observed traversing the bloody surface, searching after the remainder of his prey. The rest of the crew thought themselves happy in being on board; he alone was unhappy, at not being within the reach of the destroyer. Fired at the sight, and vowing that he would make the devourer disgorge, or be swallowed himself, he plunged into the deep, armed with a sharp-pointed knife. The shark no sooner saw him, than he made furiously towards him; both equally eager, the one for his prey, the other for revenge. The moment the shark opened his rapacious jaws, his adversary dexterously diving, and grasping him with his left hand somewhat below the upper fins, successfully employed his knife in his right hand, giving him repeated stabs in the belly. The enraged shark, after many unavailing efforts, finding himself overmatched in his own element, endeavoured to disengage himself, sometimes plunging to the bottom, then mad with pain, rearing his uncouth form above the foaming waves, stained with his own streaming blood. The shark, much weakened by the loss of blood, made towards the shore, and with him his conqueror, who, flushed with an assurance of victory, pushed his foe with redoubled ardour, and by the help of an ebbing tide, dragged him on shore, ripped up his bowels, and united and buried the severed body of his friend in one grave.

This extraordinary story was related by a gentleman of great credit, who was ready to confirm the truth by oath.

A LOVE-LETTER FROM AN OFFICER IN THE ARMY TO A WIDOW WHOM HE HAD NEVER SEEN.

Though I never, madam, had the happiness to see you—no, not so much as in a picture—and consequently can no more tell what complexion you are of, than one who lives in the remotest part of

China, I am nevertheless most passionately in love with you; and this affection has taken such deep root in my heart, that I could die a martyr for you with as much cheerfulness as thousands have done for their religion, who were as ignorant of the truth for which they died, as I am of your ladyship.

This declaration, madam, may perhaps surprise you; but you will cease to wonder, when I have acquainted you what it was that not only gave birth to my passion, but has effectually confirmed it. Lately having occasion to ride into Surry about some particular business, I noticed, not far from the road, a most magnificent seat. My curiosity was instantaneously raised to know the owner of so beautiful a pile; and being informed that it belongs to your ladyship, I began that very moment to have a strong inclination for you. When, therefore, I was further assured, that some two thousand acres of the best ground in England appertained to this noble fabric, together with a fine park, delightful gardens, variety of fish-ponds, and other desirable conveniences, I then fell up to my ears in love, and resolved to enlist myself among the number of your humble servants and sincere admirers.

"The owner of so many fine things," said I to myself, "must needs be the finest woman in the world. What though she be old—her trees are green! What though she may have lost the lilies and roses in her cheeks—she has enough left in her gardens! What though she should be barren—her fields are sufficiently fruitful."

With these thoughts in my head I alighted from my horse, and at once became so enamoured of your ladyship, that I told my passion to every tree in your park; and, by the bye, they are the stiffest, straightest, loveliest, finest-shaped trees I ever beheld in my life.

I now appeal to your ladyship, whether any lover was ever influenced by more solid motives than your devoted humble servant.—Those who are wholly captivated by beauty, will infallibly find their passion decay with the transitory charm which at first attracted their regard; and those who pretend to admire a woman merely for the qualities of her mind, must consider her soul as abstracted from her body; but he who loves not a woman in the flesh, as well as in the spirit, is only fit, in my opinion, to make love to a spectre; whereas my passion, the sincerity of which you cannot possibly doubt, is built on the same foundation with your house, grows with your trees, and will daily increase with your estate.

For any thing I know to the contrary, you may be the handsomest woman in the kingdom; but whether you are so or not, signifies little, while you have fortune enough to fix my affection. I am a soldier by profession; and as I have fought for pay, by Heaven's blessing, I mean to love for money.

All your other suitors would speak the same language, if they were equally honest; and should you favour this blunt address, by making choice of me, I can add, for your comfort, that you will be the first woman on record, from the creation to the present hour, who ever loved a man for telling her the truth.

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF THE ERRONEOUS NOTIONS WE FORM OF THINGS WHICH WE HAVE NOT BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO.

When the two African princes were in England, Lord Halifax, under whose care they were, introduced them to most of the curiosities. One day, when they were going to dine at Lady Betterclerk's, it snowed very hard. Being the first time they had seen snow, they were very much surprised at so remarkable a thing, as it appeared to them; they therefore gathered some, and put it into their pockets, in order to carry home to Africa. When they came to her Ladyship's, and approached the fire, the snow thawed, and the water began to run about the floor; her ladyship saw it, but knew not the cause, and therefore sat silent until they told their story of having put some snow into their pockets, in order to shew it when they got home. Her ladyship then pointed to the wet that fell from their clothes; and the princes were made acquainted with their error, in supposing they could carry it to their torrid clime.

AN ACCOUNT OF SAMUEL CLINTON, A LABOURING MAN, ABOUT 25 YEARS OF AGE, WHO OFTEN SLEPT FOR SEVERAL WEEKS TOGETHER.

This Clinton, on the 16th of May, 1694, fell into a profound sleep, out of which he could by no means be roused by those about him; but after a month's time he rose of himself, put on his clothes, and went about his business of husbandman. From this time to the 9th of April 1696, he [illegible] free from any extraordinary [illegible] but then fell into [illegible] again. After some [illegible] friends were prevailed on to try what remedies might effect; and accordingly one Mr. Gibbs, an apothecary, bled, blistered, cupped, and scarified him, and used all the external irritating medicines he could think of, but all to no purpose. Victuals stood by him as before, which he ate now and then, but nobody ever saw him eat or evacuate, though he did both as he had occasion, and they often found him fast asleep with the pot in his hand a-bed, and sometimes with his mouth full of meat. In this manner he lay until the 7th of August, which was seventeen weeks from the time he began to sleep, and then he awaked, put on his clothes, and walked about the room, not knowing that he had slept so long, until going into the fields, he found people busy in getting in their harvest, and he remembered that when he fell asleep, they were sowing their oats and barley. From this time he remained well until the 17th of August, 1697, when he complained of a shivering and a coldness in his back, vomited once or twice, and the same day he fell fast asleep again. Dr. Oliver (from whom this account is taken) went to see him, and felt his pulse, which was then very regular; he was in a breathing sweat, and had an agreeable warmth all over his body. The doctor then put his mouth to his ear, and called him as loud as he could several times by his name, pulled him by the shoulders, pinched his nose, stopped his mouth and nostrils, but to no purpose, the man not giving the least sign of his being sensible. Upon this the doctor held a phial of sal-ammoniac under one of his nostrils,

and injected about half an ounce of it up one of them, but it only made his nose run, and his eye-lids shiver and tremble a little. Finding no success this way, the doctor crammed that nostril with powder of white hellebore, and waited for some time to see what effect it would produce, but the man did not discover the least uneasiness. The doctor then left him, fully satisfied that he was really asleep, and no sullen counterfeit, as some people supposed. About ten days after, an apothecary took fourteen ounces of blood from his arm, and tied it up again, and left him as he found him, without his making the least motion all the while. The latter end of September, Dr. Oliver saw him again, and a gentleman ran a large pin into his arm to the very bone, but he gave no signs of being sensible of what was done to him. In this manner he lay until the 19th of November, when his mother hearing him make a noise, ran immediately up to him, and found him eating; she asked him how he did; "Very well," he said, "thank God." And again she asked him which he liked best, bread and butter, or bread and cheese; he answered, "Bread and cheese." Whereupon the woman, overjoyed, ran down stairs to acquaint his brother of it; and both coming up again presently, they found him as fast asleep as ever. Thus he continued until the end of January or beginning of February, at which time he awaked perfectly well, remembering nothing that had happened all the while. It was observed that he was very little altered in his flesh, only he complained the cold pinched him more than usual, and so went about his business as at other times. This Clinton lived at Timsbury, near Bath.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XLIV.

As when some poet, happy in his choice
Of an important subject, tunes his voice
To sweeter sounds, and more exalted strains,
Which, from a strong reflection, he attains;
As Homer, while his heroes he records,
Transfuses all their fire into his words;
So we, intent the charming sex to please,
Act with new life and an unwonted ease;
Beyond the limits of our genius soar,
And feel an ardour quite unknown before.

I CONTINUE to offer extracts from the essay which furnished, in a great measure, the sentiments of the last paper. The influence of the female character, not only on the manners but the virtues of the stronger sex, appears therein to be so clearly established, that no further argument is necessary to add the conviction, which every unprejudiced, reflecting mind must surely acknowledge, from the consideration of the subject which has thus been presented to it.

I now proceed to trace the course of those accomplishments which form what is denominated politeness, and may be called the philosophy of manners. It would be more for the happiness and ho-

nour of the present age, if fashion, in its various changes, would encourage the study and practice of it.

Sense, moderation, and good-nature are essential in forming good manners. Nature denies the first to few; the second is in every one's power; and they will not fail to cultivate the last who value general esteem, or are not indifferent to public disapprobation: for, to say the truth, what is necessary to make a man honest, if properly applied, will render him amiable or well bred. This may be proved without having recourse to more than common observation and general reflection.

Many are accustomed to think, that *politeness* is rather an ornamental accomplishment, than an acquisition calculated to render life easy and happy: but surely it cannot be denied, that the tranquillity and, in some degree, the felicity of life depend as much on small things as on great; for we cannot but acknowledge the uneasiness we have experienced from cross accidents, though they have related only to trifles; while, at the same time, we so well know that disquietude is, of all others, the greatest evil, from whatever cause it may arise.

In the concerns of life, as those of fortune, numbers are brought into distressing circumstances from trifling negligences, rather than from great errors in affairs of moment. Exactly parallel to this is that wrong notion which many have, that nothing more is due from them to their neighbours than what results from a principle of honesty, which commands us to pay what we owe, and forbids us to commit injuries: whereas, a thousand little complacencies, civilities, and endeavours to give others pleasure, are requisite to keep up the relish of life, and procure us that affection and esteem, which every man who has a sense of it must desire; and in the right application and discreet management of these attentions consists the essence of what we denominate *politeness*.

"How many know the general rules of art,
Which to the tablet human forms impart!
How many can depict the rising brow,
The nose, the mouth, and every feature show;
Can in their colours imitate the skin,
And, by the force of line, can fix them in!
Yet when 'tis done, unpleasing to the sight,
Though like, the picture strikes not with delight:
'Tis Bone's nice skill that gives th'enamell'd face
A polish'd sweetness and a glossy grace.

Examples have, generally speaking, greater force than precepts: I will, therefore, delineate the characters of two gentlemen of my acquaintance, whose humours I have perfectly considered, and shall represent them without the slightest exaggeration.

Mr. B—— is equally distinguished by his birth and fortune. He is possessed of great good sense, improved by a regular education. His wit is lively, and his morals without a stain. Is not this an amiable character? Nevertheless this gentleman is not beloved. He has, by some means, contracted a notion, that it is beneath a man of honour to fall below the dignity of truth in any degree, or any occasion whatever. From this principle, he speaks bluntly what he thinks, without the least attention to existing circumstances, or the

where or the when he may let loose his opinions. Thus, from a continued course of this kind of conduct, he has rendered himself dreaded as a monitor, instead of being esteemed as a friend.

Mr. D——, on the contrary, came into the world with great disadvantages. His birth was inferior, and his fortune not to be mentioned; yet, though he is scarce forty, he has acquired a handsome estate in the country, and lives on it with more reputation than most of his neighbours. While in a dependent situation in the university, he recommended himself by his behaviour to a noble fellow-collegian, who afterwards procured him a moderate situation in one of the public offices, where his behaviour made him as many friends as there were persons belonging to the board. His readiness in doing favours gained him the hearts of his inferiors; his deference for those in the highest character in the office procured him their good-will; and the complacency he expressed towards his equals, won their affection, so that in the course of ten years he rose to a situation of great confidence and emolument: but affluence has made no alteration in his manners, and he is at this time the delight of all who know him. It can hardly be a question, which of these two characters is to be preferred.

Such is the notion I would wish to convey to my readers of what is *manners* or *politeness*, and the use of it in our passage through life. I shall, however, beg leave to caution them, that under the pretence of possessing this polished character, they do not fall into a contempt or carelessness of science. A man may have great learning without being a pedant; nay, it is necessary that he should have a considerable portion of knowledge before he can be truly *polite*. The gloss is never given till the work is finished: without it, the best wrought piece looks clumsy; and if you varnish a rough board, it becomes a preposterous daub. In a word, that rule of Horace, *Miscere utile dulci*, to blend the useful with the agreeable, so often quoted, can never be better applied than in the present case, where neither of the qualities can subsist without the other.

Some philosophers have indeed prided themselves in a mysterious way of speaking, wrapping up their maxims in so tough a coat, that the kernel, when found, does not always atone for the pains employed in obtaining it.

The polished sage thinks in a very different way. Perspicuity is the garment in which his conceptions appear; and his sentiments carry this additional weight along with them, that scarce any labour is required in attaining them.

I shall now proceed to explain the sentiments and conduct of the polished philosopher respecting *religion*. I am well aware, that there are numbers who pass both on the world and on themselves for very polished persons, who consider this topic as by no means of that importance which it actually deserves; who consider it as the companion of melancholy minds, and that it is ill manners to make it a subject of social conversation. But I am bold to assert, that there is no species of ill-breeding more decided, than the openly treating it with

sarcasm, with wit, or with contumely.

Religion, strictly speaking, means that worship which men, from a sense of duty, pay to that Being to whom they are indebted for their existence, with all those blessings and benefits which attend it.

It will not, I should hope, be possible for any man who seriously reflects on this definition, not to adopt it; and if he adopts it, I should equally expect, that the giving a ludicrous turn to it must be felt as offensive, and therefore be considered as inconsistent with good manners, one leading principle of which is, to give offence to no one. Who that has a regard for another, would not start at the thoughts of saying a base thing of his father in his presence? and the connection is obvious, however distant the comparative point of elevation may be between a father and a Creator.

As to particular religions, or rather tenets in religion, men are generally warm in them from one of these two reasons: tenderness of conscience, or a high sense of their own judgments. Persons of plain parts and honest dispositions consider religious duties, both as they relate to this or another world, as things too serious to admit of jesting: a *polite man*, therefore, will be cautious of offending on those subjects, because he will risk the giving pain, which is in direct opposition to his character. The latter reason, which I have assigned for men's zeal in religious matters, may seem to have less weight than the first; but whoever considers it attentively, will probably be of another opinion. Men of speculative religion, who are so from conviction rather of their heads than their hearts, are oftentimes as vehement as the real devotees. He who says a slight or severe thing of their faith, seems to them to have undervalued their understanding, and will consequently incur their dislike, which no man of common sense would hazard for a lively expression, much less a person of good-breeding, who makes it his chief aim to be well with all.

"Like some grave matron of a noble line,
With awful beauty does Religion shine:
Just sense should teach us to revere the dame,
Nor by imprudent jests to spot her fame.
In common life, you'll own this reasoning right,
That none but fools in gross abuse delight:
Then use it here, nor think our caution vain;
To be *polite*, men need not be *profane*."

But to proceed to another subject, with which the *polished philosopher* has a great deal to do, and will be found to present difficulties with which he will have to contend. The love of our country is among those virtues to which every man thinks he should pretend; and the way in which this is generally shewn is by falling into what we call *parties*, where, if a large share of good sense allay not that heat which is naturally contracted from such engagements, a man falls into all the violences of *faction*, and looks upon every one as his enemy, who does not express himself about the public good in the same terms which he thinks proper to employ. This may be considered as a harsh picture, but it is, nevertheless, a just one, of the far greater part of those who are warm in political disputes. A *polite man* will, therefore, speak as seldom as he can on topics, where, in a mixed compa-

ny, it is almost impossible to say any thing that will please all.

The philosophy of manners is not intended to render a man that sour monitor who points out the faults of others, but on the contrary, makes them in love with their virtues; that is, makes himself and them easy while he is with them, and does or says nothing which, on reflection, may make them less his friends at their next meeting.

The rules I propose to offer are intended rather to guide men in company, than when alone. What is here advanced tends not so directly to amend the heart, as to regulate conduct; a matter of no small importance. Yet though morality be not my immediate subject, it is my object to add grace and figure to every moral duty.

(To be continued.)

F—— T——.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Introduzione e Polacca for the Piano-forte, composed by Ferd. Ries. Pr. 3s.

THE introduction, G major $\frac{3}{4}$; the polacca, G minor: both in the author's best manner, replete with interest, yet free from abstruse fancies or eccentricities, and perfectly accessible to a performer of respectable attainments. The introduction being judiciously set in a quick measure, offers a suitable contrast with the more sedate time of the polacca. The peculiar features of the former movement are, the fine imitation, in the minor key, of the subject in G major, the select modulations, and the elegant crossed-hand passages in the second page, which altogether affords a specimen of classic writing. The theme of the polacca is of a serious cast, and highly attractive; it is followed by a good digression in B b, after which the subject is resumed. A further episodical part in E b, of uncommon sweetness, steps in; the theme once more shews itself, and the whole is wound up by recurring to the interesting motivo of the introductory allegro.

"Love came in a Smile," a Ballad; the Poetry by D. A. O'Meara, Esq.; composed, and dedicated to Miss B. Roper Chambers, by C. M. Sola. Pr. 2s.

In this instance, the composer must be allowed a decided superiority over the poet, whose language is any thing but elevated or harmonious (*e.g.* "and left me his absence to anxiously mourn; he seemed in his sorrow almost broken hearted," &c.) To have devised to a text of this description a melody of graceful simplicity and sweetness, redounds greatly to Mr. Sola's credit. His labour, throughout, claims our favour; the accompaniment, too, is tasteful and effective; and in the penultimate bar of the ritornel an elegant harmonic thought presents itself.

"In happier Hours thy Heart was mine," a Ballad, composed by Mrs. Henley.

Of all the arts of taste, music (we mean, of course, the creative, not the executive part of the art) appears to have been inaccessible to woman. In painting, poetry,

and even in sculpture, the sex has produced instances, not of first-rate eminence, but of highly respectable attainments. In composition, alone, not one female production has outlived the estimation with which the indulgence of a contracted circle of friends may have honoured it. This consideration, joined to softer feelings of kindness towards the sharers of our pleasures and woes, must at once disarm the critic's pen, when he meets with an occasional attempt of a fair harmonist. With these impressions we opened Mrs. Henley's ballad, and thus viewing it, we pronounce it respectable. There is regularity and symmetrical keeping in the parts; the melody possesses a considerable degree of tender expression, and judgment has been exercised in allotting to a portion of the text a subject in the relative minor key. The accompaniment, likewise, appears upon the whole satisfactory, especially for a female production. We met with no striking impropriety, save except bar 2, p. 3. Here the A ♮ seems to have led the fair composer to suppose, that the harmony leaned towards the dominant (B ♭); and, in consequence, a passing transition has been adopted (E ♭; E ♭, 2, ♯; D, 6; E ♭). This is a mistake: the melody (in E ♭ $\frac{6}{8}$) is, G; G, A ♭, A ♮; B ♭, C, B ♭, B ♭, A ♭, G; F (the first and last of these notes being of half a bar's length, the others quavers). In this case, G, A ♭, A ♮, are nothing more than a chromatic ascent, which required mere thirds for accompaniment. A similar remark, with some variation, applies to the like passage, p. 4, l. 3. Here the A ought not to have been made natural at all.

"*O Pescator dell' onda,*" *a Venetian Canzonet, arranged for the Harp and Piano-forte, and dedicated to Mrs. Pearson*, by F. Latour.—Pr. 4s.

To prevent any misunderstanding, the author of this duet states on the title-page, that he is not related to Mr. T. Latour, but hopes the public will give his works a fair trial, and judge of their merits accordingly. This demand is both just and modest: we shall conscientiously endeavour to comply with it. The theme Mr. F. Latour has chosen, combines the advantages of singular eloquence and simplicity. The variations, eight in number, are obligate for both instruments, which throughout act *concertante*: they are not written with any great display of science; there is nothing in the shape of modulation to be met with in any of them; we perceive not even the usual diversity of a *minore*. Hence the *gourmands en fait de musique* may perhaps fancy too great a degree of sameness in the harmony, which chiefly dwells on the tonic or dominant. But these observations apart, we are free to say, that what has been done, evinces both taste and correct principles of harmony. The variations are pleasing; the active passages are devised with considerable neatness and fluency, and may be mastered on both instruments without any great difficulty. In short, we consider this production as a very promising probationary effort, and we shall be glad to see further specimens of Mr. F. Latour's Muse, particularly if they should exhibit a little more harmonic seasoning. In the 5th var. for the harp, the time is misprinted $\frac{4}{4}$, instead of $\frac{3}{4}$.

"My Lodging is on the cold Ground," Scotch Air, with Variations for the Harp, composed, and dedicated to Miss Power, by W. H. Steil. Pr. 2s. 6d.

Considering the increasing number of themes with Variations that issue from the musical presses of this country and the Continent, we must presume this species of composition to be more acceptable to the public in general, than to our individual taste. We like them well enough occasionally, but the truth is, we have been satiated with their superabundance. A theme with variations appears to us, to resemble a statue of the human form, chiseled with antique simplicity, but successively dressed up in various fanciful and often grotesque costumes. In saying thus much, generally, on the prevailing practice, we beg to be understood as meaning nothing in disparagement of Mr. Steil's labour before us; on the contrary, as his name is, if we are not mistaken, for the first time on our record, it is our wish to be courteous; and this desire we happily can accomplish without infringing upon critical justice. This gentleman's variations are not of the higher order of musical writing, fraught with deep thought and scientific harmony, but they are conceived in an easy and very agreeable style, and offer no peculiar intricacies for the harp. The first variation is lightsome and fluent; the same may be said of the second. In the third, the melody has been assigned to the bass in a very proper manner. The march (var. 5.) likewise has our approbation; and the concluding quick movement appears to us well done. We had almost forgotten the introduction; it is an impressive movement, and partakes, in some degree, of the spirit of the theme which it precedes.

Kalkbrenner's first Fantasia, in which is introduced the favourite Air "Il pleut Bergere!" arranged as a Duet for two Performers on the Piano-forte, and respectfully inscribed to Miss Wheeble and Miss F. Wheeble, by J. W. Holder, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Pr. 4s.

To make a duet of that which another composer has written for one performer on the same instrument, appears to us so humble an undertaking, that we felt rather surprised at Mr. Holder's determining upon it. The task, however, has been executed in a manner to give the original author every reason to be satisfied with it; and we will add, the labour intended for one, has been so divided among two players, that much of the difficulty of the original score has been removed, and thus the fantasia rendered accessible to less matured proficiency. This duet will be found replete with effect, especially if the second fall into the hands of a steady timeist, whose left hand is not unaccustomed to an occasional display of activity.

La Belle Circassienne, Air, with Introduction and Variations for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Plutow, by J. F. Burrowes. Pr. 3s.

Captivating as this title may prove, we cannot help considering it a little infra dig. for a production of Mr. Burrowes' Muse, were it even dedicated to his Excellency Abul Mirzah Chan. Indeed, this publication stands in no need of ti-

tular recommendation; it will make its way with those that know how to value good music. The theme is extremely elegant, and the variations exhibit that uncommon inventive facility, and that high degree of polished taste, which form the main characteristics of this author's compositions. To the snaps *(alla scozzese)* in the third variation we feel a reluctance, which may be personal fancy; but all the other variations have yielded us real pleasure, so that it may perhaps be thought unfair to distinguish any one by more particular notice. We cannot, however, refrain from calling the attention of our readers to the fourth variation, on account of the peculiar grace of expression with which it is written. The fifth also deserves a word or two; the bass part of it does Mr. B. great credit. The coda which concludes the sixth variation is in the best classic style; the transition to A b, and the egress from that key, form prominent features of interest, besides other ideas, which proclaim the experienced master in his art. Music like this should be given to the pupil whose taste and abilities it is intended to forward.

A new and complete Introduction to the Art of Playing on the Piano-forte, wherein the first Principles of Music are fully considered, in a Series of Observations and Examples: to which is added a Variety of pleasing and instructive Lessons, selected from the Works of Mozart, Haydn, Pleyel, Arne, and other eminent Composers; arranged, for the Improvement of Pupils, in the most useful major and minor Keys, with Preludes: also Observations on the Art of Fingering, with copious Examples, and a few Remarks on Musical Expression, &c. by J. Monro. Pr. 8s.

In an elementary work on pianoforte playing, we can expect as little novelty as in a grammar of the Latin tongue. It must rest its recommendation on the methodic arrangement of its contents, and the perspicuity of the instruction which it professes to convey: it ought not, in these respects, to be inferior to any of its numerous predecessors, and we have a right to look for some striking feature or other, by which it may justify its appearance among the host of similar productions.

Mr. Monro's book, in point of systematic arrangement and lucid treatment, yields to no other work of the same class; while, on the other hand, it distinguishes itself very advantageously from many of its rivals, by the apt illustration, through the means of copious examples, of every term or precept which it progressively brings under the notice of the pupil; and also by the reasonableness of its price, considering the abundance of matter contained in its numerous and closely printed pages. Among the chapters which appear to have been treated with special attention, that on time justly claims a prominent rank. Here nothing has been omitted which could tend to inculcate this most essential branch forcibly on the mind of the student, whose own fault it must be, if Mr. M.'s labour be not productive of the best result. We observe with satisfaction the rule given for playing triplets to equal notes (a rule unfortunately more honoured in the breach than in the observance,

even by masters themselves); but the examples given in illustration, if we understand them rightly, appear to us to swerve from the directions which precede them; and with the rule for playing triplets with unequal notes, as well as with the examples subjoined, we do not agree. Such passages should be played with geometrical precision, as two violins would execute them.

The chapters on fingering, and on expression, have our entire approbation. Some of the remarks in the latter are extremely judicious. The dictionary of technical terms is copious, and their definitions are clear and concise. In regard to the time of Andantino, Mr. M., and some other authors of no mean repute, seem to us to labour under a mistake, when they conceive it to be *slower* than that of an Andante. It is (or at least ought to *mean*) quicker; for the same reason that Larghetto is quicker than Largo. The meaning of these *diminutives* will be best understood by the following comparison:

Allegro (lively).
Allegretto, diminished liveliness; *i. e.* slower than allegro.

Andante, (rather slow).
Andantino, *diminished* slowness; *i. e.* quicker than andante.

Largo, slow.
Larghetto, diminished slowness; *i. e.* quicker than largo.

This at least is what we conceive the terms ought to import etymologically. It would, however, be difficult, if not impossible, to collect their meaning by recurring to the compositions of the first masters. All of them make a random use of these Italian terms. We could bring innumerable instances of the same composer employing the same term in movements of precisely the same measure, one of which he intends being executed as fast again as the other. This chaos of confusion has been rendered ludicrously manifest since the invention of the Metronome, when, in addition to the Italian terms, the time has also been marked metronomically. The Metronome alone can remove all uncertainty in this respect.

Fantasia for the Piano-forte, in which is introduced Rossini's celebrated Air, "Di tanti Palpiti," with Variations, composed, and dedicated to Miss A. Gautherot, by W. Henry Steil. Pr. 3s.

The above air of the opera of Tancred is one of those happy few, that surprise us by their simplicity, and take instant hold of our musical feelings. We hum it in going home from the opera; it vibrates on our pillow; we remember it the next morning; it ends with becoming a haunting, troublesome companion. The boys in the street have caught the infection, but the rogues have not caught it correctly; they substitute old hacknied turns where their remembrance is at fault. They whistle murderously their own variations upon the adulterated theme. It next finds its way into the pipes of the ambulating organ.—New troubles again. The sad dog of a Savoyard went to a cheap shop to have his barrel set; or worse, set it himself. Now the harmony, too, is out of sorts. O Rossini, Rossini! couldst thou but hear thy fine, thy bold thought, thy

point-blank burst into C major from A major, thy fine composition thus decomposed into a tame, lame, and homespun harmony of A minor, with a killing seasoning of fifths and octaves!!—Such has been the fate of the celebrated air on the Continent. It resounds from Palermo to St. Petersburg. In England it has not as yet gone through all these metamorphoses. However, here is a beginning. Mr. Steil has made variations upon it, and very good ones too, and the introduction which he has devised not only evinces great taste, but mainly breathes the spirit of the succeeding theme. It has taken possession of Mr. S. and he has made the best of it. If he had not, with such materials, it would have been unpardonable, and we should have been severe upon him for disfiguring and abusing our favourite. To say all in one word, Mr. Steil's fantasia shews him in a very superior light, and entitles him to the thanks of the advanced amateur on the piano-forte.

CASE OF CAPTAIN NORRIS.

In aid of the benevolent purpose of supporting the widow and four infant children of the late much-lamented Captain Norris of the Beaufoy packet (who was drowned on his passage from Cuxhaven, and the detail of which melancholy event we gave in a former number), we have much pleasure in subjoining the following respectable list of subscribers:

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FINE ARTS.

THE DULWICH GALLERY.

LAST month the Dulwich Gallery, which was for some time closed for the purpose of admitting some necessary repairs, was re-opened to the public (as usual by tickets), and was visited by a number of persons of distinction. The Gallery is now much better ventilated than it was before, and the pictures are in general placed to considerable advantage. Our readers are already sufficiently apprized, that the Gallery at Dulwich College contains a fine collection of pictures by the most celebrated masters of the old and new schools, which were munificently bequeathed to this institution by the late Sir Francis Bourgeois. It is rich in the works of D. Teniers, Cuyp (both in his silvery and golden tones), Ruysdael, Ostade, Paul Potter, Gerard Douw, Hobbima, Wouvermans, K. du Jardin, and several other artists who distinguished themselves in the Dutch and Flemish schools. But it is more especially valuable as containing some of the finest historical and allegorical works of the most illustrious painters who have adorned the principal royal collections of Europe, at a time when the patronage of art was in the meridian of its splendour.

Raphael's *Holy Family* is inimitable. Titian's *Sleeping Nymph* is an exquisite production: his *Venus and Adonis*, for delicacy of colouring and poetical beauty, may vie with any other production of this kind extant. Rubens's masterly and spirited sketches, his finished works of *Sampson and Dalilah*, *the Virgin and Child*, and the portraits of his *Mother* and *Mary de Medicis*, are pictures full of the glowing colours, and bold but delicate touches which characterized the pencil of this extraordinary artist. Rembrandt's *Jacob's Dream* is a picture of the highest merit. Vandyke's portrait of the *Archduke Albert* is a noble portrait: the martial dignity of the figure, the oval form of the countenance, and the shape of the hands, present a combination of energy and beauty rarely witnessed. Vandyke is equally successful in his other works in this gallery: they have the same firmness of execution, though not the same grandeur of effect, as the fine equestrian portraits in the collection of his Majesty, of the Duke of Marlborough, and one or two other personages of high rank, who possess some of the best works of this distinguished master. The Gallery is also rich in the pictures of Murillo; and many of the fine works by this artist which attracted so much attention at the British Institution, form a part of this collection. There are also some excellent specimens of the various and contrasted styles of other distinguished masters. There are several pictures by Correggio, L. da Vinci, Salvator Rosa, Paolo Veronese, the Poussins, the Caraccis, Parmegiano, Guido, Guercino, Velasquez, Claude, Carlo Dolci, Giorgione, and many other artists, whose names have immortalized their works.

Of the English school, there are

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N.B. Tickets of admission are obtained, on application, at Mr. Ackermann's, Strand, and Messrs. Colnaghi and Co.'s, Cockspur-street.

THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

In the course of last month, Mr. Harris's collection of Theatrical Portraits went to the hammer at Robins's auction-room. The names of Kneller, Reynolds, Zoffany, Gainsborough, Northcote, Lawrence, Opie, and Shee, with a number of others, graced the catalogue; but the great attraction of the collection rested upon the remembrances it furnished of the theatrical performers of the last century. As works of art, with a few exceptions, the pictures were never intended to invite general criticism; and therefore it would be invidious to animadvert upon them as productions shewing the proficiency of British art: their only merit, we repeat, rested on the association which they recalled to a theatrical mind of the great performers whose names adorn histrionic art: as such, some of them brought great prices from persons whose taste lay as much in the purchase of old portraits as of old plays. If the prices publicly mentioned were given, all we shall say is, that the pictures brought their value.

INTELLIGENCE REGARDING WORKS OF ART IN PROGRESS OR COMPLETED.

The concluding and posthumous volume of Wilson's *American Ornithology* has issued from the Philadelphia press, and a few numbers may be seen at Ackermann's Repository of Arts in the Strand. This work does honour to the genius and enterprise of Mr. Wilson, who made accurate representations in the trackless wilds of America, of every species of the native birds of that vast and interesting continent, from the shores of St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Mississippi, and from the Atlantic Ocean to the interior of Louisiana. The plates, with which it abounds, are admirable for the correctness and high finish of the drawing, the beauty of the engravings, and truth and splendour of their colouring. They convey the most exact representation we

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have ever seen of the varied and brilliant plumage of the feathered tribe, dazzling descriptions of which we so often read of, in the New World. This work will form a most interesting and valuable companion to Temminck's *On the Birds of Europe;* and it has considerably illustrated and extended the discoveries of Pennant, Edwards, Catesby, and Bartram. Wilson had indeed one great advantage over all these distinguished naturalists; for his ardour in pursuit of new discoveries in natural history was such, that he explored in person nearly the whole American continent, made his drawings on the spot, comparing, as he went along, his own observations and discoveries with those of his predecessors, the greater part of whom depended upon casual travellers for their information, and he then had the whole put to press under his own immediate revision and inspection. Buffon, who had to make use of the imperfect materials of the predecessors of Wilson, struck with the want of agreement among these various theories, frequently exclaimed, "Would to Heaven, that American naturalists would write the history of nature in their country!" The wish of Buffon has been at length fulfilled by Mr. Wilson, and the public have now before them a complete and consecutive series of information in the most delightful branch of natural history, illustrated with beautiful plates of each species of birds, accompanied with detailed, and, in some instances, very novel and curious descriptions.

Our limits will not enable us to make extracts from this work, nor could any which it would be in our power to make do justice to the extraordinary merits of the author, who was a self-taught man, that emigrated a few years ago from Scotland to America. Like his countryman Park, he possessed a powerful constitution and great mental ardour, which rose superior to all the difficulties it encountered; and like him, though not by open violence, he fell an early victim to the intense labour of his occupations. This work must, from its own intrinsic merits, command great attention from the lovers of science and art. America, though the seat and grave of Wilson's action, the centre of a man's labours, who, unaided and unsupported, largely added to her stock of natural history, yet seems to have forgotten him when something more than idle panegyric was expected at the conclusion of his labours. America is not as yet the best soil for the culture of literature and the arts; and we are not surprised to learn from Mr. Wilson's biographer the following fact, speaking of his patronage in America:

"Of all her literati, her men of benevolence, taste, and riches, *seventy* only, to the period of the author's decease, had the liberality to countenance him by a subscription, more than half of whom were *tradesmen, artists,* and those of the middle class of society; whilst the little city of New Orleans, in the short space of seventeen days, furnished sixty subscribers to the *American Ornithology.* Among the English subscribers, we find the names of Mr West, the venerable President of the Royal Academy, Mr. Roscoe of Liverpool, and a few

other equally distinguished characters. In a country like this, a work at once so useful and ornamental must attract considerable attention. It has already excited the warmest approbation of our artists."

Mr. Hofland has in the press, *A Descriptive Account of Whi[illegible] Knights*, a seat of his Grace the Duke of Marlborough; to be embellished with twenty-three engravings, 4to atlas.

The History and Antiquities of the Cathedral of York, by Mr Britton, is just published, and will afford an interesting treat to the lovers of ancient English architecture. The work makes a handsome quarto volume; and besides an ample history and description of that splendid edifice, contains thirty-five engravings, some of which are peculiarly beautiful: they are executed by J. and H. Likeux, Scott, &c. from drawings by F. Mackenzie and E. Bloir.

The first number of the illustrations of *Lichfield Cathedral*, by the same author, has also appeared; and the fourth number of his *Chronological Illustrations of the Ancient Architecture of Great Britain*. This work is intended to furnish the antiquary and architect with a familiar and ample display of the styles, dates, and features of the ecclesiastical architecture of this country, from the earliest examples to the time of Henry VIII.

THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS *from* NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

MISS HAMILTON'S RESIDENCE AT EDINBURGH.

(From her *Memoirs*, by Miss BENGER.)

WHEN Miss Hamilton and Mrs. Blake left their romantic station at Bowness, it was with feelings of regret, which were soon dissipated in the agreeable and animating circles of Edinburgh. Many circumstances conspired to render this sojourn peculiarly delightful to Miss Hamilton, who never was insensible to the attractions of superior society. She observes, in a letter to her young friend, "I went last night to a ball, where I spent my time most pleasantly till one in the morning. I do not believe that either London or Paris ever saw so much genius in one dance. It is indeed seldom that so many young men of distinguished talents have sprung up at one time, or in one place. Of those I can only give you names, but they are names that will be conspicuous in the annals of fame. Be patient, and I will satisfy you; for well I know you have been all this time asking, What of Mrs. F——? how do you like Mrs. F——? Well, not to keep you longer in suspense, I not only *like* but *love* her. You would, *I am sure, adore* her; but I don't go quite so far: she has, however, contrived to steal no small portion both of my esteem and affection; and, tho'

I am upon my guard, continues to carry on her depredations in the most successful manner."

During this season, Miss Hamilton became acquainted with Miss Edgeworth, who was introduced to her at Edinburgh, and with whom at the first interview she was pleased; at the second, charmed; proceeding in regular gradation through the progressive sentiments of cordiality, attachment, and affection. She was ever disposed, not only to recognise merit, but to love it; and it was often her generous boast, that women of talents, by their reciprocations of kindness and friendship, verified the fable of the nine sister Muses.

The final result of this excursion was, that in the following autumn (1804), Miss Hamilton and her sister transferred their residence to the northern metropolis. After the publication of *Agrippina*, she allowed herself an interval of repose; and in the summer of 1804 revisited London, for the pleasure of seeing Dr. G——'s family, with whom she had enjoyed no personal intercourse during some years. It was on her return to Scotland that she was informed of the pension conferred on her by his Majesty, as an acknowledgment that her literary talents had been meritoriously exerted in the cause of religion and virtue*. At this period, she was earnestly solicited by a nobleman to superintend the education of his children, who had unhappily been deprived of a mother's care. To engage her compliance, he offered a separate establishment; the choice of the governess, on whom was to devolve the subordinate office of tuition; and the absolute controul of every thing connected with her department. Although Miss Hamilton had long wished for an opportunity of practically illustrating her hints on education, she was not easily induced to listen to a proposal which she was sensible must in some degree militate against her personal independence; and all that his lordship could obtain from her, was a promise to reside in his family as a friend for a limited period, and to assist him in forming proper arrangements for the future instruction of his children. At the expiration of six months she resigned the trust, but could not detach her affection from her adopted children, for whose happiness and improvement she never ceased to feel the most tender solicitude. After this separation, she beguiled the comparative solitude of a winter spent at Westham* in composing the *Letters to the Daughter of a Nobleman*, which were published in the spring of 1806, and obtained a most favourable reception from the public. The concluding pages are dictated by such genuine feelings of affection, as must irresistibly make their way to the heart.

"And now, my dearest love, the painful task remains of bidding you a long, perhaps a last farewell. The promise which I made you of

* It is notorious, that grants of this kind are never conferred without some particular channel of recommendation; but Miss Hamilton was no sooner mentioned than approved; and the prime minister paid a spontaneous tribute to her talents, which enhanced the value of the gift.

* Westham in Essex, where she was once more the neighbour of Dr. and Mrs. Gregory.

doing you all the good in my power, I have endeavoured to accomplish. I have done it unto God, and not unto men; and if the sincerity of the motive finds acceptance, I shall not go without my reward. May my prayers be heard! and it will be given in the shape of a blessing upon my instructions.

"With regard to the younger objects of my anxious solicitude, their tender age forbids the hope, that much of what they learned from me will remain with them. Still I cannot but flatter myself, that the dispositions to benevolence, to charity, and to gratitude, which I zealously endeavoured to inspire, may retain their influence in the heart. Should these letters reach their hands when the hand that writes them has mouldered into dust, though they may serve to recall some endearing memorial of the tenderness of my affection, it will appear to their minds like a distant dream; but you, my dearest Lady Elizabeth, you never can forget me: our paths through life lie far asunder; mine leads to the quiet and peaceful home, which for your sake I was induced to leave; to relations, endeared by every virtue; to the society of faithful, long-tried friends, and the soothing intercourse of esteem and affection. These are the blessings which Providence has poured into my cup of life; nor let me forget to add, the zest that is given them by the enjoyment of leisure and tranquillity."

The return of Mrs. Hamilton (as she now chose to be designated) to Edinburgh, diffused through the circle of her acquaintance a satisfaction, in which she cordially participated. In the situation she had lately quitted, she had possessed many of the privileges appropriated to rank, wealth, and fashion. In the home to which she was restored, she could enjoy the partners of her youth, and the companions of her choice; and in the heartfelt glee produced by this delightful consciousness, composed the pleasing song of "My ain Fireside*," of which the second stanza most happily describes her feelings:

"Ance mair (Gude be praised!) round my ain heartsome ingle,
Wi' the friends o' my youth I may cordially mingle,
Nae forms to compel me to seem woe or glad,
I may laugh when I'm merry, or sigh when I'm sad;
Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to fear,
But truth to delight me, and kindness to cheer:
Oh! the best road to happiness ever I tried,
Was the road brought me home to my ain fireside."

Of the happiness which Mrs. Hamilton had commemorated in verse, she gives an equally lively description in the following passage of prose: "The greatest symptom of old age that I have yet perceived, is a sensible diminution of ardour in the pursuit of new objects, and a great repugnance to the thoughts of any sort of change. One cause of this is probably attributable to increased indolence; but I should be ungrateful not to trace it to another source, rejoicing, as I do, in a consciousness of happiness that increases with my increasing years. I am indeed sur-

* The song of "My ain Fireside" has been composed and published by Miss Hamond, to whom the words had been communicated by the author.

rounded by blessings of every kind; for though I have nothing to disturb, I have enough to employ my mind, and more than enough of occupation for every moment of my time. I have lately indeed had so much to do for others, that I have had no time to do any thing for myself; not even to finish a little tale for the lower orders, which I began some months ago." At this period Mrs. Hamilton, in conjunction with several ladies, was actively engaged in establishing for the lower order of females a House of Industry, which promises to be permanently beneficial to the community*. The tale so carelessly mentioned was no other than *Glenburnie*, which she had begun, *con amore*, but afterwards neglected, till happening to read it one evening at her fireside, where it excited mirth, she was encouraged to resume the plan she had almost abandoned; and, finally, *Glenburnie*, not without some diffidence on the part of the publisher, was committed to the press. To the honour of North Britain, its success was equal to its merits: in Edinburgh, the demand for the work was such, as induced the publishers to print a cheap edition, which circulated to the Highlands, where even the genius of the mountains confessed the influence of good sense, and the importance of domestic economy*. In England, the *Cottagers* were equally caressed. "I canna be fashed" became a popular phrase; and the name of Mrs. M'Clarty resounded in the polished circles of fashion, of elegance, and beauty. But although Mrs. M'Clarty be a prominent personage, it is highly injurious to the real merit of *Glenburnie* to consider it merely as a lesson of good housewifery. The characters are well drawn and well sustained, and may be constantly recognised as individual men and women, for whom we intuitively divine a resemblance. *Glenburnie* affords a striking example, that deep and intense interest may be excited by a narrative composed of the most simple and even homely materials, but which exhibits the real workings of the human heart. The weak indulgence of the doting mother; the struggles of pride and tenderness in the fond but bigoted father; the transition from wayward obduracy to shame and remorse in the stubborn yet not impenetrable son;—all these, though ordinary circumstances, and detailed with fact-matter plainness, insensibly lead to a catastrophe which proves, that the secret of pathos is to be found in the force of truth. In the lighter parts of this work, the humour is no less genuine than the characters. *Glenburnie* might be called a tale in the

* For the use of the young persons educated in the House of Industry, she composed a little work, entitled *Exercises in Religious Knowledge*, on a plan which obliges the pupil to prove, by answers to be given in her own words, her attention, and her conception of the instruction given by the teacher. This publication, which received the sanction of Bishop Sandford and the Rev. Mr. Alison, was published in 1800.

* In Stirlingshire, *Glenburnie* was read with such avidity, that Isabel Irvine (the attendant of Mrs. Hamilton's juvenile years), put some money into her purse, by lending her single copy for a penny each reader.

manner of Wilkie. Equally remote from the distortion of caricature or the colouring of romance, the picture is full of life, and without seeking to dazzle the imagination, surprises the heart.

CORRESPONDENCE OF MISS HAMILTON.

(From *the same.*)

To Mrs. S——.

April 1803.

When I had the pleasure of receiving your long-looked-for and truly welcome letter, I little thought of answering it from Edinburgh at so late a date. All our plans have, however, undergone an alteration. The determination of the Bowness people not to admit lodgers in the height of the season, set us on making inquiries for some retreat when we should be obliged to quit our quarters at the inn; and before we could succeed in this point, the offer of a friend's house, in an airy and agreeable situation, induced us to give up all thoughts of leaving Edinburgh, till the summer is so far advanced as to deprive us of the society which has rendered every thing here delightful. In consequence of this determination, I have taken the liberty of directing that the books which remained in my closet should be sent to Monk-Coniston, where I doubt not you will have the goodness to give them house-room till I have the happiness of seeing you, an event which I can never think of with indifference, till I lose all relish for whatever is elegant, and amiable, and interesting. Against the fascinating influence of whatever is merely elegant and refined in mind and manners, I confess I have steeled my heart: I consider it as Sheffield plate, very pretty to the eye, but which on a little rubbing shews the base metal. Yet I am sensible to the beauty of form, and when the precious metal is moulded into elegance, I confess its additional value. Such have I found it in a certain cottage, where the hearts are like the throne of Solomon, made of pure gold.

Here we have met with much sterling worth, sometimes with a greater or less degree of polish. The most pleasant parties are composed of conversible persons of both sexes. We are to-day going to a house that on this account is always delightful,—Mr. M'Kenzie's, so well known as the author of "The Man of Feeling," who is not more distinguished by taste and talent than his wife and daughters: to these the latter unite a softness and delicacy all their own. It is not therefore surprising that they should attract the most agreeable society; and I think they make the same people more agreeable at their house.

After a fortnight's absence in Stirlingshire, I have returned with pleasure to my sister and my Edinburgh friends. My visit to the scenes of my youth was attended with so many melancholy retrospections, and the changes that had taken place were often so little satisfactory, that in truth the contemplation of them did little good

to my spirits; and I but now begin to revive from the impression they made. In my absence the influenza has carried off the franker of my letters; but I shall rejoice to hear that the postage of this is the only inconvenience you have sustained from this dire malady, which has raged here with uncommon violence. I would gladly flatter myself that it has not found its way to your mountain-fenced regions.

A thousand thanks for your kind remembrance of my infirmities, and your wish to banish them; but, alas! I fear I must learn to bear them with patience, as by all accounts of the remedy it would be likely to put an end to me.

Adieu, my dearest madam; and believe that none ever spoke with more sincerity of respect and affection, than does your affectionate and obliged

E. HAMILTON.

To Dr. S——.

30, NORTH HANOVER-STREET,
May 28, 1803.

Dear SIR,

You will scarcely believe how much I felt myself indebted by the last obliging proof of your goodness, since you may naturally conclude that gratitude would not have been so tardy in its acknowledgments. I must, however, assure you, that I am not ungrateful, and that nothing could be more acceptable to me than the translation you so kindly took the trouble of making for me. I am only ashamed to think of the trouble it must have cost you, while thanks are all I can send you in return; for much I fear that even with all the assistance you have given, it will be a length of time before my heroine is in proper dress to meet your eyes. The dissipation of an Edinburgh winter has proved very adverse to study; for though a votary of fashion would smile at my calling the life I have led dissipated, it has been more than sufficiently so for me. Now, however, the scene begins to change. Many families have left town; and among those that remain the rage for visiting has ceased. Small and social parties have succeeded the large and formal; and as my friends kindly permit me to refuse seeing them in the mornings, it will be my own fault if I do not make better use of my time than I have hitherto done.

The interest you have so obligingly taken in my present pursuit, induces me to go on without apology to give you an account of all that has passed concerning it in conversation with my friend Mr. D. S——, to whom I submitted my half-finished manuscript, which he read over with critical and minute attention. He flatters me with the assurance, that it is written in a far more masterly manner than any of my former productions; and pronounces biography to be my *forte*. But with all this encomium, I think I perceive a fear that the period of history may be deemed too classical for a female pen. He likes the idea of my making it the commencement of a series of comparative biography, and wishes me to balance the ancient with a modern character.

The life of Locke he considers as a *desideratum*, and greatly wishes me to undertake it; assuring me, that there is a sufficient number

of letters and original MSS. in the possession of a noble friend of his, to render it highly interesting.

The skip from Agrippina to Locke made my head quite dizzy. My wits were set to work to fill the mighty chasm; and at length I built the bridge as follows. As a partner must be given to Agrippina of her own sex, and one who, like her, had experienced vicissitudes of fortune, I could think of no one better qualified than the Princess Palatine, daughter to James I.

The next life should be that of Seneca; which again brings the reader back to scenes and persons to which the life of Agrippina had familiarized him. The contrast between Locke and Seneca, if well managed, would be sufficiently striking.

But how am I to get all this accomplished? I, who have long held life by so very feeble a thread, that every breeze has threatened to snap it asunder. I have indeed in the last year made a great accession of health and strength, but never can expect a constitution equal to any great exertion. I shall, however, go on with the two first lives; and if they please me, may be tempted to proceed, if I find myself at all equal to the task. I should here have a great advantage in the ready access to books; but as our house at Bath is now empty, we must think of returning to it as soon as the heats of summer begin to subside. Here there seems little danger of being molested, that way. The fields are indeed beautiful; and the view we have of them from our windows gives to our situation many of the *agrémens* of the country. But the air is still keen and piercing: though the easterly wind, which used to be considered as the most formidable enemy here, has for the last two or three years been very little known; a circumstance which Mr. P—— tells me confirms the opinion of some philosophers, that east and west winds are only accidental, and that in truth they are equally at this season from the north. On a better acquaintance with Mr. P——, I find more and more reason to admire the very just description you gave of his character. The amiable simplicity of his manners and the acknowledged superiority of his talents, form an assemblage so respectable as to put conceit out of countenance; and I think it no bad trait of human nature (which it is so much the fashion to vilify), that such a man should be as much beloved by the young as esteemed by the old.

Men who have sufficient greatness of mind to dare to be moderate, are particularly useful in a place where many circumstances concur to give to the spirit of party a peculiar virulence. Of all the dreadful calamities of the last war, the increase of this hated spirit was what I most keenly felt and most deeply lamented. I hope it will not in the same degree augment the miseries of the present. As public sentiment here is as yet left unfettered, the discussions I have heard upon the subject have been calm and rational.

As we shall probably not set out on our journey southward till towards the beginning of August, I flatter myself with the pleasure of hearing from you before I leave

this; and request you will have the goodness to give me your opinion of the rough sketch of my plan.

I must not forget the request of Mr. P—— to present his affectionate remembrances, in which I am sure Mr. S- would have united had he now been here: but he is in the country, and soon departs for England with Mrs. S——; where they intend passing the summer, which will be a very great loss to me. I hope Mr. S——'s orders with regard to sending the books have been long ago executed.

Farewell, sir, and believe me, with the most unfeigned respect, your very much obliged and obedient servant,

ELIZA HAMILTON.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 10.—MORNING DRESS.

A ROUND dress, composed of jaconot muslin; the body is plain, tight to the shape, and the waist of a moderate length; long sleeves; the skirt is ornamented at the bottom with a trimming of muslin *bouillonné*: there are three rows, each is finished with a cord at top, and the upper row is surmounted by a rich letting-in of work. A round pelerine is attached to the dress, which falls very low over the shoulder; it is trimmed with two rows of broad lace, which give a very elegant finish to the bust of the dress. Full lace ruff, put on so as to display the throat in front. Head-dress, a cornette of white British net; the caul is moderately high; the ears are very small; it has a full border of Mechlin lace, and is trimmed with evening primrose ribbon covered with net: it fastens under the chin by a bow to correspond. White kid shoes. Limeric gloves.

PLATE 11.—EVENING DRESS.

A white lace skirt over a white satin slip; the bottom of the skirt is ornamented with a fulness of white satin, confined at each edge by a narrow satin rouleau; above this is a trimming composed of satin stars; in the centre of each is a rose, and between every one a full satin leaf: this trimming is surmounted by a fall of blond. The *corsage* is composed of white satin; it is cut rather low, and sloping down a little in front of the bust, which is trimmed with a blond *ruche*. Short sleeve, of a singularly novel and pretty form, for which we refer to our print. The hair is dressed in full curls in front; the hind hair is disposed in bows intermixed with plaits. The only ornament of the head is a full plume of beautiful white ostrich feathers. Necklace and ear-rings pearl. White satin shoes. White kid gloves. Carved ivory fan.

We are indebted to Miss Pierpoint of No. 9, Henrietta-street, Covent-Garden, maker of the *corset à la Grecque*, for both these dresses.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

London begins to thin very fast, but the invention of our fashion-



able *marchandes des modes* is still upon the alert to devise dresses of a light and becoming form for the sultry months of autumn. Muslin is at present the material most in favour for the morning promenade, and it appears likely to continue so. We have just seen a promenade dress made up for a lady at Brighton, which we think one of the most neat and gentlewomanly that we have seen for some time: it is a robe and petticoat composed of cambric; the skirt of the latter is tucked in waves, with cord run through each tuck: there are three rows of these tucks, each row consists of three tucks put close together, and there is scarcely half a quarter between the rows; in the hollow of each wave, a muslin puff is let in, in the shape of a lozenge: it is edged with narrow lace. The robe is made up to the throat; the body is a *chemisette*, but the shape is formed, in a new and becoming way, by a band of puckered muslin, which goes up on each side of the back, across the shoulder, and round the bosom. Long sleeve, rather wide, except at the wrist, where it is confined to the arm by a row of tucks in waves; the part which falls over the hand is finished with puckered muslin, to correspond with the body, and edged with a single row of narrow lace. The shoulder is ornamented with a piece of muslin cut into three points; it is set on very full, and each point is edged with narrow lace. A small collar, composed of puckered muslin, stands up in the back of the throat, but leaves the front bare. The skirt of the robe is rounded at the corners, and the trimming, which goes all round, corresponds with the petticoat.

We observe, notwithsanding the warmth of the weather, that some *élégantes* are still seen in the morning in sarsnet pelisses: their number, however, is comparatively few. Leghorn bonnets are now little seen, silk ones being worn even in dishabille. We have seen a few cambric muslin bonnets, with low crowns and broad square fronts; both crowns and brims were drawn with cotton cord: they had no other ornament than a broad white ribbon, which was passed across the crown, and tied them under the chin. These bonnets are very little worn, but they are certainly very appropriate to early morning dress.

The dress promenade continues nearly as it was last month, except that transparent bonnets are still more general, and that we have noticed a few small hats made of a new kind of white silk, which is so thin, that at a distance it resembles willow: these hats have moderate-sized crowns, and very small brims, they are ornamented in general with low plumes of white feathers; but we have seen some which were decorated with bouquets of corn-flowers, mingled with ears of wheat.

We have few observations to make on morning dress: the prettiest that we have seen is the one we have given in our print. Robes and round dresses seem to be equally in favour, but the latter are trimmed immoderately high: muslin *bouillonné*, cased tucks, and flounces, with or without work intermixed, are the fashionable trimmings. Waists continue short; half-sleeves are very general, and long ones are of a moderate width.

Muslin is more in favour for dinner dress than it was last month:

we have observed, that the skirts of dresses are made more full, and many fashionables have them very much gored. Dresses are in general made tight to the shape, cut low round the bust, and many are finished, in the French style, with a small pelerine. A great many muslin gowns are made with long sleeves; but when that is the case, the sleeves have a letting-in of lace, which winds round the arm; or else they are ornamented with lace lozenges, which are placed down the arm in front, or decorated with bows or casings of ribbon. The skirts of muslin gowns are trimmed in different ways: some are finished round the bottom with two or three flounces of lace; others have clear muslin *bouillonné*, interspersed with ribbon, and sometimes finished with lace; and many have a broad band of plaited ribbon, which, as it is always of two colours, forms a plaid band: this is finished by a *ruche* at each edge.

The materials for full dress have been rarely so magnificent, and never more various, than at present. His Royal Highness the Prince Regent has shewn, in the entertainments he has given to the nobility, a laudable desire to benefit trade, by expressing a wish that the dresses should be of our own manufacture. The predominant materials at the fancy ball given by his royal highness were silver tissue, white lace over white satin, and blue and poppy-coloured satins. There were also a few black lace dresses over white satin. The trimmings were very magnificent: gold and silver lama, rich lace, pearls, and superb embroidery. Among the fancy dresses were several short robes: those in white lace over satin had the prettiest effect. Spanish hats, adorned with plumes of feathers, were worn by a great many ladies; and college caps, decorated with gold, silver, or pearl bands, were also very general. Several *belles* had their hair arranged in the Grecian style, and adorned with a tiara of gems placed rather far over the forehead; while a long lace veil, falling in loose folds behind, formed a most graceful drapery.

Frocks still continue in favour in full dress; but *corsages*, composed of white or coloured satin, are also very general: the sleeves are always very short, and the dress is cut very low round the bust. Fashion, generally so fickle, is strangely constant in this last particular: it is a pity that it should be so, for though a partial display of the bust in full dress must be always becoming to the young and handsome, a too great exposure of it is as unbecoming as it is indelicate.

The hair still continues to be a good deal displayed in full dress: it is dressed rather higher than it has been for some time past; the curls are more full upon the temples, and the forehead less displayed: the hind hair is always disposed in bows and bands, in such a manner as to shew its luxuriance to advantage; and one very broad band of plaited hair sometimes stands up round the crown of the head in the form of a circlet.

Flowers continue to be much worn in the hair in full dress, and one sometimes sees them mixed with feathers; as, for instance, a small bunch of white or red roses is placed at the base of a plume of feathers, or a long feather is put

very far back on the left side of the head, so as to droop over the right, and a wreath of flowers is put so as to come very low on, or else a bunch is put on the right side of, the forehead: this has really a very good effect, and yet the mixture is in the highest degree incongruous.

Pearls continue very fashionable in full-dress jewellery; they are sometimes mixed with coloured gems, and we have seen some very tasteful ornaments for the hair composed of them, to correspond with the necklace and ear-rings.

We have just been favoured with a sight of some novel articles in millinery, among which are a bonnet and *cornette*, worthy of the attention of our fair readers. The first is called the Kent bonnet: it is composed of white figured *gros de Naples*; the crown is round, and rather higher than we have lately seen them; it is covered on the top with British net, laid on rather full, and ornamented with straps of *gros de Naples*, the points of which meet in the middle of the crown; a piece of *gros de Naples* is disposed in a new and fanciful manner in front of the crown, and goes down in a point on each side of the brim; this is slashed in the centre, and the slashes are filled with puffs of white net. The brim is large; it comes very broad over the forehead, but is becomingly rounded off at the sides; it is edged with blond: a full bouquet of white roses is placed on the right side, and it is tied with white ribbon under the chin. This is an uncommonly elegant and ladylike bonnet; the shape, we believe, would be found generally becoming, for though large, it is not extravagantly so. The cap is called the *cornette à la Sevignie:* it is composed of British net; the crown is of a new form, moderately high, and adorned with Spanish puffs in front; a narrow rouleau of bright lavender satin goes round the puffs, and edges the head-piece; the ears are very small. A border of Mechlin lace goes all round, and is very fancifully and becomingly arranged in front. A bow of lavender-coloured satin ribbon is placed at the base of a small bouquet of natural flowers, and a ribbon to correspond ties it under the chin. This is the prettiest and most tasteful half-dress cap that we have seen for some time. We are indebted for a sight of both these articles to the lady who furnished our dresses this month.

Fashionable colours are, blue, evening primrose, different shades of lavender, bright green, primrose, and peach-blossom.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, July 20.

My dear SOPHIA,

THIS gay metropolis would just now be very empty, if it were not for the number of English people of fashion who hasten hither in search of health or amusement, either of which they must purchase at an extravagant rate; and, after all, they spend their money without being thanked for it by the Parisians, who have, from a variety of circumstances, such a thorough disgust to the whole family of Bull, that they would willingly resign the pleasure of picking our pockets

for the sake of never seeing one of our faces again. But all this has nothing to do with the fashions, you will say. Yes it has; for, notwithstanding what my Irish cousin calls their cordial hatred of us, they invent new fashions as fast as they can, in order to tempt us to buy them: and now let me try to describe to you the novelties which have appeared since I wrote last.

White is most fashionable for promenade dress, but many *élégantes*, who affect simplicity, wear gowns of unbleached cambric: these are ornamented with three flounces of the same material at the bottom of the skirt, and each flounce is edged with a very narrow silk gimp of the same colour: it is pointed, and resembles exactly what you call in England *tatting*. The bodies are low, or partially high, tight to the shape, and buttoned behind. Long sleeves, of a moderate width, trimmed at the wrist with two rows of gimp; a small half-sleeve, which falls loosely over the shoulder, is also trimmed with gimp. These dresses are worn without any other covering than a white gauze or leno *fichu*, which is put on inside the dress, if it is low, or a small pelerine of the same material as the gown, if it is high.

Perkale dresses are made in a much more showy style; but since waists and sleeves have been lengthened, they are both ornamented in a manner so excessively formal, as, in my opinion, to spoil the figure. The bodies of some are composed of muslin puckered crosswise, with three or four narrow bands of muslin placed perpendicularly in front of the bust: the back is buttoned. The sleeve, which descends almost to the elbow, is composed of two or three rows of puffed muslin; between each is a broad band of work: the skirt is trimmed to correspond with the sleeve, and this formal kind of trimming reaches almost to the knee. Other dresses, which button in front, are tucked entirely across the body. There is a loose half-sleeve, which is also tucked: the bottom of the long sleeve is finished with tucks, and the skirt has, I believe, eighteen or twenty, which are put pretty close together. This dress has not so formal an appearance as you would suppose from the description, because the tucks are rather deep, and the row of buttons down the front of the bust has some novelty. A broad ribbon, tied in a bow and long ends, still forms the fashionable zone, and is an appendage to walking dress that cannot be dispensed with. Some of these ribbons are plaid; others have the middle of one colour and the edges of another; but the most fashionable ribbons have a narrow edging of straw. Within the last few days, large square shawls of black lace, with rich borders, begin to be much in favour; as are also white gauze veils, which are worn very long.

The materials of *chapeaux* are various enough, but there is very little difference in the forms of those used for the promenade. The brims are all very large, and the crowns low: some of the brims are quite square, others are rounded at the corners; many are so formed as to stand out a good deal from the forehead, and others are bent very much over it: these last are in general excessively large, and very

unbecoming. Some of the crowns are in the form of a dome, others are round; and there are a few of a whimsical shape, which I do not know how to describe otherwise than by telling you, that they resemble the apple-dumplings we have so often longed for when we were children together.

The materials for *chapeaux* are, white straw, *gros de Naples*, Leghorn, gauze, *paille de soie*, and *paille de coton:* this last is now always worn in straw colour, in which it looks so like Leghorn, that it can scarcely be distinguished from it. The brims of *chapeaux* are variously ornamented: some have a trimming of gauze in *wolves' mouths*, a style of trimming which has for some time been exploded, but is now again become fashionable; others have a ribbon plaited on the edge of the brim, or a twisted roll of gauze, which is frequently of two colours; and many have a double trimming, which consists of a full plaiting of blond or tulle, surmounted by a twisted plaid ribbon. We see occasionally white straw hats finished round the brim with bands of yellow straw, and these bands are also sometimes used to trim the edge of *gros de Naples* hats, but they are not worn by any of our dashing *élégantes*.

Flowers and ribbons are the only trimmings used for promenade *chapeaux;* the most fashionable are, roses, lilies, tulips, pinks, poppies, and hyacinths. Bunches and wreaths are equally fashionable, but a few ears of ripe wheat are always mixed with the latter. Flowers are now in general very tastefully disposed; they form the sole ornament of the crown, and the ribbon is merely used to tie the hat under the chin.

I had almost forgotten to say, that for the retired morning walk, *perkale capotes* are very much in favour; they are of a very moderate size: the *perkale* is laid on full, but is confined by easings, which form the shape of the *capote:* they have no trimming, not even a ribbon, for they are tied under the chin by a band of the same material.

The rage for *perkale* is at present so great, that it is as much worn for dinner dress as for the promenade: however, it is not the only material in request; Merino crape and India jaconot muslin, of a very thin kind, being likewise very fashionable. Merino crape is mostly worn in blue, lilac, and straw-colour; it is always trimmed with white satin puffs let in, or white satin *coquings* disposed in waves, and interspersed with bows. Muslin dresses are invariably trimmed with *bouillonné* puffs, or an immense number of little flounces, put very full together, in the *fichu* style.

Coloured gauze begins to be in favour for evening dress, particularly figured blue and pale lilac. One of the prettiest evening dresses which I have lately seen, is a frock composed of the former material: the bottom of the skirt is trimmed with white transparent gauze; there is a very broad piece, the upper part of which is formed into puffs by an intermixture of rich blue silk cord, and the lower part disposed in deep *wolves' mouths*. The body is cut moderately low round the bust; the back is tight to the shape; the bust is full before at the bottom of the waist; it

is cut down very low on each side, but a plain piece of the same material forms a kind of stomacher, and the full part of the body is fastened to this piece by very narrow blue satin straps, which are buttoned at each end; there are three straps on each side, and a white satin front is partially seen between them. The bust is finished by a narrow but very full *ruche* of transparent gauze. The sleeve, which is very full, is formed by three rows of deep *wolves' mouths* over white satin. This is really an elegant dress, and more novel than any thing that has appeared in evening costume for some time.

The form of low dresses has altered considerably since I wrote last; they are cut much higher round the bust, the backs are narrower, and the sleeves come so high on the shoulder as to be very unbecoming to the shape.

Very little alteration has taken place in head-dresses for grand costume: flowers continue still in favour, but they are now more worn in wreaths than diadems. Dress hats begin to be in some estimation; they are made with very small brims, and are adorned with Marabouts: they are composed either of gauze, satin, *gros de Naples*, or sometimes of silver tissue.

The hair in full dress is simply but becomingly arranged; the fore part is disposed in very full curls upon the forehead, a little of the middle of which only is left bare: the hind hair forms clusters of bows, which are not brought high; they are separated by plaits, wound in a serpentine style round the head.

Fashionable colours are, sky-blue, rose-colour, lilac, and straw-colour: white is, however, predominant even for head-dresses.

Farewell, dear Sophia! I embrace you, as the French say: need I tell you, that to do so in reality would be the highest gratification to your

EUDOCIA?

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 9.—DRAWING-ROOM WINDOW-CURTAIN AND WORK-TABLE.

THIS design is supplied by Mr. Stafford, upholsterer, of Bath, and represents an elegant drapery of light green silk and pink taffeta linings; the sub-curtains are of clear muslin.

The festoon draperies are supported by the eagle of Jupiter embracing the thunderbolt, by arrows which have pierced the wall, and by termini of foliages: these draperies are decorated by an embossed applique border, which forms double rows upon the festoons, and divides the curtains from the extreme supports, over which it falls, as if suspended by them; the curtains are also bordered by a silk open fringe.

The work-table is designed to be richly carved and gilt; and is a tripod supporting a circular tablet, which contains the necessary articles for the species of employment to which it is dedicated. When the pier between the windows is narrow, and the proportion of the windows themselves admits of being thus formed into the character of a single window, these draperies would be highly ornamental.



INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

R. ACKERMANN is preparing for publication, an elementary work, of peculiar interest, on the construction of the machines adopted in the arts and manufactures, from the French of M. Bittancourt. It will afford an analytical and perspicuous display of the various combinations which occur in the arrangements of the practical machinist, with their several applications to use, and constant reference to the engines and machinery of this and other countries. It will be illustrated with thirteen plates, of much novelty and elegance, and be altogether calculated to engage the young student, and gratify the more learned and practical.

The twelfth edition of the *Ambulator*, or *Tour round London*, will shortly appear. This edition may be considered almost as a new one, the additions, corrections, and improvements being numerous, and every information of importance being brought down to the latest period. An appendix will be given with the present edition, containing catalogues of the principal collections of pictures within twenty-five miles of the metropolis.

A new edition of Dix's *Land-Surveying* is nearly ready. It has many corrections and additions. The diagrams are numerous, and many of these newly engraved.

The French Calculator, a simple and easy method whereby any Englishman may in a moment become acquainted with French money, is on the point of publication.

The English Gradus, or *Synopsis of English Poetry*, is nearly ready for delivery. It consists of an arrangement on a plan nearly similar to that of the Latin *Gradus*, of all the synonyms, epithets, and phrases in the English language, faithfully collected from the works of our principal poets, from the time of Chaucer to the present period.

A History of the County Palatine and City of Chester, by George Ormerod, Esq. M. A. F. S. A. is in the press. It will include King's Vale Royal, and Leycester's Cheshire Antiquities. Eight parts are already published, and the remaining two will appear in the course of this year.

The Portraits of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain; with Biographical and Historical Memoirs of their Lives and Actions, by Edmund Lodge, Esq. Lancaster Herald, F. S. A. is in a very forward state. The work will comprise twenty parts, forming two volumes in folio, printed in the finest manner. Each part contains six portraits, with biographical memoirs attached, published quarterly.

Early in the present month, the first part of a new work, called *Excursions through Ireland;* to be comprised in eight volumes, and containing 400 engravings, with topographical and historical delineations of each province, together with descriptions of the residences of the nobility and gentry, remains of antiquity, and every other interesting object of curiosity; forming a complete and entertaining guide for the traveller and tourist through Ireland; being a continuation of the Excursions through England, &c. will be published.

Poetry.

From " ISABEL OF THE ISLES," *an unpublished Romance of the fifteenth Century.*

Heard ye that sound! grainercy hark!
'Twas not the sullen watch-dog's bark,
Nor hollow shriek of boding owl,
Nor the wild fox's distant howl,
Nor murmur of the rising gale,
Though on its wing their mingled wail
Through the dull air pass'd faintly by,
When though but now it glinted high,
Sunk down the pale benighted moon,
And toll'd the chime of elve's dark noon:
But 'twas a tone so deep, so dread,
'Twixt deathlike groan and murmur bred;
It seem'd not as of mortal birth,
Nor breath'd with breath of aught on earth,
And you might deem, from nether bound
The yawning grave sent forth the sound.
The gale is pass'd, and all is still,
And silence settles on the hill;
Nor aught its awful slumber breaks,
Nor the dull ear of midnight wakes,
Save in the lady's secret bower
A sob and stifled sigh,
And round Sir William's aged bower
The black bat flitting by:
For the lady has heard the unearthly moan,
And her breast throbs fast with fear;
For their soul must be lead, and their heart of stone,
Who quailed not that sound to hear:
And low is the lady's bended knee,
And low is the lady's head,
And clasp'd are her hands in agony:
Good saints and angels, I pray her speed
While ave she murmurs with many a bead,
To holy St. Mary in time of need.
The last light dropping circlet fell,
The lady ceased her vows to tell,
And anxious, list'ning fear suppress'd
The flutter of her beating breast.
'Twas solemn, silent stillness all,
You might have heard the cricket call
One moment, and no more;
For then a moaning wind 'gan creep,
And slowly swept the rocky steep,
And round the battlements it pass'd;
It was a chill and sullen blast,
And such a sound it bore,
As if upon the hollow gale
Came murder'd infant's dying wail,
And the death-groan and mortal throe
Of one 'neath foeman's deadly blow;
And awful things that night were heard,
And seen strange sights of portent wierd,
And ere the breeze was still,
Untouch'd, the bell in turret toll'd,
Scream'd the dun owlet from her hold;
One shriek the waken'd lapwing gave,
And dog-fox, from his lonely cave,
Faint answer'd on the hill.

THOUGHTS

Of a well-dressed Lady whilst standing under a gateway during a heavy shower on an April-day. Put into verse by J. M. Lacey.

April! I love thee not, for thou'rt a cheat:
Thou shinest bright and gaily in the morning,
Tempting us out to trudge through square or street,
Then ducking us without five minutes' warning.

Here am I pent now; what a dismal fate!
The draught of air enough to give an ague;
It whistles round my summer-cover'd pate,
Bringing your drizzling compliments, you plague you.

And when thou holdest up thy heavy drops,
Which I suppose thou wilt, Sir Tristram Fickle,
What with thy beau-traps, and thy other slops,
I do expect to be in pretty pickle.

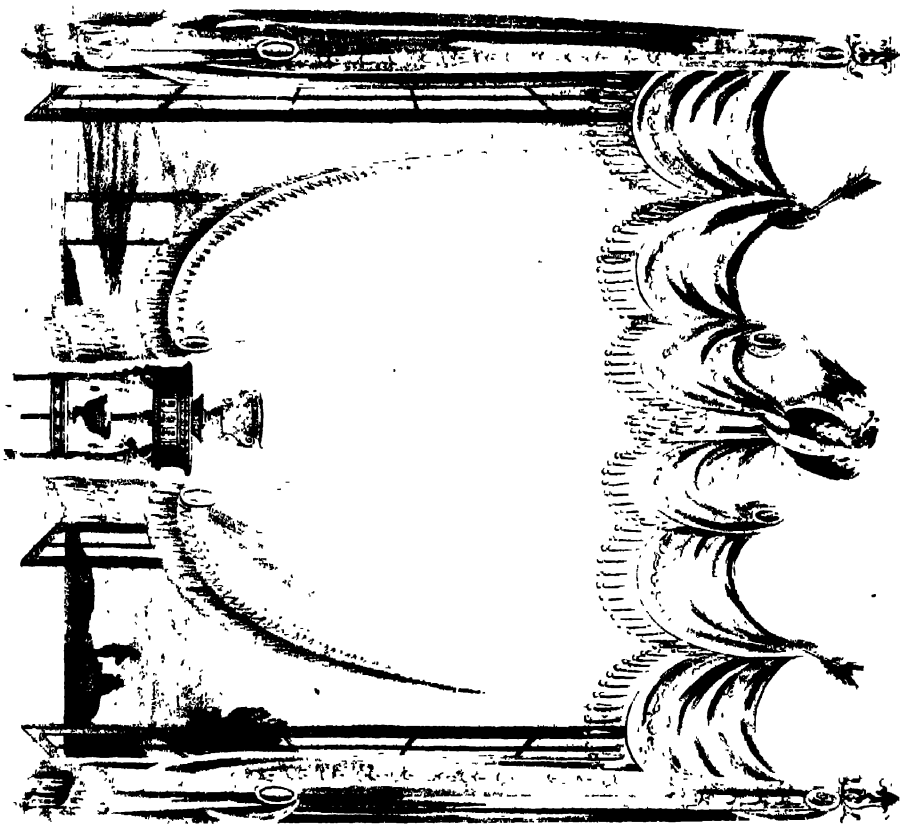
My bran-span stockings, and my bran-span shoes,
My high-crown'd hat, with ribbons in a cluster;
My shawl, gloves, gown, and petticoat, will lose
That charm in woman's eye—their maiden lustre.

Why should I love thee then, thou foe of foes
To belles and dandies, dress'd as gay as parrots?
Thy only friends, old dribbler, I suppose,
Are peas, and beans, and cabbages, and carrots!

We might be friends, too, if thou wouldst confine
Thy drops to these, and leave us here in London
With sunbeams, and our own bright eyes, to shine;
But truly, at this rate, I shall be undone.

Do this, or fly and leave the world to May,
For thine's a very strange and motley mixture;
Now wet, now dry, now cold, now warm and gay:—
Thank Heav'n, thou'rt moveable, *and not a fixture!*

J. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.



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L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, *will be acceptable.*

The continuation of the Novel from the Spanish of Cervantes did not arrive until too late for this month.

Sophia's *favour shall be inserted.*

Mazeppa and John Gilpin *is received, and shall find a place as early as possible.*

We hope to hear early from Solomon Sagephiz, *whose communications form so entertaining a feature in our Miscellany.*

We will endeavour to find room for a part of Wilmot *next month. From the same quarter we hope for some short articles.*

We are sorry for D. G.'s *disappointment, but he must try to bear it with Christian fortitude.*

The Chinese Pagoda *in our next.*

Y. Z.—A Hottentot—*and* K. R. T. *are not admissible.*

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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HINTS ON ORNAMENTAL GARDENING.

(Continued from p. 1.)

PLATE 13.—A SWISS COTTAGE.

This building is designed as [illegible] of the gardener, and [illegible] to receive all the orna- [illegible] its purpose affords, and [illegible] te and industry may [illegible] supply, in a choice growth of creepers, woodbine, [illegible] matis, and other luxuriant [illegible] The overhanging roofs and [illegible] ries of such buildings are well adapted to expose his herbs to dry for the winter's use; and in the country whence the character of the cottage is selected, the Swiss husbandman fully understands the value of the protection afforded by them.

A building of this kind will either be beautifully in unison with the most decorated part of the garden, as it is fully ornamented by its inhabitant; or will accord with a more romantic character of scene, if those embellishments are not supplied.

The whole frame-work of the cottage may be executed by any ingenious carpenter, and if in the neighbourhood of a cheap supply of timber, it may be erected at a small expense, as its construction is entirely of wood, the chimney excepted, and it is proposed to be covered by reed-thatching.

The variety of form and colour which this kind of cottage should possess, admirably fits it for garden embellishment; and the colour is obtained genuinely by the materials used in its construction, such as unbarked planks of several kinds of trees, interspersed with sawn oak, elm, ash, yew, cherry, walnut, and any other wood that will aid the intention. This cottage would conveniently contain five apartments and a staircase: there is, however, a stair on the outside, which is a common feature in these buildings.

MISCELLANIES.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

Mr. ADVISER,

I WISH very much that you were a married man, because in that case you probably might have sympathized with me. I am, sir, the unfortunate husband of a lady who possesses the *copia verborum* in a degree hitherto I believe unequalled, and certainly never surpassed. I am myself far from being of a taciturn temper; and I will leave you to judge, how excessively irksome I must find it to be compelled constantly to play the part of a mute in my own house. Nor is this all: my wife thinks so highly of her own talents for conversation, that she uses all my friends in the same manner; and when we have company (which, to say the truth, is seldom the case, for people, and especially ladies, are shy of coming to a house where they know they will not be suffered to talk), they are scarcely allowed to ask her how she does, before she begins with a string of inquiries, to which she never stops to receive answers: from these she digresses from subject to subject, with so much rapidity, that she scarcely allows time for any one else to get in more than a word or two. Sometimes these slight interruptions pass without remark on her part; at others, they furnish her with a fresh topic. She declaimed the other day for an hour on the state of the funds, to the manifest annoyance of a stock-broker who was seated close to her elbow: after he had made several unavailing efforts to get possession of the subject, he at last snatched up his hat, and made a hasty exit. Some time ago, Mr. F. who has just returned from the Continent, was beginning some remarks on the present state of Italy, when my wife, who, I must observe to you, has never travelled, and who certainly reads very little either on that or any other subject, began a dissertation on the architecture of some of the principal buildings at Rome, which lasted till Mr. F. took his leave.

It is not only subjects of consequence which provoke her to exercise her tongue, nothing is too minute to draw forth her powers. I recollect the other day she threw poor Billy Simper into a fit of the fidgets, by snatching him up just as he began the history of a new cuff which he was going to introduce. A violent fit of coughing seized my wife, and enabled him to get as far as an attempt made by Sir Thomas Trimwell to wrest the credit of the invention from him, by tampering with his tailor; but whether the baronet was likely to succeed we could not learn, for Mrs. Chatterfast having recovered her voice, entered with so much spirit into a description of the male costume of Queen Anne's time, that Billy was completely silenced.

These specimens, Mr. Adviser, will convince you of my wife's excessive love of talking; and I beg of you either to favour her with some wholesome advice, which may cause a change in her behaviour, or

else point out to me any mode by which you think I may remedy the evil I complain of: in either case you will much oblige your humble servant,

CHARLES CHATTERFAST.

I am sorry for the case of my correspondent, but I fear that it is without remedy, unless he can prevail upon his wife to make an engagement similar to one which I have heard was made between two French gentlemen. They were old friends, and much attached, but by degrees each perceived that he was neglected by the other. Upon this they determined to ascertain the cause, when it came out that each made the same complaint of the other; namely, that he engrossed all the conversation. "Well," said one of them, "when we meet *tête-à-tête*, let us agree to put our watches upon the table, and let each of us talk for a certain time." The other consented, but upon this condition, that as he was himself somewhat asthmatical, his friend should not take any advantage of the occasional pauses which he might be obliged to make, but should patiently wait for his turn. An agreement of this kind I think might be a means of rendering my correspondent's situation more comfortable; only I fear, from what he says of his wife, she would be apt to infringe the condition of waiting for her turn.

I had just finished the above piece of advice, when my old acquaintance, Dick Dampall, was announced. As Dick is a singular character, and all that is bad in him may be traced to an inordinate love of notoriety, I shall conclude my paper with a brief sketch of his pursuits.

Nature has not bestowed upon Dick any qualities, either personal or mental, by which he could shine in society; but his vanity, nevertheless, made him desirous of occupying a distinguished place in it. It unluckily happened, that his attempts were of a nature which exposed him to ridicule: he possessed sense enough to feel it keenly, but he had not prudence to remain quiet; he must be singular in some way or other. He began, therefore, to affect the character of a blunt fellow; and as he did not know where to stop in his new career, he persevered till he has made himself detested. Under the cover of blunt honesty, he is perpetually shocking people with the most disagreeable truths, which it is equally cruel and unnecessary to tell them. If there is any circumstance in your history, or that of any of your family, which it is unpleasant to you to hear spoken of, it is a hundred to one but Dick will introduce it into conversation with as much ease as if he were saying the most obliging thing in the world. He never misses an opportunity of wounding the feelings of others, and the variety of ways in which he contrives to do it, is scarcely credible. If he is in company with a man who has risen in the world by his industry, he never fails to talk to him about the advantages of birth; he will harangue for an hour on the proud consciousness which those who possess it, must feel of their own superiority to mere monied people. If, on the contrary, any of the company have

the misfortune to be high-born and poor, he never fails to paint the miseries of such a situation in colours which cannot but aggravate their wretchedness. He will descant on the evils attendant on celibacy to an old maid, and wind up his harangue with an account of all the marriages which have recently taken place among his acquaintances; and if a man's wife happens to be a shrew, Dick is sure to regale him with a vivid picture of the comforts of old-bachelorship, which never fails to send the poor devil home doubly discontented with his lot.

Authors are a set of people upon whom Dick is peculiarly fond of bestowing his *kind* offices. I suppose they are more than commonly obnoxious to him, because, whether their writings are good or bad, they stand a chance of enjoying, in one way or other, some share of that notice which poor Dick has vainly tried to obtain. If a young author brings out a work which is well spoken of, Dampall is never easy till he is introduced to him: he takes care to read beforehand the opinions of all the different reviewers, and he is sure to select all the passages which bear hardest upon the work. He then introduces the subject with all due caution; he commends the book, but takes care at the same time to observe, that nothing escapes the malice of critics in these days: however, he thinks it right that an author should know what is said against him, in order that he may repel illiberal severity. Then follows all that has really been said against the work, and a great deal more that has not been said, which he gives you as the observations of a critic of his acquaintance, a monstrous clever fellow. You may always be certain that critiques thus introduced are his own: he declares that these observations are really too bad, such severity is abominable. If the author's good-humour is proof to all this, he generally concludes with a hope, that as the opinions of these people have, after all, great weight, his friend will, if he should be rash enough to write again, endeavour to profit by the hints they have thrown out; and that, above all, he will not be tempted to obtrude a hasty production upon the public, but follow Horace's advice, and keep his work nine years.

I could dwell much longer upon Dick's character, but I abstain, from a motive of conscience. The truth is, I am angry with him on two accounts: he has abused my paper, and refused to take my advice. With respect to my paper, he says it is peculiarly fortunate for me that it appears in the *Repository*, as, if it were published by itself, it would be directly consigned to the cheesemongers; and as to my advice, which I was good-natured enough to offer him even after this affronting speech, he assured me that he could have but one reason for listening to it, and that was, that he might act the contrary way, for he never knew any instance in which those who took it had benefited by it. He made his exit as he concluded this *polite* declaration, and I hastily followed him part of the way down stairs, to beg that he would not trouble himself to call upon me again. He bustled away, affecting not to hear me: in fact,

he is so well used to hints of this kind, that he never regards them; and shut your door in his face as often as you will, he is sure to present himself to you again the first moment that he finds an opportunity to give you pain.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

ORIGINAL IDEA OF ST. PETER'S AT ROME.

JULIUS II. was as distinguished for his encouragement of talents, as for his impetuosity, and his unbounded ambition in the exercise of sovereign power. It was a favourite apothegm of his, that learning elevated the lowest orders of society, stamped the highest value on nobility, and was the most splendid gem in the diadem of sovereignty. He was no sooner seated in the papal chair, than he was surrounded by men of genius; and Michael Angelo was among the first whom he invited; and at the same time, he sent him an order for a hundred ducats, to pay his expenses to Rome. After his arrival, some time elapsed before any subject could be determined upon for the exercise of his abilities; at length the Pope gave him an unlimited commission to make a mausoleum, in which their future fame might be combined.

Having received the commission, Michael Angelo commenced a design, worthy of himself and of his patron. The plan was a parallelogram, and the superstructure was to consist of forty statues, many of which were to be colossal, and interspersed with ornamental figures and bronze basso-relievos, besides the necessary architecture, with appropriate decorations, to unite the composition into one stupendous whole.

When this magnificent design was completed, it met with the Pope's entire approbation; and Michael Angelo was desired to go into St. Peter's, to see where it could be conveniently placed. At the west end of the church, Nicholas V. half a century before, began to erect a new tribune, but the plan had not been continued by his successors: this situation Michael Angelo thought the most appropriate, and recommended it to the consideration of his holiness. The Pope inquired what expense would be necessary to complete it; to which Michael Angelo answered, "A hundred thousand crowns." Julius replied, "It may be twice that sum;" and immediately gave orders to Giuliano de San Gallo to consider of the best means to execute the work.

San Gallo, impressed with the grandeur of Michael Angelo's design, suggested to the Pope, that such a monument ought to have a chapel built on purpose for it, to correspond to its importance, and that every part of the composition might be exhibited to the greatest advantage; at the same time, he remarked that St. Peter's was an old church, not at all adapted for so superb a mausoleum, and any alteration would only serve to destroy the character of the building. The Pope listened to these observations, and ordered several architects to make designs, to put him in possession of all that could be done under existing circumstan-

ces; but in considering and reconsidering the subject, he passed from one improvement to another, till at length he determined to rebuild St. Peter's itself; and this is the origin of that edifice, which took 150 years to complete, and is now the grandest display of architectural splendour that ornaments the Christian world.

By those who are curious in tracing the remote causes of great events, Michael Angelo may perhaps be found, though unexpectedly, to have thus laid the first stone of the Reformation. His monument demanded a building of corresponding magnificence; to prosecute the undertaking, money was wanted; and indulgences were sold, to supply the deficiency of the treasure: a monk of Saxony opposed the authority of the church; and it is singular, that the means employed to raise the most splendid edifice to the Catholic faith which the world had ever seen, should, at the same time, have shaken that religion to its foundation.

M. GASPARD MOLLIEN'S JOURNEY INTO THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

DESIRING to prevent the effect of inaccurate details which have been circulated respecting his journey, M. Mollien has favoured us with some particulars, which the public will receive with pleasure, until the detailed narrative of the author, which is now in preparation, makes its appearance.

M. Gaspard Mollien embarked, in June 1816, in the Medusa frigate, the melancholy shipwreck of which has become so famous. He had the good luck not to go on board of the fatal raft; he got into one of the small boats, which disembarked on the coast of the Sahara, along which, with his companions in misfortune, he pursued his course until their arrival at Senegal. The calamities which he had gone through, far from diverting him from the project which he had conceived from his infancy, of travelling over the unknown parts of Africa, served only to habituate him to dangers, and to incite him to brave still greater.

A variety of circumstances detained him a long time in the colony. In 1818, M. de Fleuriau was named governor of Senegal, *ad interim*. Zealous for every thing that could be useful to his country or to science, this enlightened officer engaged M. Mollien to undertake a journey into the interior, for the purpose of making discoveries.

Conformably to his instructions, M. Mollien set out on the 29th of January, 1818, from Diedde, a village near Saint Louis, belonging to the Damel, traversed his kingdom, and passed into that of the Yoloffs. The dangers to which the chief of this nation represented that he would expose himself if he took the road of Woolli, induced him to follow that of Fouta-Toro. He had foreseen the obstacles which the Poulas would oppose to his passage, and it was only by disguising the object of his journey that he obtained from the chief, or Almany, leave to proceed. Upon twenty subsequent occasions, this

ferocious nation demanded his head, or at least the plunder of his baggage; but the powerful protection of the king provided him with the means of reaching Bondou without accident. Obtaining there a guide on whom he could depend, he communicated to him the object of his mission. The Negro assured him that he would never be able to succeed by going to Segó; that it was by penetrating to the southward that he would make the discoveries which were his object. This man's advice he followed; and after having traversed a desert of three days' journey, which separates Bondou from the countries beyond the Gambia, he found himself on the banks of this river, which he crossed at a place where a chain of rocks, forming a ford, opposes an obstacle to navigation. The information which M. Mollien has collected respecting the communication between the Senegal and the Gambia is extremely interesting, and will appear in his narrative. On the eve of the day when he crossed the Gambia, he discovered lofty mountains in the south-east. The Poulas with whom he travelled had assured him, that he could never surmount the precipices with which they were beset.

On entering into Niokolo, a mountainous country inhabited by the Poulas and Dialonnas, who lead a savage life, the traveller had a foretaste of the fatigues which he was to encounter. The rocks of Bondou, and the solitudes of Dentilia, had so worn out his horse (a native of the sands of the Cayor country), that for a long time he had become quite useless to him. What, however, were the fatigues he had yet undergone to those which still awaited him! On arriving at the foot of the mountain of Tangué, he began to ascend at five o'clock in the morning, and only reached the summit at two o'clock in the afternoon. From this point the country below appeared to the eye to be level, and, notwithstanding, it is covered with very lofty mountains. The cold which he experienced on the top of Tangué was so extreme, that he endeavoured to catch the rays of the sun, for the purpose of warming his frozen limbs. It was only by laying hold of the branches of trees that he could, with his guide, make his way through a road almost impassable to man. Their cattle were wounded.

M. Mollien subsequently entered into the country of Bandéia; he rested several days in the village of that name, for the purpose of recruiting his strength, exhausted by the privations of every sort which he had endured in the almost barren countries through which he had passed. He left his horse at Bandéia, took a new guide, and after again scaling almost inaccessible heights, he found himself in Fouta-Dyallou: he approached the sources of the Gambia and the Rio Grande. He then avowed his plans to his new guide, who hesitated long before he consented to follow him, as death surrounded them on all sides, the Poulas of those countries being equally cruel with those of Fouta-Toro. M. Mollien took his fowling-piece, to pass for a hunter, and descending by winding paths from the ferruginous rocks, he travelled a plain of great fertility. He was now at the sour-

ces of the Gambia and the Rio Grande, situated at 1200 paces from each other; he penetrated into the ancient and sacred woods which shade them, and, notwithstanding the repeated shots which the Poulas prepared to discharge at him, quenched his thirst at these sources. Three grains of amber satisfied his guide, who, in a few days after, led him to the source of the Falémé, which in the country is called Thêhé.

He was a long time before he could prevail upon his guide to conduct him to Timbou, the principal town of Fouta-Dyallou.—"Almany," said the guide to him, "will put me to death for having introduced a white man into his capital." At last he succeeded in quieting the apprehensions of this Negro, and on the 20th of April he entered Timbou. The rainy season commenced the same day. The absence of Almany, and of a great number of the inhabitants, who had gone to Sangarary, enabled him, at the end of three days, to quit a place where, but for this circumstance, he would in all probability have remained prisoner for a year. One of his fowling-pieces and twenty grains of amber opened the gates to him, and the inhabitants presented him with a small quantity of rice, to enable him to continue his journey. The extent of Timbou announces it for the most considerable town of Fouta-Dyallou. Several forts protect it from sudden attacks, but the enemies of the Poulas are not very formidable. The king's habitation is surrounded by an earthen wall, fifteen feet high and three feet thick. The houses are built with a degree of nicety which would make one think that the Poulas are not deficient in industry: the spaces which separate them are shaded by banana and papaw trees.

Under the pretence of going to purchase salt for his provision at Symbalako, a village at no great distance from Timbou, M. Mollien repaired to the sources of the Senegal, which are close by: this river is called in the country Bale, Bafing, or Foura, both of which signify *black river*. His delight may be easily conceived at having, as some reward for his fatigue, made so important a discovery; for, although he had not the means of making astronomical observations, it appears that his views bring the three sources of the Senegal, the Gambia, and the Rio Grande, much nearer to each other than the most recent maps that have been published. We hope that M. Mollien, when he publishes his details, which he reserves to himself, will support his assertions by an accurate analysis of his itineraries, otherwise they will still leave grounds for dispute. We have seen, notwithstanding the authority of Mungo Park, that some persons still doubt whether the Niger and Senegal have not a common source. According to M. Mollien, there is a distance of *eleven days' journey* between the sources of these two rivers.

Our traveller's only remaining object was to see the source of the Niger: success in that appeared to him infallible: the fatigues of three months almost continual progress had not in the least discouraged him; the prospect of attaining the principal object of his mission

filled him with such ardour, as to make him entirely overlook the dangers which awaited him. But the incessant rains, the swelling of the rivers, and the scarcity of provisions, appeared to accumulate obstacles to his further progress. Notwithstanding the liberal offers which he made to various guides, as a fowling-piece to one, one hundred grains of amber to another, a slave to a third, and his horse to a fourth, he could get no one to accompany him. Almany occupied with his army all the roads of Kouranko and of Soliman, where lay the sources of the Niger (and not at Sankara, according to the English maps). His plan, after examining these sources, was to get into Kankan (or the Kong country) in a canoe, and to remain there until the end of the rainy season. He had given orders to Boukari, his faithful Marabou, to go to Bondou or Galam with his cattle and baggage, and there wait for him. When the rainy season was passed, he went to Bouré, to visit the rich gold mines, embarked again upon the Niger, and descended as far as Sego, to obtain information respecting the mouth of that river: chance now put a period to his plans. On his return to Bandéia, he was attacked with fever and dysentery, the effect of the continued rains, and stretched upon a bed of straw for six weeks, awaited every instant a death which seemed almost certain. An inhabitant of the village endeavoured, by the administration of poison, to hasten his exit. The news of his discoveries having reached the ears of several Poulas of the neighbouring villages, means were sought to put him to death, and to carry off his property, particularly his journals. Finding himself in such imminent peril, he rallied his remaining strength, abandoned his wounded horse, and escaped on his ass across the mountains: he was soon, however, overtaken. Several of the chiefs wished to despatch him; others took his part; at last, by means of some presents, he was able to escape this new danger. It is impossible to give an idea of the fatigues he underwent in the midst of the lofty mountains situated to the east of Fouta-Dyallon. Obliged, in spite of the diseases under which he was labouring, to march under a burning sun, and to cross rivers swollen by the rains, he called upon Heaven a thousand times to relieve him by death from the miserable load of existence he was dragging under: he penetrated, however, with the greatest difficulty into Tanda-Maié, a miserable country, then a prey to famine, where, during three days, he suffered all the horrors of starvation, and could only obtain a little corn by selling the cloak of his Marabou, Boukari.

Arrived on the borders of the Rio Grande, called by the Mandingoes Kabout, he traversed a country certainly more level and richer, but where he again only saved himself from plunder and death by a precipitate flight.

On the 18th of July he reached Geba, the first Portuguese settlement, where he could neither obtain medicines nor any European necessaries. He went on the 3d of August to Bissao, their principal factory. Nothing could exceed the kindness of the reception which he met with from the Portuguese

governor: every thing was at his service; but, unfortunately, Bissao was equally destitute with Geba of a physician or medicines, and in spite of every attention, his disorder continued to subdue him. At last, on the 1st of November, he returned to Geba; and though he could obtain no horses there, he determined to proceed to the Gambia. On the very day he was to depart, he received intelligence of the arrival of a French schooner at Bissao. He deemed it more prudent to return to a port, than to undertake a new journey by land, the success of which appeared very problematical. On the 7th of January, 1819, he landed at Gorée, and proceeded by land to St. Louis, where he arrived on the 15th of the same month, after a year's absence.

If M. Mollien could not reach the borders of the Niger, certainly it was neither from want of zeal nor courage, but because he got into a road much more difficult than that of Mungo Park, as he undertook to ascend on foot the heights which surround Fouta-Dyallou, and all the countries situated under the same parallels. "The Negroes," said M. Mollien to us, "employ six months to go from Timbou to St. Louis; it requires no more to go from Sego, on the Niger, to this French establishment: this would lead us to suppose, that the distance from these two places to our factory is nearly the same." This conclusion is doubtless rather too strict; something must be deducted on account of the difficulties of the road, perhaps also for the greater windings in a mountainous country; but making all allowances, there are still reasons for thinking, either that the position of Timbou upon our charts is a great deal too much to the west, or that Sego is placed too much to the east M. Mollien has also favoured us with some particulars of the countries he has visited.

Cayor is rich in cattle, in horses, but chiefly in honey and cotton. The inhabitants live at their ease, although under the yoke of despotism.

The Yoloffs do not possess so many cattle; but the riches derived from their gum trade, which they abandon to the Moors, from the ebony-trees with which their forests are filled, and from their cotton and honey, which grow in abundance, should engage Europeans to establish a more direct intercourse with this humane and hospitable people.

Of all the countries which M. M has gone through, Fouta-Toro is indisputably the richest; two harvests yearly enable it to provision many countries, of which it is the granary. Their sheep and oxen, which the people go as far as Fouta-Dyallou to sell, form another source of their riches. Every village cultivates with care an immense quantity of indigo and cotton. The general abundance has rendered the population innumerable; and the industry of the inhabitants deserves the particular attention of travellers, for it indicates that the Poula nation only requires guides to make rapid strides towards civilization: their fanaticism and treachery, however, require the employment of vigorous measures on the part of Europeans, who would find lenient conduct misplaced, in instructing

people who have the most profound contempt for them.

Bondou is only an immense forest, with occasional strips of cultivation; but is rich in cotton and indigo. The fineness of the first of these productions gives it a much higher value than that of the other African countries. The gold which the river Faléme rolls thither, renders this kingdom one of the richest of the continent."

What can the inhabitants of Fouta-Djallon collect in the precipices of their mountains? Indigo and cotton are found in such small quantities, that these productions are supplied from Bondou. It is to the chances of battle, that the Poula of that country looks for wealth. Animated by fanaticism, and the hope of booty, he has extended his conquests from the ocean to the borders of Kankan. From the Gambia to the Rio Nunez all acknowledges his sway. Whole tribes, whom he has torn from these countries, confined within particular villages, cultivate the ungrateful soil of their masters. "I doubt much," says M. M. "if the agriculture in our colonies is so oppressive to the Negro, as it is in this country."

M. M. heard all the Negroes, all the Marabous, speak of the Niger as identical with the Nile; but from the variety of acceptation of this last word, little stress can be laid upon this manner of expression.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WOULD-BE AUTHOR.

CHAP. V.

APPEARANCE IN PRINT—EDITORIAL ELOQUENCE—AND THE DISAPPOINTED MORALIST.

At length the period did really arrive when I was to be blest with seeing my name in print; and here let me make some observations on this said public announcement of one's name, so different in its object and result. The wretched culprit doomed to suffer for breach of law, views his name inserted in the paper of the day with the same trepidation as the young author; but he is at the bottom of the ladder of fame to which he is condemned, while the youthful aspirant for literary honours imagines himself mounted at the top. "To appear in the Gazette" is the highest pinnacle of bliss to the young soldier: to the tradesman it is the goal of disgrace: yet are both cases committed to the public eye by the compositor with the same want of feeling; while the editor, rejoicing perhaps that he has gained one more paragraph without the toil of invention, hails the misfortunes of others as his chief good.

But it is time to leave these sapient remarks: the period then did arrive, and then all anxiety vanishing as to the rejection or acceptance of my poetry, *ennui* took possession of my breast; the favourite idea indulged, I became indifferent on its completion; not but that ever and anon I cast sidelong glances of love at my production as it lay open before me on the table,

and on the first day of receiving it, between every mouthful of meat and every glass of wine, I perused the lines with some little satisfaction.

I would with pleasure, Mr. Editor, give you a copy of this delectable *morceau* for the benefit of your readers, but times are now changed; I no longer look upon it with that complaisance I was wont, conceiving it neither superior to Burns nor Byron. In simple truth, it is not a composition bad enough to make your subscribers smile, nor good enough to afford them pleasure. Its parallel may be found in the frequently advertised collections of "Poems by a Lady;" not that I mean to say, that ladies cannot write poetry—I merely allude to those poetics published by clergymen's daughters and officers' widows, where the compliment is paid by the purchaser, not to the abilities, but to the pecuniary wants of the writer.

However, I immediately sent off another production to the same magazine, fully satisfied that its editor would gladly receive it; intending afterwards to collect all my divine breathings into one volume, to be tastefully *done* up on hot-pressed paper, with a plentiful embankment of margin.

I now began to give myself some few airs, looked upon linen-drapers and counting-house clerks with no little contempt, and waited with less—but very little less—impatience than formerly the approaching month: it came and fled—but *Tristram Gilliflower* and *the Female Suppliant* were unnoticed. I immediately penned a remonstrance; when, after another long month, I read among the *acknowledgments to correspondents*: "Mr. Gilliflower's second production is too crude for our publication: we recommend him to read more and write less." A third, notwithstanding, followed: but I found, at length, that my first production had probably found its way into print, not because it possessed sufficient merit, but as an *amende honorable* for the detention of its unfortunate author. I was stung to the quick at this reflection; I dared not even inform my friend Randal of it. This, however, saved my wine; but my Muse lay fallow for some months, till at length she was delivered in plain prose, and brought forth an *Essay on the Poetic Character*, written in the manner of Goldsmith—at least so I ventured to imagine.

This was indeed all my own; for Randal, soon after I had written the rough draught, had run in debt, and also run away: consequently I was left to myself; but not, like Moliere or Swift, having an old woman, or a cook-maid, on whom to try the merits of my productions, I referred mine to my landlady's niece, who never failed to please me by the justness of her criticisms in applauding all I wrote.

I now destroyed many a quire of paper, whose undigested contents went off, post or otherwise, to several periodical publications, and were inserted or rejected as caprice, convenience, or the idleness of their editors permitted. These gentlemen, indeed, exerted their whole stock of editorial wit upon me: sometimes I was too hot, sometimes too cold; sometimes ordered to school—and well, indeed, did I think myself off, if they only lash-

ed me with their wit instead of their spite, for their irony was less bitter than their serious castigation. I became often, like Falstaff, the cause of wit in others, however deficient my own articles might be in this requisite. Sometimes it was said; "We have given the ode by *Marcus*,—what it wanted—*fire*, and crammed it between the bars of our grate;" at another time, taking the first line of my elegy, "Ah! why did I wake the trembling wire?" they would add, "Ah! why indeed?" At another time, they treated my *Ode to Despair on being left by Lucinda*, "with total neglect, as a proper punishment for such miserable poetry." My *Apostrophe to Mercy* they were too merciful to tire their readers with; as a "lover of decency," I was too indelicate; "as a lover of the Muses," unfortunate in placing my regards where they could meet with no return.

These are a few specimens of editorial wit, which would sometimes assume the air of the tenderly pathetic and didactic; as, "Why will Velasquez ask why we neglect his favours, when, in kindness to him, we would fain let his remonstrances remain unanswered?"

Nevertheless, I ran through the whole field of anonymous signatures: I was *Justus*, *Lætus*, *Common Sense*, and *Philo-Lucian*; *Edwin*, *Werter*, and *Petrarch*; *Quiz*, *Tom Short*, and *Q in the Corner*: but my most fortunate signature was an old English capital: this took with those who were fond of "right merrie and conceited jests," and pithy and profitable reprints. Once I ventured on a Greek signature, and my essay was paid for immediately; though between you and me, Mr. Editor, I know nothing of the language.

At length, sir, tired of firing the small shot of literature, essays and *nouvellettes*, I commenced romance-writer. I will not trouble you with a detail regarding this production. I was young and enthusiastic, an admirer of virtue and a detester of vice: is it surprising, then, that my language was warm? Sir, it was hissing hot! The dear title was at length composed, a proper quotation in Italian was determined on, and at length a complete copy was placed in my hand. I bore it off in triumph to a lady, for whose daughter I fancied an attachment, because her features were like those of the prints of the Earl of Surry's *Geraldine*. She had often lectured me for what she called a spice of the libertine in my disposition, and I presented my work to her with these words, pronounced in the most emphatic manner: "These volumes will, I flatter myself, madam, let you a little into my real sentiments: be assured that they are not merely the language of fiction; they come warm from my heart. Adieu! I shall wait on you for your opinion of my work to-morrow."

The following morning, after a sleepless night, I knocked at No. 22 of the Paragon, Scaner's-Town. My face was smoothed with complacency, and I was ready to hear, with due modesty, the praises that were to be showered upon me. As I entered, fearful of being taken, from the sentimental tone of my novel, for a Methodist, I assumed a gay air, and was thinking to recall the more rigid part of my ethics, when

the lady entered, pouring a volley of abuse upon me, and concluded with begging, "that the next time I meant to publish a detail of the occurrences of all the bagnios in Covent-Garden, I would not insult her by making her acquainted with my *balderdash*." With some other expressions, which indeed obliged me to think she had read works less pure than the Memoirs of Faublaux, "Why, Mr. Gilliflower," she continued, "the Amours of Philip Aretine is modesty to your stuff." How this good lady knew there was such a book is not for me to inquire; all I know is, that, as the song says, she was one of those,

"Who found in innocence faults,
And made virtue blush as she told them."

Have you, Mr. Editor, seen some poor beau, who, on getting out of a coach in which he has travelled all night, and meaning to astonish the natives, finds that his new stays and surtout are gone by another conveyance? or did you ever see the vocal Incledon, on discovering himself at Portsmouth, when he imagined he had got into the Plymouth coach, in order to assist at a music-meeting? or perhaps you have seen some old would-be Dandy, when, on regarding his legs, he perceives the company stifling a laugh at his false calves, which have unfortunately twisted round in front: if you have seen any of these, you may judge of my confusion. Sir, I tucked the copy under my arm, and, like a poor devil who expects a bailiff at his heels, hurried homeward.

HENRY: A TALE.

MANY years ago, a young farmer, whose name was Harvey, seduced a girl, who lived in a village adjoining to his own. The father of this young man was dead, and had left all his property at the disposal of his widow; she was a strictly conscientious woman, and as she knew that the girl whom her son had seduced was virtuously brought up, and had till then shewn herself of a good and prudent disposition, she insisted upon his repairing the wrong he had done her by marriage. The young man shewed the strongest aversion to this measure, and used every means in his power to avoid it; but as the girl was likely to become a mother, Mrs. Harvey positively assured her son, that if he delayed to do her justice, she would deprive him of every shilling of his late father's property, and settle it upon the girl and her infant. This threat took effect; he married the young woman; his mother herself attended them to church, but on their way home, she complained of a pain in her stomach, in a few hours her illness increased rapidly, and by the next evening she was no more.

This was a sorrowful event for the bride; in losing Mrs. Harvey, she lost at once a mother and a protector. The behaviour of her husband did not tend to lessen her affliction: he quitted home as soon as the funeral of his mother was over; and the first intelligence which his wife received of him was, that he had fled to America, having previously disposed of his farm.

This news threw the poor girl

into premature labour; she was delivered of a boy, whom she was soon obliged to abandon to the care of the parish. She went to service; the child grew a fine boy, and many years elapsed without any tidings of his father. He had attained his eleventh year when his mother died, and as he had no other relation, he was left desolate indeed.

Naturally of a kind temper, and possessed of strong feelings, the poor boy, who was named Henry, after his father, felt his situation bitterly; but a circumstance soon happened, which made a favourable change in it. As he was walking one day along a road which led to the village in which he lived, a gentleman, who was galloping towards him, was thrown from his horse; he was stunned by the violence of the fall, and when he recovered his senses, he found himself supported by Henry, and a man, whom the boy's screams had brought to his assistance. As soon as the lad saw him open his eyes, he ran immediately for some water. The promptness with which he gave his assistance, and the humanity which, young as he was, he displayed, made an evident impression on the stranger, who was not materially hurt. He questioned the boy on his situation, and appeared to listen with interest and emotion to the artless account which he gave of it. In short, the lad made so favourable an impression on the gentleman, whose name was Ogle, that he spoke to the parish officers, and agreed to take upon himself the sole maintenance of the boy, provided they would resign him to his care. As they found that Mr. Ogle was really a man of fortune, they were glad to dispose of the boy so advantageously, as well as to get rid of the burthen of keeping him; and they readily resigned him to the care of Mr. Ogle. He immediately caused the lad to be respectably equipped, left a small sum for his immediate use, and departed, promising to send for him in a few weeks.

He kept his word, and placed Henry at a respectable school; he promised also, if he behaved well, that he would make a man of him. Henry felt very grateful for this kindness, but he could not help observing with sorrow, that Mr. Ogle's manner was changed; his behaviour had lost all the warmth and kindness which he had at first shewn. Henry felt the change, but he dared not inquire into the cause of it; and much as he had longed to see his benefactor again, it was a relief to him when Mr. Ogle consigned him to the care of the schoolmaster, and bade him adieu.

Some years passed on, Henry received a tolerable education, and it was time for him to engage in some pursuit. Mr. Ogle had intimated an intention of sending him abroad in a mercantile capacity, but he unaccountably deferred doing so, till Henry had attained his nineteenth year; shortly after which, Mr. Ogle died suddenly and intestate. In a few days after he had received this news, the schoolmaster informed him, that he had written to the widow of Mr. Ogle, and as she positively refused to do any thing for him, he must look about for some employment,

as it was quite impossible for him to remain longer at school.

Poor Henry was too much struck with this barbarous conduct to reply, but he formed his resolution on the spot. Young and unacquainted with the world, he thought it impossible that the widow of Mr. Ogle would not do something to enable him to get his bread: he determined to make a personal application to her; and without apprising any one of his intention, he set out for London, where she then was, that very night.

He proceeded immediately on his arrival to the house of his late benefactor, which was in a fashionable square; and on telling the servant that he had business with Mrs. Ogle, which he could reveal only to herself, he was admitted. She was reclining on a sofa, by the side of which stood a boy of about fourteen. Henry advanced timidly; he began to relate the purport of his coming, but the lady suddenly interrupted him. "What," said she in a haughty tone, "is it possible, young man, that you can expect any thing from me? My late husband has expended a large sum upon you already, to the prejudice of his own child; and can you imagine that I will still further rob my family, in order to provide for a stranger, who has no claim upon us? Besides, you ought to be ashamed to ask for charity; you are old enough and strong enough to work for your living: go, and pray let me not be troubled by you any more."

During this speech, the boy who stood by her side coloured deeply, and cast looks full of compassion on Henry, who, struck to the heart by a reception so cruel and unexpected, hastily quitted the room as she concluded it. As he was descending the stairs, he felt his arm grasped, and looking up, he saw the lad he had just quitted. "Don't go away, stay in the square; I want to speak to you." He then darted back again up stairs, before Henry could reply.

Those only who have known what it is to be truly forlorn, can feel how soothing is even the appearance of compassion to the hearts of the unfortunate. The kind tone in which these few words were uttered, proved that the speaker felt for the situation of Henry, who, overwhelmed by the complete desolation which surrounded him, could not refrain from tears; but the idea, that there was one who sympathized with him, though that one was only a child, caused them to flow less bitterly. A considerable time elapsed before he saw his young friend; at last he perceived him running with an anxious look towards him. He explained the reason of his not coming before; he was in hopes to persuade his mother to do something for Henry, but she was inexorable. "But don't be grieved at this," continued he: "though I cannot prevail on mamma to do as I would have her, and let you come home to us, you shall not want for all that: I have some pocket-money left, and I know I can get more soon, and you shall have every farthing of it. It is not much, but I dare say we can manage till I am old enough to have more; and as soon as ever I am a man, I will do what my father promised, and provide for you handsomely."

He now forced upon Henry nearly two pounds, which the other was loath to accept, but the pressing entreaties of the good-natured William, and his own great necessities, silenced his scruples, though he firmly determined not to accept again of any pecuniary assistance from the generous boy. He thought that London was a place where every one who chose to work might earn bread, and that, with the education he had received, he would be sure to obtain some employment. The first thing, however, to be done, was to procure a lodging, and on quitting young Ogle he went in search of one.

He met with many repulses, owing to his being a stranger in town, and having no friends to apply to; at last an old widow suffered him to take possession of her garret, with a declaration, that if he turned out good for nothing, she would never put faith in faces again; and as soon as he settled himself, he began to look out for employment.

After one or two vain trials, he heard of an attorney who wanted a copying clerk: the specimen which he gave of his writing was approved, and in answer to the attorney's inquiries, he related all the particulars of his situation. "Pray," said the lawyer, after having listened to him attentively, "have you no reason to suppose that the late Mr. Ogle was any way related to you?" "None in the world," replied Henry.

"I am inclined to be of a different opinion; I have transacted business for him, and I know that his name was Henry Harvey Ogle. It is true that he did not commonly use the name of Harvey, and that it might be only a baptismal appellation, but still I think the singular coincidence of the name renders the matter worth inquiring into."

Whether the attorney was actuated by benevolence, or by a wish to cut out a little work in the way of his profession, is not material to my story; suffice it to say, that he pursued his inquiries with indefatigable perseverance, and that the result of them was, his discovering that the late Mr. Ogle was actually the very farmer who had deserted his wife. We have seen that he quitted England for America, where he was fortunate enough to gain the favour of an old gentleman, who adopted him as his son, on which account he had assumed the name of Ogle. He married while in America, but as his marriage took place during the life of his first wife, it was of course not valid. It was supposed that he had taken a journey to the village where he met with his son, in order to discover whether his wife, or the infant of whom she was pregnant at his departure, were living. His neglect in not providing for Henry was never accounted for, but it arose most probably from the aversion which many people entertain to making a will.

One morning when Henry came as usual to commence his task of copying, his master met him with an air of congratulation, and extending his hand, wished him joy on being the undoubted heir to 50,000*l.* which it seems was the sum his late father had died possessed of. Henry could at first scarcely credit his senses; but he was soon assured that his claim was so strong, that the widow had no intention of

disputing it. "She complains though bitterly enough," said the attorney, "and, to say the truth, not without reason: however, the law will give her back the small fortune which she had when she married your father; but that will be a poor provision for her and her boy."

"He shall never need a provision," cried Henry warmly; "if the law gives me possession of the property, he shall share it with me. I cannot forget that he behaved to me as a brother, when he was ignorant that I had any claim upon him, and that he offered to sacrifice the little pittance allotted to his pleasures, to provide for me."

He now related what had passed between him and his brother: the attorney shook his head, observed that the boy was a good boy, but advised Henry to do nothing in a hurry. He promised to prevail upon the widow to see him, and the next day he informed him that she had consented to an interview.

One can better conceive than describe the feelings of this proud, inhuman woman, when the youth, whom she had so lately spurned as a mendicant undeserving of relief, entered the house she had till then supposed hers, as its master. Though she exerted herself to disguise what she felt, yet she was almost sinking when Henry approached her. A recollection of the insulting manner in which she drove him from her presence gave to his voice, as he began to address her, an involuntary severity, but the sight of William, who advanced to meet him, subdued his rising resentment: he caught the lad fondly in his arms, and turning to his mother, "Madam," said he, "you see in me one who will be happy to do all in his power to atone for the deprivation which he has innocently caused you; and as the first proof of this, I beg that you will consider me only as a sharer with my brother in his property."

Though the selfish widow had little idea how far Henry's generosity would extend, she yet, from policy, professed herself highly obliged. Henry's first care was to secure to William the half of his late father's fortune. The attorney, who had been the means of procuring it, would have remonstrated, but Henry was firm. "My brother," said he, "has, in my opinion, as strong a claim in justice, though not in law, as myself upon our late father's fortune, and I never could be happy if I did not divide what I possessed with him."

Henry had no reason to repent of his generosity: his brother grew up with the most grateful sense of what he owed him: he looks up to him with love and reverence, and they still continue a rare example of fraternal affection.

THE CHINESE EMBASSY.

Our readers will peruse the following curious document with some interest, more especially as it has not been published in any of the several quartos relating to the Chinese embassy lately undertaken and completed by Lord Amherst and others.

The arrogance and self-importance of the Chinese are proverbial.

they think there is no such nation in the world as themselves; and in some respects they are right: they hold all mankind their inferiors and tributaries: in this light they view Great Britain, and consider her composition for Canton as a sort of tribute. The Prince Regent, to whom the subsequent letter is addressed, is considered merely as a favoured dependent sovereign, whose envoys have, however, been guilty of a high offence, in not knocking their heads nine times against the ground.

The subsequent is the Chinese account of the causes of the failure of the late mission to Pekin: it is an original epistle in all senses of the word, and must have produced great merriment at our court. The writer is no less than the Emperor of China, and the translation was made by Sir George Staunton, by order of the Prince Regent.

LETTER FROM THE EMPEROR OF CHINA TO THE PRINCE REGENT.

The supreme sovereign of the earth, who has received it from Heaven and revolving time, issues this imperial mandate to the King of England, with the purport of which let him be most fully acquainted.

Your country, O king, is situated at an immense distance beyond a vast ocean; yet you send to me, in the sincerity of your heart, an offering of devotedness, and turn with a zealous affection to the transforming influences which emanate from the middle kingdom (China).

On a former occasion, in the sixty-eighth year of Kien-lung, at a time when the reign of the exalted, the honourable, and the immaculate emperor was approaching towards its close, you sent an ambassador across the seas to the residence.

At that time, your ambassador, in approaching the throne with veneration and respect, performed the accustomed ceremony without exceeding or falling short of what is required, and duly observed all the forms with proper decorum; and was then enabled to look up, and to receive the favour and affection of the son of Heaven, to see his majesty's celestial face, to be entertained at a grand banquet, and to have numerous and valuable presents bestowed upon him.

In this present year, you, O king, have thought fit again to send an ambassador to our court, with a written representation, and with orders to present me with the productions of your country, on his being introduced to my presence.

I, the emperor, having reflected that you, O king, had done so in sincerity of heart, and from feelings of respect and obedience, rejoiced exceedingly at this intelligence. I caused forthwith the former records to be examined; and I ordered the proper number of officers of state to await the arrival of your ambassador, that, on the very day of his approach to the palace, he might, in all due respect, behold the imperial person, and then be entertained with a grand festival, according to all things, and with exactly the same ceremonies which were observed in the preceding reign.

Your ambassador first began to open his communications at Tientsing. I appointed great officers

of state to be there, to give to him an imperial feast and entertainment; when, behold! instead of your ambassador returning thanks for this feast, he refused to pay obedience to the prescribed ceremonies

"I, the emperor, in the affair of an inferior officer of state arriving from a remote country, did not deem forms and ceremonies of any great importance; it was an affair in which some indulgence and a compassionate forbearance might be shewn to the individual. and I therefore made a special order for all my great officers of state to use gentleness and accommodating behaviour towards your ambassador; and to inform him, on his arrival at Pekin, that, in the fifty-eighth year of Kien-lung, your ambassador, in performing the usual ceremony, always fell upon his knees and bowed his head to the ground, according to the established forms: how indeed, on such an occasion, could any change be allowed!

"Your ambassador then told my great officers, face to face, 'that, when the proper time came, he would comply with the ceremonies, and would perform the kneeling, and prostration, and bowing of the head to the ground, and that no exceeding or falling short of the established forms should occur.'

"Accordingly my great officers, in conformity to, and in reliance on, this declaration, reported the affair to me; and I sent down my pleasure, that, on the 5th day of the 7th moon, your ambassador should be ordained to appear before the imperial — ; that, on the 8th, in the great hall of light and splendour, an entertainment should be conferred, and gifts bestowed; and again, that, in the gardens of perpetual pleasure, a feast should be prepared; that, on the 9th, he should have his audience of leave, and that on the same day it should be permitted him to ramble among the hills of ten thousand ages; that on the 11th, at the gate of perfect concord, gifts should again be conferred, after which he should repair to the board of ceremonies, and there again be feasted; and that, on the 12th, he should be finally despatched, and ordered to proceed on his journey. The day fixed for performing the ceremony, and the precise form to be observed, were previously communicated to your ambassador by my great officers of state

"On the 7th, the day appointed for your ambassador to approach and behold the imperial person, he accordingly arrived at the palace, and I, the emperor, was just about to enter the great hall of audience

"Your ambassador, all on a sudden, asserted that he was so exceedingly ill, that he could not stir a step. I thought it not impossible, and therefore ordered the two assistant ambassadors to enter the hall, and appear before me; but both the assistant ambassadors also asserted that they too were ill. This certainly was an instance of rudeness which had never been exceeded. I did not, however, inflict severe chastisement; but I ordered them to be sent off the same day, on their return to their own country. As your ambassador was thus prevented from beholding the imperial presence, it was not expedient that he should send in the written representation from you, asking

it is, therefore, sent back in the same state it came, by your ambassador.

We have considered, however, that you, O king, from the immense distance of many tens thousand lee, respectfully caused a written representation to be presented to me, and duly offered presents, that your ambassador's inability to communicate, on your behalf, with profound reverence and sincere devotion, is his own fault; and that the disposition of profound respect and due obedience on your part, O king, are visibly apparent.

I therefore thought proper to take from among the articles of tribute only a few maps, some prints of views and portraits; but I highly applaud your feelings of sincere devotedness for me, just the same as if I had received the whole. In return, I ordered to be given to you, O king, a *Joo-e-e* (emblem of prosperity), a string of imperial beads, two large silk purses, and eight small ones, as a proof of our tender and indulgent conduct in this affair.

Your country is too remotely distant from the central and flourishing empire; so that to send an ambassador such a distance over the waves of the sea is not a light affair. Besides, your ambassador, it would seem, does not understand how to practise the rites and ceremonies of the central empire. The subject, indeed, involves a severe labour of the lips and the tongue, which is by no means pleasant or easy to bear.

The celestial empire sets very little value on things that are brought from a distance; nor does it consider as rare and precious pearls the productions of your country, however curious and ingenious they may be thought.

That you, O king, may preserve your people in peace, and be careful in giving strength to the boundary lines of your territories, that no separation of those parts which are distant from that which is near at home may take place, is what I, the emperor, sincerely and strongly recommend.

Finally, there will be no occasion hereafter for you to send an ambassador from so great a distance, and to give him the trouble of passing over mountains and crossing the ocean. If you do but pour out the heart in dutiful obedience, it is by no means necessary, at any stated time, to come to the celestial presence, ere it be pronounced, that you turn towards the transforming influences which emanate from this empire.

This imperial mandate is now issued that you may for ever obey it. Kia-King, 21st year, 7th moon, 20th day.—(Sept. 11, 1816.)

PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

PLATE VI.—VIEW OF THE GALLERY OF ISSEL.

The character of the valley becomes less wild, as the traveller quits Gondo. The hazel and the willow combine on the banks of the Dovena; walnut and chesnut trees cover the bases of the rocks; they adorn the hills, and deprive the mountains of their barren and

threatening appearance: the firs and larches have entirely disappeared. Gondo and Issel are at the distance of a league from each other; and in the intermediate space, the traveller is surprised by the sight of a new cascade, producing a peculiar effect. The water dashes precipitately from the mountain, and at an immense height, with great rapidity, strikes upon a slanting rock, then falls into a basin it has formed for itself, from whence it gently flows to mingle with the waters of the Doveria.

Issel belongs to the kingdom of Italy, and here are found the first offices of the customs. It is a hamlet pleasantly situated, surrounded with pastures, and shaded by trees. Not far from it is the Gallery of Issel, and although it is not remarkable for its length, or the difficulties attending its construction, its position, and the objects that surround it, give it a picturesque air, and a character totally different from all the others. By one of the humoursome caprices of nature, it forms an agreeable and smiling picture; while all those that have preceded it, and those which follow, produce admiration mingled with terror.

This gallery is cut through the rocks, and the projecting part of it rests upon a column. To the north, the embrowned colour of their enormous mass well contrasts with the verdure of the hills that form the back-ground of the picture. They are covered with a thin vapour, which gives the whole the look of morning; and they are diversified by several cascades, which the rays of the sun draw out in most transparent brilliancy.

Towards the south, the rocks, of a gigantic size, are of very decided and varied colours; their fragments fill the bed of the Doveria. In the distance, the glaciers of Laqui are still seen.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

I HAVE not been better entertained for some time, than with the article signed "A Constant Reader," in your last number, in which a picture is given of the state of society in the United States, to which so many of our countrymen are either departing, or anxious to depart.

There is no better index, indeed none so good, of the real condition of a country, than the state of its literature; and knowing as I do at what a low ebb it is at present in the United States, that fact alone speaks volumes in favour of the correctness of Mr. Fearon's representation. I wonder that, in the able article in the last *Quarterly Review* upon this subject, the point is not touched upon: it is certainly an extraordinary omission. Although I have seen a great deal of the periodical and other publications of the republic, I do not pretend to be able to supply the defect: indeed were I competent, it would be a work of time and labour, but all I wish is, to say a word or two in favour of the manner in which the daily press is conducted there; not indeed that it is equal to our own, but that there is considerable talent and cleverness in some of the arti-

cles that appear, especially in the journals of Philadelphia.

As a specimen, I inclose a short *jeu d'esprit*, which I extracted a short time ago, and which possesses considerable merit in its way. Perhaps, on some future occasion, I may add others, that will give your readers a better and more general notion of the subject; not interfering, however, with the political squabbles which are carried on to such injudicious, I may say indecent, lengths. The point of the subsequent lines is, I believe, entirely new.

SHOPPING.

A lady a-shopping, through Broadway lane pass'd,
To perplex and annoy the young men;
Ev'ry store of dry goods she rambled thro' fast,
From one to two hundred and nine, and at last
Popp'd in at two hundred and ten.

Here goods after goods were expos'd to her view,
Prints, laces, and silks—at her call;
She took patterns of yellow, pink, white, red, and blue,
Then the strings of her huge indispensable drew,
With the prices of each mark'd on all.

"Have you now any *gloves*?" (mark the question she made);
Those for gentlemen quickly were shewn:
"*Ladies'*, sir, if you please"—and long whites were display'd;
"Oh! the *short* ones"—short English before her were laid;
"Lord! *French*, sir"—and sharp was her tone.

French kid, still unmov'd, Dicky drew from a case,
Where they lay pack'd superbly together;
But he soon had to wish them well back in their place,
When for "*Silk*" she cried out, with surprise in her face—
"Lord bless me, you see these are leather!"

Dick now stood aghast: twenty others the while
Roar'd for goods, like a battling host,
The counters were heap'd to a terrible pile;
His countenance lost its soft, simpering smile,
And his patience quite gave up the ghost.

"Confusion!" he stammers, with rage nearly burst,
And his face not in grace or loves;
"Were ever poor mortals like shopkeepers curs'd?
Why, in Lucifer's name, did you not ask at first,
For ladies' short white French silk gloves?"

Your readers must of course make allowances for the circumstances attending the lady's excursion through the Broadway; but with a very few variations, let me ask, if the representation would not apply to many of the fair sex of this country? Yours, &c.

A TRAVELLER.

ON THE FAULTS OF SHAKSPEARE.

THE commentators on Shakspeare have been accused of blind admiration: they are charged with overrating his merits, and of regarding his faults with excessive indulgence. Only the last part of the charge has a foundation in justice. His merits have never been overrated. The ardours of poetical fancy, the energies of strong expression, and unrivalled skill in delineating human nature, belong to him in a degree so conspicuous, as to justify the warmest applauses, and even to excuse, in some measure, the indulgence shewn him for his transgressions. Yet his transgressions are great; nor have they passed altogether unnoticed. Foreign critics have assailed him with virulence, and have loaded his faults with the aggravations of national prejudice. Even in Britain, the praise of Shakspeare is often

mingled with lamentations for his offences. His inattention to the laws of unity, to say nothing of his deviations from geographical and historical truth; his rude mixture of tragic and comic scenes; together with the vulgarity, and even indecency, of language, admitted too often into his dialogue, have exposed him to frequent censure. To censure him for his faults is proper; it is even necessary; it hinders blind admiration from tainting the public taste: for offences against taste are more dangerous in men of genius, than in other persons; and the undistinguishing praises so profusely bestowed on Shakspeare, have contributed a good deal to retard our improvement in dramatical writing.

Is it then possible, that a man of genius, eminently conspicuous in one of the highest departments of elegant composition, can trespass against taste, and contribute, even in fine writing, to pervert the judgment? Or is it likely that taste and genius should depend upon different principles? They are, no doubt, of the same family; yet they are not so closely related, as that they may not be found apart. Many men, without possessing a single ray of invention, can discern what is excellent in fine writing, and even feel its effects. But is it probable, that men of ardent fancy, of active invention, endowed with talents for various expression, and every power of poetical execution, should be incapable, even in their own department, of perceiving, or feeling, what is fair or sublime? Shall the spectator be ravished with unspeakable transport, and shall the breast of him who communicates rapture be dark or joyless? Such assertion is certainly bold; and though it seems implied in the charge against Shakspeare, it must be heard with restriction.

In every work that belongs to the imagination, all the performances of the poet, the painter, or statuary, consist of parts, the pleasure we receive from them is the effect of those parts acting in proper union. The general delightful influence of such combinations may be strongly felt, without our being able to distinguish their component members, whether of larger or of less dimension, or the nature of the relation subsisting between them. Many tears have been shed for the sufferings of Jane Shore and Calista; yet the persons who have shed them may not have known by what art they were moved. We may also observe, that the variety, the arrangement, the proportions, and mutual relations of those parts, which, united in a fine performance, afford us supreme delight, may be seen and distinguished by persons, who, from insensibility, natural or acquired, are incapable of feeling their influence, or of perceiving them with exquisite pleasure. The accomplished critic must both feel what is excellent, and discern its nature: yet there are critics who discern, and never seem to have felt. But besides feeling and discernment, a certain portion of knowledge is indispensably required; for offence against historical, or obvious philosophical truths, either in those that perform a work, or in those that judge of a performance, cannot fail of exciting disgust. Thus, consummate taste requires that we be capable of

feeling what is excellent; that we be capable, in some measure, of discerning the parts, and correspondence of parts, which in works of invention, occasion excellence; and that we have some real knowledge in those things which are the subjects of an artist's labour.

Now, every man of poetic invention must receive exquisite pleasure in contemplating the great and the beautiful, both of art and of nature. He possesses taste in so far as it depends upon feeling; and so far as a familiar acquaintance with beauty confers improvement, his taste will improve. But he may want discernment; for, though the powers of discernment are bestowed by nature, yet their perfection depends upon culture. He may not perceive proportion or union of parts in those things that give him pleasure; he may be totally ignorant of every fact concerning them, except of their direct or immediate impression; and, thus, if taste depend upon intellectual improvement, his taste is imperfect. He may weep for the death of Lausus, as related by Virgil, without observing that the skill of the poet, in selecting and arranging those images that excite kindred emotions, is the magic power that affects him. He may be moved with an interesting story of a Bohemian princess, though ignorant that no such princess existed. In this Bohemia is not, according to Shakspeare's representation, a maritime country. Thus, with quickness perhaps of sensibility, with uncommon ardour of fancy, and force of expression, he may delineate the sufferings of kings and of princes, but by mistaking historical facts, and still more, by blending incongruous emotions, he may excite such disgust as shall diminish the pleasure he would otherwise have given us, and occasion our regret, that his knowledge had not been more extensive, or his critical discernment more improved.

But will not his feelings preserve him from error? Will not their immediate and lively interposition irradiate his mind, and give him a clearer view of the justness and truth of things, than he can receive from metaphysical reasoning or dry disquisition? Surely no feelings can communicate the knowledge of facts; and though sensibility of soul may dispose the mind to a readier discernment of relation and connection in the objects of our attention, yet it is not by sensibility alone that we are capable of discerning. But allowing it to be so; allowing that there may be some spirits so finely framed, that, with powers of active invention, they can, independent of cool disquisition, and without inquiring after union and relation of parts, feel by immediate impulse every effect of the most exquisite arrangement; and be able, by attending to the degrees of pleasure they receive, to ascertain the precise proportion, the abundance, or defect of excellence in a work: admitting the possibility of such endowment, he who is thus highly favoured is not, by means of this constitution, exempt from error. He is not placed beyond the risk of mistaking. He considered merely as capable of feeling, cannot be sure of his feelings. They are of a shifting and versatile nature. They depend on the

present humour or state of mind; and who can say of the present humour, that it will last for a moment? Who can assure us, especially if we aspire at the honour of extreme sensibility and exquisite merit, that our present mood shall not be totally different from that which shall follow? If so, the colours and attitudes of things will seem totally changed, we shall feel very different emotions, and entertain very opposite sentiments. Could the man of genius depend on his feelings, could he assure himself, that no contrary motions would oppose the natural tendencies of a delicate spirit; or, in particular, that the influence of fashion would never efface from his heart the true impressions of beauty; or that the authority of maxims, specious or ill explained, would never pervert the operations of fancy; he might proceed with unanimous career; and, guided by the pleasing irradiations of feeling, he might spare the toil of that minute attention by which alone he might gain discernment. Were there no adverse currents, strong, but of silent progress, no shifting gales to drive him out of his course, or no clouds to obscure the face of the sky, he might give full scope to his sails, and observing no other direction than the beautiful [illegible] bright constellation, he might proceed on a delightful voyage, and land at length [illegible]. But the case is [illegible] currents, [illegible] tempests [illegible] obscured [illegible] rocks [illegible] on every [illegible] ous sands.

The man of true taste must not only be capable of feeling, but of judging. He must ascertain his feelings; he must distinguish those that are just and natural from those that are spurious. He must have steady principles of judgment, and establish a rule of belief to which his understanding may for ever appeal, and set at defiance the effects of fleeting emotion. We are not always in the same state of mind; we are more susceptible at one time than another; even the same appearance shall at different moments affect us differently; and we shall be capable of relishing at one time, what in a less happy mood, would have given us no sort of pleasure; nay, our sensibility may be occasionally, not only dull, but sickly; and we may be apt to find pleasure in those things, which, in themselves are neither wholesome nor innocent. Add to this, that feelings of respect for celebrated characters may be as powerful in our minds as those of beauty and harmony; or the authority of a fashionable critic may seduce us into erroneous opinions. Thus it is manifest, that trusting to feeling alone, our judgments may be capricious, unsteady, and inconstant.

It is in morals as in criticism. Our judgments and our conduct must be established upon those maxims that may have been suggested by feeling, but which must derive their force and stability from reason and deep reflection. We must have certain rules to direct our practice, in those moments of languor and dereliction, when the heart feels not the present influence of compassion, tenderness, and such amiable dispositions as

produce excellent conduct. Those celestial visitants do not sojourn continually in the human breast. Reason, therefore, and reflection ought to preserve such tokens and memorials of their pleasing intercourse, as shall make us, in their absence, act in full confidence that they are congenial with our nature, and will again return. By this due recollection, they will be induced to return, and perhaps to dwell in our breasts for ever. But without such resolutions; without acting as if we felt compassion and humanity, in the hope that we shall really feel them; and without referring the sense of duty an established principle of action, we shall, in moments of feeble coldness, be not only feeble, but selfish, and not only cold, but inhuman. Our reason will be of no other service, than to assist or justify the perverse inclination; and a habit of callous insensibility may thus be contracted. It is needless to pursue the resemblance. It might easily be shewn, that in the conduct of life, no less than in our judgments concerning the composition, if we have no determined principles, independent of present emotion, our deportment will be capricious, unsteady, and inconsistent.

In particular, the man of mere sensibility, who has not established to himself, either in morals or in criticism, any rule or invariable conduct, and who depends on feeling alone for the propriety of his judgments, may be misled by the application of those general rules that direct the conduct of others. His bosom is not always equally susceptible of fine emotion; yet under the necessity of acting or judging, and in a moment of dreary dereliction, forsaken for a time by those boasted feelings that are the guides of his life, he will be apt to follow the fashion; or, apprehending that he is conducting himself according to those well-established principles that influence men of worth, he will be apt to fall into error. This will be particularly the case, should any maxim be held forth as a rule of conduct, proceeding upon rational views, and coinciding in general with the prepossessions of sensibility; but which, requiring to be attentively studied, well understood, and admitted with due extension, may, nevertheless, be expressed in such general terms with so much brevity, and apparently of such easy comprehension, as that it is often adopted without due extension, without being studied or understood. Moreover, the warmest advocate for the powers of feeling will allow, that they are often attended with distrust, hesitation, and something like conscious weakness: hence it is, that persons of mere sensibility are ready to avail themselves of any thing like a general maxim which falls in with their own inclinations; and having no general maxim which is really their own, ascertained and established by their own experience and reflection, they will be apt to embrace the dictates of others. Thus even an excellent rule, if misunderstood, will consequently be ill applied; and instead of guiding men aright, will lead them into the [illegible] or, if [illegible] to believe, and [illegible] the greatest [illegible] in Shakspeare have proceeded from

his want of consummate taste. Having no perfect discernment, proceeding from critical investigation, of the true cause of beauty in poetical composition, he had never established in his mind any system of regular process, or any standard of dramatic excellence. He felt the powerful effects of beauty; he wrote under the influence of feelings; but was apt to be misled by those general maxims, which are often repeated, but ill understood, which have a foundation in truth, but must be followed with caution.

No maxim has been more frequently repeated, and more strongly enforced upon poets, than that which requires them to "follow nature." The greatest praise they expect is, that their representations are natural; and the greatest censure they dread is, that their conduct is opposite. It is by this maxim that the errors of Shakspeare have been defended; and probably by this maxim he was perverted. "Can we suppose," it may be said, "that the ruin of kings, and the downfall of kingdoms, have been accomplished merely by heroes and princes? May not inferior agents, and even the meanest of mankind, have contributed to such a catastrophe? Or can we suppose, that during the transaction of great events, none of the real agents have ever smiled, or have ever indulged themselves in pleasantry or humour? But they maintain, that the whole performance, the nature and gravity of aspect, and the manner of meanour [illegible] must be dignified [illegible] the grave dignified persons of the lowest rank; and if so, that their conversation be suited to their condition? Of consequence, the language of tragedy will not always maintain the same dignity of expression. Even kings and queens, moved by some violent passion, will be inclined to speak like their subjects, and utter terms, that, to very delicate critics, may seem ill suited to their rank. Solemn statesmen may indulge in trivial garrulity, and grave senators may act or speak like the vulgar. Now, is not the poet to follow nature? And if he is to represent persons in the highest departments of life, must he not represent them in their real appearance? Or must they be totally disguised, refined, and exalted, according to the enthusiasm of a glowing fancy?

It is in this manner that the mixture of tragic with comic scenes, and the gross vulgarity of language to which our poet, notwithstanding his amazing powers of expression, too often descends, are defended; and perhaps, as was already mentioned, some considerations of this sort have been the cause of his errors: indeed, the facts in this supposed defence are admitted. Persons of high rank, in the execution of great undertakings, may employ mercenary and vulgar engines, and may adapt their conversation to the meanest of their associates. Mighty men may be coarse and offensive; grave senators may [illegible] like some of those represented by Otway, be contemptibly genteel; and even an English [illegible] agreeably to the representation of Shakspeare, address [illegible] and loathsome [illegible] face, [illegible] ing." A [illegible] with the [illegible] of the people, who were

persecuting her son to death, might with propriety enough have called them "cats." A senator of Rome, in the midst of much civil dissension, might have said of himself, that "he was a humorous patrician, and one that loved a cup of hot wine without a drop of allaying Tiber," or in a debate with the above mentioned tribunes, he might tell them, that they "racked Rome to make" fuel "cheap;" or, with perfect consistency of character, and truth of description, while in a deep tragedy, he is delineating the reserve of a discontented general, he might say of him, that "the tartness of his face sours ripe grapes; that his hum is like a battery; and that he sits in his state like a thing made for Alexander." All these things may have happened, and as they may happen again, they may be termed natural. yet I conceive that the solemn, in dramatical composition, should be kept apart from the ludicrous; that Shakspeare, by confounding them, has incurred merited censure; and that he probably fell into error by following the authority of inexplicit or unexamined decrees.

* * * RICHARDSON.

(To be continued.)

PLATE 19.—MR. BULLOCK'S EGYPTIAN SALE-ROOMS.

IN a former number we alluded with regret to the notified determination of Mr. Bullock to dispose of, without reserve, the contents of his extensive Museum of Natural History in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. Since that period, Mr. Bullock has sold the whole collection by public auction; and those objects of curiosity and art, which were so long the source of so much instruction and delight, are now scattered all over the face of Europe. The premises, which contained this Museum are still, however, destined to purposes of public utility; for Mr. Bullock, encouraged by the success of his efforts as an auctioneer for the sale of his own property, has determined to continue the exercise of that profession, on a general scale, for the public at large. He has, therefore, fitted up, on a scale of great extent and magnificence, his premises (late the Museum), which now contain the largest and most splendid suite of apartments in the metropolis appropriated to extensive trade.

The premises of Mr. Bullock contain upwards of *sixteen hundred feet* in length of wall: they are laid out and tastefully arranged for the display of every article in general demand, so that the vendor of the goods will have an opportunity of their being exhibited on sale under advantageous circumstances, hitherto not known to the same extent in the metropolis; and the purchaser will have an equal opportunity of examining and comparing the quality and value of the article he wants; thus affording to both a fair, open, and equitable advantage of mutually promoting their respective interests.

The great apartment, lately occupied by the Museum, is now fitted up in a style of great magnificence, corresponding with the architectural character of the building: it is perhaps one of the finest Egyptian rooms in existence, and is 60 feet

in length, and 40 feet in height. This department will be appropriated to the reception of every description of goods intended for *private sale*. Mr. Bullock has announced, that the owners of the articles intrusted to him for private sale, will have here the great advantage of having their goods appropriately exhibited to the most fashionable and distinguished circles, for the space of two months, *free of all expense*, should they remain so long unsold after that period, he will charge at the rate of *ten per cent. annually* for the exhibition and care of such goods as shall be intrusted to him for private sale, so long as they shall remain without a purchaser

The situation of the premises, in the centre of the court end of the metropolis, and of the chief fashionable promenades, renders any comment upon their universal adaptation to general trade unnecessary. For the sale of statues, pictures, engravings, cameos, gems, works of natural history, China, ivory and japan articles, curiosities and cabinets of every description, books, handsome furniture, ornamental work, and, in short, every article of rarity or general use, it is impossible to find a more commodious, more elegant, and more eligible mart. There cannot be found in the metropolis premises more generally known, or better established

The utmost attention will be paid to the proper superintendence of the sales The constant habits of business of Mr. Bullock, his long-established connection, during the formation of his late Museum, with the most scientific characters and the chief collectors of the rarest articles throughout Europe, must ensure for his auction establishment a fair claim to public attention and patronage.

The arts and sciences, so long nourished in this establishment while it was the Museum, will still, we trust, continue to derive advantage from it in a new form, by the display and general diffusion among the public of their best productions

The annexed etching will convey a general idea of one of the principal rooms, as now finished for the reception of works of art.

CLAREMONT.

THE EVERGREEN MOUNT AND GOTHIC TEMPLE.

In forming the plantations and pleasure-grounds of the noble residence at Esher, an elevated spot was chosen as a point of view over the surrounding valley, which exhibiting with advantage, the able dispositions made by the artist who planned them, the beautifully varied features of the park, the distant country, and fine range of hills which terminates the landscape, the view thence was properly termed the Amphitheatre. This eminence became still more charming as time advanced the growth of the shrubberies and verdure, and gave magnitude to the ornamental timber: nature and art seemed to have laboured to make this spot interesting; but their united efforts were incapable of giving to it that deep interest which is now

felt by all, and which will continue to be felt for this spot so long as the memory of the good is cherished, or true greatness esteemed by man.

Here, upon an old garden-seat, the late Princess Charlotte rested on her first visit to the place. She named it the Evergreen Mount, and resolved to demonstrate her partiality, by erecting a small room for conversation and refreshment there.

As suited to this retired, yet commanding spot, her royal highness selected the Gothic style of architecture for its design: perhaps her national feelings uniting with her fine taste, directed this choice, as it may very justly be termed a British art; for zealous affection for all that belonged to her native country stood very forward among her many excellencies.

From several designs in this style, submitted by her royal highness's architect, she selected that from which the Gothic building has been executed. She attentively watched its progress, and when speaking of it, called it her "House upon the Hill." The external was completed during these visits, and her attachment to the spot became stronger as the work proceeded; but in the midst of its advancement, the moment of calamity arrived that robbed the nation of its dearest hopes.

With the most anxious feeling, his Royal Highness Prince Leopold directed, that the building should now be exclusively devoted to the memory of the late princess; and plans were consequently submitted to him, for the purpose of adapting it to the mournful duty, and he commanded that no expense should be spared to render it a monument worthily suited to the intention. Thus the original design was materially changed: the casements which were to have opened to the floor, for the purpose of exposing the prospects, are now closed up to the springing of the pointed arches; the screen, which was to have been wholly of glass, now is walled up to the same height; that which was intended to be a marble table, is now an altar, richly carved in Gothic tracery, supporting a statuary marble bust of the princess; the floor, which was to have been gaily paved with Mona marble, is now executed, in simple diamond forms, in Portland stone.

The ceiling is of exquisite workmanship, from drawings approved by the late princess: the tracery is not altered; but the ornamental embellishments are adapted to the present appropriation of the building. Figures of angels are made to support the shields, instead of warriors, and celestial crowns are substituted for the coronets of the first design.

Except the door, which occasionally displays glass paintings, with which it is impanelled, the light is admitted only from above the formerly intended openings of the windows and over the recesses at the sides: thus a subdued light is admitted, but it is through stained glass of warm and brilliant hues, intended to convey a sort of celestial radiance over the whole interior; and thus, however humbly, express an earthly picture of that glory in which doubtlessly the pure spirit of our lamented princess is a heavenly participator.

The stained glass for the win-

dows and doors was painted by Mr. Backler, from designs by an eminent artist: that of the doors consists of figures expressive of grief; these are further enriched by tabernacles and other Gothic devices: the lights around the edifice are composed of heraldic emblazonments and Gothic architectural ornaments

This building has very improperly been called a mausoleum by many a term, however, quite incongruous with its purpose as well as general features, a term, that the building and its chief embellishments, on a first view, declare to be absurd, and which the critical eye will not for a moment tolerate. With more fitness it may be called the Gothic Temple, for though it is not dedicated to public acts of religion, yet its design, its application, and the thousand recollections and reflections which it inspires, involuntarily elicit from every visitor of sentiment, a fervid spirit of piety and devotion

NEW SCHOOL OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY FOR THE EMPLOYMENT OF THE POOR.

We have received very great pleasure since the publication of our last number, in inspecting an institution just formed, under the superintendence of Mr. W. Salisbury, for the employment of the poor of all ages capable of exertion

At the present moment, when the higher and middle classes of society are suffering so severely under the pressure of accumulating poor-rates; at a time when those poor-rates equal if not exceed in many parts of the country, the amount of the rent, the beneficial and productive occupation of paupers must be a subject of high interest and importance; and it gives us great satisfaction to express our sincere conviction, that the plan now proposed, and partially carried into effect by the inventor, Mr Salisbury, if extensively adopted, is likely to afford extensive relief to the poor, while it removes from those who have hitherto maintained them, a heavy and daily increasing burden In thus characterizing the establishment, we do not speak merely our own sentiments, but the opinions of some of the most distinguished individuals in the kingdom, who have taken great pains to investigate and illustrate the subject.

The chief, if not the only ground of complaint, more especially in the agricultural districts, is, that employment cannot be found for those who crowd the work-houses; and it is this difficulty that has been overcome by Mr. Salisbury. The mode he adopts is simple, and at the same time effectual

The work on which he employs the poor, is the preparation and manufacture of flax and hemp, and in order to do this the more effectually, he has discovered a new mode of dressing it, which is preferable to the old method of soaking, &c. inasmuch as it is not only more easy and less injurious to the fibre of the vegetable, but as it will give occupation to a vast number of idle hands. It is besides, in all its parts, a process requiring

so little labour, that the infirm, from infancy or age, may be able to perform some part of the process. In this way all idleness, so destructive of morals and happiness, may be avoided, and the labour of nearly all paupers rendered productive to themselves, and to the parishes to which they belong. Upon this point, we cannot do better than quote a part of the prospectus he has published, in order to set the matter in a clear point of view, and to shew the advantages of his system.

"The object of this institution is that of promoting useful occupation among all classes of the labouring poor, founded on the manufacture of British produce, in lieu of many articles which are imported at high prices from other countries.

"The inclosed hints were some time ago printed, with a view to shew with what facility useful labour may be introduced, for the employment of persons in gaols or poor-houses; and the success which has thus attended the author's first efforts to introduce it in the London prisons, excited the attention of those persons, who wishing to see it extended for the employment of the poor generally, have offered their support to that purpose, and requested him to make the plan public.

"It will be seen by the inclosed, that the manufacture of flax, in the different processes, will afford beneficial labour for persons of different ages, from the child of six years upwards; and as children may be taught by the improved art of education as much *book learning* in *twelve months* as would formerly have occupied the *discipline of years* to accomplish, there is now both time and opportunity of *assimilating useful handicrafts therewith*; which, while they afford pecuniary benefit to the individuals thus employed, will create an early fondness for labour and industry, that will not forsake them riper years.

"With a view to lay the foundation of such a system of national economy, the poor of the parish of St. Clement Danes are engaged, as well as children from several National Schools, whose time it is intended to divide between education and employment, by relieving each other alternately in these duties; in the course of which will also be introduced such rural arts as may apply to the object of the school: among these may be enumerated the making toys of different sorts, baskets, mats, and many others included in the lists of imports, the materials for which may be collected in abundance from waste places in this country, and converted into articles of continual consumption and demand.

"To disseminate such advantages, it is proposed that a number of pupils shall be allowed to attend from any places where it may be desired to establish such kinds of employment, and who in a short time may obtain a practical knowledge thereof, so as to enable them to become teachers or superintendents in any similar establishment. It is also an object with the school to collect, from time to time, the most improved implements for assisting manual labour, so that their several principles may at all times be fairly appreciated, and whereby

parish officers and guardians of the poor may thus receive, on application, the best assistance and information on the subject of employment for such persons who may be under their protection."

It is not easy, in the compass to which we are necessarily confined, to give the reader a clear idea of the mode in which the business is conducted: the manufacture of flax from the plant into cloth, is complicated and difficult, but Mr. Salisbury is ready to afford every information, in order to extend his plan throughout the kingdom. He at present employs, in Duke-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, the poor of the parish of St. Clement Danes; and while he is enabled to pay the overseers, &c. a considerable recompence for the labour of the hands furnished, and to the work-people one sixth part of the value of their labour, he can secure a profit upon the manufacture of linen of all kinds to the amount of 25 per cent. It is not by any means his wish to appropriate this benefit to himself, his great object being merely to set the matter going, and to prove to the various parishes in all parts of the empire, that they might do the same for themselves at a very small expense. The machinery is, as we have said, extremely simple, renders soaking needless, and wholly does away with the tedious and injurious process of bleaching.

He accompanied the prospectus, from which we have quoted, by a small pamphlet, very clearly written, called "Hints to Magistrates, the Clergy, and Parish Officers, on the Advantages of setting to work the Labouring Poor, &c. on an improved Method of cultivating and preparing Hemp and Flax, &c.:" and in order to make the subject as intelligible as possible, we will subjoin a few short extracts. He first endeavours to promote the patriotic object of growing our own material, instead of being indebted for it to foreign countries.

"English flax is equal in goodness to foreign, but great objections are made to its growth, in consequence of the difficulty of preparing it for the markets; but such is now entirely obviated by an improved method of treating the crop, and which renders it of great interest at this time, as its culture may be established with considerable gain by the farmer, and its after management performed with success in all places where numbers of persons are congregated, as gaols, work-houses, schools, &c. by which we may at once employ the above capital at home, and at the same time, as we thereby extend the agriculture, it will offer employment for many thousands of all descriptions.

"Lands that are calculated for barley will produce good flax, and it succeeds extremely well on fresh broken up pasture or waste lands. I have seen some samples of flax and seeds which were grown by Sir [illegible] last season in the forest of Dartmoor, 1100 feet above the level of the sea; the crop and produce were both equal to any I have ever seen; the land was fresh broken up, and manured with thirty bushels of lime per acre; the same ground was cropped again in August or the ensuing year, and a finer crop was never grown than it is at this

time The seeds of flax are sown in April, and the crop is usually fit for harvest in July. As soon as the seeds are formed, but while they are yet green and soft in the capsules, the crop is pulled from the ground It must be particularly noticed, that if the plants are left to grow till the seeds are ripe, the fibre is too coarse to make fine linen"

The following is a short account of Mr. Salisbury's improved preparation·

"The crop, after pulling, is tied up in sheaflets, about four inches in diameter, and set up on end till dry. In this way the seeds, although not ripe when pulled from the ground, will come to a good state of maturity, and are of considerable value for feeding cattle, and in some seasons such are fit for sowing.

"I have often known from four to fourteen bushels of seeds thus saved from an acre of flax; and the chaff, of which there is yielded a large quantity, also affords excellent fodder for horses or sheep. The fibres are extracted by breaking the plant in a small portable machine, which at once can be fully accomplished by persons of either sex, if capable of any degree of labour. The chaff made thus from the broken wood, is found to contain one fifth the gluten and nourishment of oats, and is eaten by horses with avidity.

"When the fibre is first detached from the stem it is of a yellow colour, but by the application of water and a small quantity of soap, it may be made completely white: it being preserved thus in its native state, and not subjected to any process that can deteriorate its strength, the cloth made from flax, when prepared in this method, is of the best and strongest texture.

"The time required for the purposes of breaking the flax, hackling, spinning, washing the yarn, and weaving, is no more than a few hours in regular succession. By this method, flax may be taken from the field and rendered through all the processes necessary to make it into a garment, in the space of three days.

"The produce of an acre of flax plant dried, is usually two and a half tons, from which one fourth or one fifth of fibre is obtained, *i. e.* from ten to twelve cwt. per acre."

We will conclude our quotations with the subsequent important calculations

"The following statement will shew the value of the labour of the persons thus employed, and also the expense of machinery for enabling the persons in any establishment to be set actually at work.

	lb. oz.	£. s. d.
Two cwt. of flax costs 11s. 4d	25 12 Long flax, 1s. . . .	1 5 0
6 Men and one boy employed 3¼ days each, at the rate of 10½ hours per day.	26 12 Tow, at 3d. . . .	0 6 5½
1 Man hackling same time.	104 0 Chaff	0 2 6
		£1 13 11½

"When the above is spun and washed, the produce will be as follows:

	lb.	£. s. d.
15 Women or Children will spin the flax and tow at the same time	22 Flax yarn, at 1s. 6d. . .	1 13 0
	22 Tow yarn, at 8d. . . .	0 14 8
		£2 7 8

"When the above is wove into cloth, the following result will be produced:

4 Men or boys weaving for three days and one quarter		30 Yards of very strong cloth, calculated for sheeting, or for coarse shirts, at 1s. 6d .	2 5 0
2 Boys or girls winding the same time.		24 Yards coarse ditto, made for covers for straw beds, at 10d .	1 0 0
		Total	£3 5 0

"Thus a material of the cost of of eleven shillings and four-pence, may be converted, by the labours of persons for whom at present there is no employment, and increased in value to 3*l*. 5*s*. in the production of an article so very generally in use, that there is always a much larger demand than this country could heretofore supply.

"From the above calculation, it will also appear, that the produce of five acres will keep the above twenty-eight persons in lucrative employment for nearly twelve months The coarse flax may be converted into cloth for their own domestic purposes, and the finer kinds taken to the markets for sale"

We have not space in our present number to go into further details, but perhaps in our next, we may renew the subject, and offer some further explanations. We have the project much at heart, because we are convinced, that adopted, it would relieve one of the greatest burdens under which the nation at present labours. It is almost needless to add, that the plan is applicable to prisons and all places where productive employment is required.

Among the patrons of, and subscribers to, the institution, we notice the names of the Duke of Sussex; Lords Redesdale, Kenyon, Whitworth, Hardwicke, Teignmouth, and Chichester; the Bishops of Durham, Chichester, and Winchester; Sir W. W. Wynne, W. Williams, Esq. M. P., E. B. Wilbraham, Esq. M. P., the Hon. G. Vernon, F. Webb, H Drummond, and F. Wingrave, Esquires; besides many other individuals of rank, fortune, and intelligence

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XLV.

(*Continued from p* 100.)

As when some poet, happy in his choice
Of an important subject, tunes his voice
To sweeter sounds, and more exalted strains,
Which, from a strong reflection, he attains;
As Homer, while his heroes he records,
Transfuses all their fire into his words:
So we, intent the charming sex to please,
Act with new life and an unwonted ease,
Beyond the limits of our genius soar,
And feel an ardour quite unknown before.

But to proceed.

A *polite man* may yet be religious; and if his reason be convinced, he will conform to his system without troubling others with the articles of his creed; nor will he, by any stroke of wit or raillery, hazard, for the sake of exciting a laugh, that disposition of mind which is absolutely necessary to make men easy when associated together.

It is the same with political engagements: and here, were I to in

dulge my own sentiments, I should speak with still greater freedom on the subject. Since there is so vast a disproportion, when we come to compare those who have really either a concern in the government, or the service of their country more particularly at heart, and the men who pretend to either, merely from a desire of appearing of some consequence themselves, we ought certainly to avoid making one of this number, and aim rather at being quiet within ourselves, and agreeable to those among whom we live, let their political notions be what they may; inasmuch as this is a direct road to happiness, which all men profess they would reach if they could.

Pomponius Atticus, whose character appears so amiable, from the concurring testimony of all who mention him, was indebted for the greatest part of that esteem in which he lived, and of that reputation by which he still survives, to his steady adherence to this rule. His benevolence induced him to love mankind in general, and his good sense hindered him from being tainted with those party prejudices which had bewitched his friends. He took not up arms for Cæsar, nor did he abandon Italy when Pompey withdrew his forces, and had, in outward form, the sanction of the commonwealth: he saw too plainly the ambition of both: nevertheless he preserved a complacent conduct to his friends in both parties, without taking part with either. Success never made them more welcome to Pomponius, nor could any defeat lessen them in his esteem. When victorious, he visited them without sharing in their power; and when vanquished, he received them without considering any thing but their distress: in short, he entertained no hopes from the good fortune of his friends, nor suffered the reverse of it to chill his breast with fear. His equanimity produced a just effect, and his universal kindness made him universally beloved.

The circumstances of public affairs, and the characters of public men, are the most proper topics for general conversation: nevertheless, it is hard to find a company wherein somebody or other hath not either liking or distaste to, or has received injuries or obligations from, those who are most likely to be mentioned upon such occasions; and who, consequently, will be apt to put a serious construction on a slight expression, and remember afterwards in earnest, what the speaker meant so much a jest as never to have thought of it more. These perhaps may pass for trivial remarks; but with those who regard their own ease, and have at all observed what conduces to make men disagreeable to one another, they may be found to deserve some degree of consideration.

Behaviour is like architecture; the symmetry of the whole pleases us so much, that we do not always examine its parts; which, when we do, we find that much nicety of art and delicacy of arrangement are required in completing the beauty of the structure, though to persons without taste, the rules of art would seem to have little connection with their effects.

After these admonitions as to religion and politics, it is very fit we observe another topic of modern

discourse, of which it is hard to say, whether it be more common, or more contrary to true politeness. This is the reflecting on men's professions, and playing on those general aspersions which have been fixed on them by a sort of ill-nature hereditary in the world.

In order to have a proper idea of this point, we must first of all consider, that the chief cause both of love and hatred is custom. When men, from a long habit, have acquired a facility of thinking clearly and speaking well in any science, they naturally think that better than any other; and this liking, in a short time, grows up to a warmer affection, which renders them impatient whenever their darling science is decried in their hearing. A polite man will, therefore, avoid speaking of it in a way that may occasion offence. The strictest intimacy can never warrant freedoms of this sort, unless we can suppose injuries are less evils when they are done us by friends, than when they come from others of a less intimate character.

Excess of wit may oftentimes beguile;
Jests are not often pardon'd by a smile.
Men may disguise their malice at their heart,
And seem at ease, though pain'd with inward smart.
Mistaken, we think all such wounds of course
Reflection cures; alas! it makes them worse.
Like scratches, they with double anguish raize,
Rankle in time, and fester by degrees.

I shall now proceed to speak of raillery in general. Invective is a weapon, and is often heard from the lips of those who know not how to use it. Men of true courage fight but seldom, and never draw their swords but in their own defence. Bullies are continually squabbling; and from the ferocity of their behaviour, become the terror of some and the jest of others. This is ever the case with such as have a liveliness of thought, directed by a propensity to ill-nature. Indulging themselves at the expense of others, they by degrees incur the dislike of all: meek tempers abhor, men of cool dispositions despise, and the choleric chastise them. Thus a licentiousness of tongue, like a spirit of rapine, sets one man against all; and the defence of reputation, as well as property, puts the human species on regarding a malevolent babbler with a worse eye than a common thief; because fame is a kind of property, which, when once taken away, is with difficulty restored.

Thus Hecatilla is a female firebrand. Birth, wit, and fortune combine to render her conspicuous; while a splenetic envy sours her otherwise amiable qualities, and makes her dreaded as a poison doubly dangerous, being grateful to the taste, yet mortal in the effect. All who meet Hecatilla in a visit, where the brilliancy of her wit heightens the lustre of her charms, are imperceptibly deluded into a concurrence with her in opinion, and suspect not dissimulation under the air of frankness, nor a studied design of doing mischief in a seemingly casual stroke of wit. The most sacred character, the most exalted station, the fairest reputation, defend not against the infectious blast of sprightly raillery, which is borne on the wings of wit, and supported by a blaze of beauty. The fiery vapour withers the sweetest blossoms, and communi-

cates to all who hear her, an involuntary dislike to those at whose merits she points her satire.

At ev'ning thus the unsuspecting swain,
Returning homewards o'er a marshy plain,
Pleas'd, at a distance sees the lambent light,
And hasty follows the mischievous sprite
Through brakes and puddles, over hedge and stile,
Rambles misguided many a weary mile:
Confus'd, and wond'ring at the space he's gone,
Doubts, then believes, and hurries faster on:
The cheat detected, when the vapour's spent,
Scarce he's convinc'd, and hardly can repent.

Next to *raillery*, which is no better than a well-bred phrase for speaking ill of others, it may not be amiss to mention a certain vehemence in discourse, which, while it shocks others, it exhausts ourselves. If we trace this error to its source, we shall find that the spring of it is an impatience when others differ from us in matters of opinion: and can there be any thing more unreasonable, than to blame that disposition in them which we cherish in our own minds? If submission be a thing so disagreeable to us, why should we expect it from others? Truth alone can justify tenaciousness of opinion. Let us calmly declare and explain what convinces us; and if it is reasonable, we shall hardly fail of persuading those to whom we address ourselves. Heat begets heat, and the clashing of opinion seldom fails to strike out the fire of *dissension*.

As this is a foible which is said by some to be incident to the fair sex, I think it will be highly necessary to offer another, and perhaps a more cogent argument to their consideration. Passion is a great enemy to beauty. It ruffles the sweetest features, discolours the finest complexion, and, in a word, gives the air of a fury to the face of an angel. I cannot be supposed to have an inclination to lay restraint upon the ladies, but in dissuading them from this method of enforcing their sentiments, I put them upon an easier way of effecting what they desire; for few things can be denied to beauty when speaking with an air of satisfaction. Complacency does all that vehemence would extort, as anger can alone abate the influence of their charms.

Serene and mild we view the ev'ning air,
The pleasing picture of the smiling fair;
A thousand charms our sev'ral senses meet,
Cooling the breeze, with fragrant odours sweet.
But sudden, if the sable clouds deform
The azure sky, and threat the coming storm,
Hasty we flee, ere yet the thunders roar,
And dread what we so much admir'd before.

It is the peculiar privilege of the fair, that speaking or silent, it depends upon them never to offend. Who can be weary of hearing the softest harmony? or who without pleasure can behold a beauty, when his attention is not diverted from her charms by listening to her words? I cannot, however, but take notice, that there are ladies, who, when past the noon of life, or in the wane of power, from some reason or other, are too apt to indulge an inclination of obliging their hearers with those topics of detraction, by which they would reduce the lustre of those stars that now gild the hemisphere where they themselves once shone. From this cause alone, I would advise the reigning toasts, by an equality of behaviour, to avoid the censure of these ill-natured tattlers.

Such hopeless fate attends the young and fair,
Expos'd to open force and secret snare;

Pursu'd by men, warm with destructive fire,
Against their peace while female friends conspire:
Escap'd from those, in vain they hope for rest;
What fame's secure from an invidious jest?
By flight the deer, no more of dogs afraid,
Falls by a shot from some dark covert made:
So envious tongues their foul intentions hide;
Wound though unseen, and kill ere they're descried.

All the embellishments of life are undeniably derived from our associations. This being granted, our acquisitions must naturally be allowed to depend upon those with whom we associate; and conversation is the channel by which our thoughts, our sentiments, and our opinions are communicated to each other, as they affect or influence manners.

The next topic which solicits my attention, and is of the most leading importance in the higher or more interesting communications of superior life, is *delicacy*—a quality which gives the finishing touches to the culture of the understanding, and diffuses the finest delights through the commerce of human life. And as it is generally observed by those of the longest experience and most attentive observation, that *delicacy*, particularly as it influences behaviour between the two sexes, is daily losing ground, a humane and generous mind cannot but pity the young women who are looking out for husbands—(and what young women are not?)—on account of the submission they are obliged to practise towards the young men to purchase their notice, such as it is, and their attentions, such as they may be; especially when we perceive how very seldom this degrading conduct succeeds; if ever, under a just view of domestic happiness, it can rationally be said to be crowned with success.

F—— T——

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Grand Trio, per il Piano-forte, Violino e Violoncello, concertante; composto, e dedicato allo stimatissimo Sig. J. B. Cramer in Londra, dal suo sincero Amico, J. N. Hummel di Vienna. Op. 83. Pr. 10s. 6d.

To place this trio at the head of our critique for the present month, is but a small token of the opinion we entertain of its value. We have seen nothing like it for many, many months past; and we may congratulate ourselves and the art, if, for many months to come, the musical press of this country shall produce a work which may dare to claim a rivalship with Mr. Hummel's labour. It is dedicated to Mr. Cramer; and this circumstance alone may be deemed decisive; for gifts between the great do not consist in trifles.

A full and particular account of a colossal structure of this description, measuring upwards of thirty pages, would engross a vast deal of room, give us a great deal of trouble (although we should not mind that, being fully prepared with a sufficiency of notes), and afford to our readers little real information, and less entertainment. For these reasons we abstain from entering upon

a detail to be profitable. The movements, it may however be proper to say, are three in number: an allegro and rondo in E major, with an andante in G major between them. The general character of the composition may be expressed in a few words: without being eccentric or abstruse, the writing is highly elaborate, and the modulations numerous, frequently quite original, and sometimes drawn from those deep recesses of harmonic science, which the elect few alone have the privilege and power of approaching. Fraught, however, as the work is with these powerful touches of chromatic colouring, melody is by no means neglected. This fair twin-sister of harmony is recognised with all her native charms, not only in the beautiful themes of the three movements, but in many of the episodical subjects which are introduced, with great judgment, in the course of the work, and which are very conspicuous in point of graceful cantilena.

From the trio before us, the musical public in this country may form a fair estimate of the high degree of cultivation which the science continues to enjoy among its favoured votaries in Germany; and to our own composers, such a work cannot but afford the strongest incitement to persevere in those praiseworthy exertions towards improvement which have already imparted a decisive character of classical merit to the productions of some of the musical writers in this country.

Messrs. Boosey and Co. the proprietors of this trio, deserve our warmest thanks for thus augmenting our stock with original works from abroad, as well as for the unrivalled typographical elegance with which they have distinguished this masterly production.

We think it right to add, that the present trio bears throughout metronomic signatures. This circumstance fully shews the value which continental composers attach to the important invention of Maelzel's metronome.

Sonata for the Pianoforte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute or Violin, composed by J. N. Hummel of Vienna.

An allegro and rondo in G major, with an intermediate andante ("romance") in C major. The whole, of course, in a much more sober and familiar style than the above trio, but replete with interest, and of a description to please the higher ranks in the musical empire, as well as the middle class. The latter will find in this sonata nothing that exceeds the sphere of either their comprehension or their powers; while to the former, the selectness of the ideas, their uninterrupted and easy connection, and the apt arrangement of the harmony, especially with the addition of the flute or violin, will afford all the gratification which a cultivated ear seeks in a well-constituted sonata. The style of this sonata partakes considerably of Pleyel's manner, and in some instances also of that of Clementi. The subjects are very good; that of the rondo lightsome and cheerful. The romance is a sweet and very chaste composition. The whole sonata is eminently fit for the desk of the pupil.

Mozart's Masses, with an Accompaniment for the Organ; arranged from the full Score by Vincent

Z.

Novello, Organist to the Portuguese Embassy in London. No. I. Pr. 8s.

Mr. Novello, to an enthusiastic admiration of Mozart, unites great abilities, both as a harmonist and a performer on the organ. He is, therefore, precisely the man into whose hands we would wish to consign the important and arduous undertaking of arranging the Masses of Mozart in the way he has proposed to do. He is very nearly correct in stating in the advertisement, that the Masses of Mozart, although they form some of his most classical compositions, are comparatively unknown in England. The professed object, therefore, of Mr. N. is to collect into one uniform and complete work these masterly productions, which have hitherto remained in a detached and scattered state, and to render them more familiar to the public by facilitating their performance in the accompaniment.

The work is to contain all the Masses which Mozart has written, eight in number, including the Requiem (we candidly own, we had no id a they amounted to more than five or six at the most); and the present number of Mr. N.'s publication commences with the celebrated grand Mass in C, detached parts of which have already appeared in print in this country. It is almost needless to say any thing in praise of the arrangement; we consider it a complete model in its kind; and the typographical execution appears to us highly creditable to the publisher, Mr. Calloway: the print is neat and clear, and, as far as we have observed, the work is free from errors of the press.

Such an undertaking we should have expected to have been preceded by a subscription; but as the publisher appears to have trusted to the liberality of the public, as well as to the intrinsic value of his materials, we hope his zeal in the cause of the art will meet with a proper reward. Indeed we entertain no doubt of the success of the work: it is not of an ephemeral description, to depend on an immediate sale; it is a standard work, the demand for which will be steady and lasting.

Rossini's celebrated Terzetto, "Zitti, zitti, piano, piano," from the "Barbiere di Siviglia," arranged as a Duet for the Harp and Piano-forte, and dedicated to the Misses Power, by W. H. Steil. Pr. 4s.

We have not forgotten Mr. Steil's arrangement of Rossini's air, "Di tanti palpiti:" it placed him firmly in our favour; and a subsequent and more minute investigation discovered to us more and more features of great merit. The present air of Rossini's is not so elaborately treated, but it presents ample materials to satisfy our wishes. The sprightly theme is worked up with consistent spirit, the harp and piano-forte being set throughout concertante. Neither of the parts are very difficult, and the harp has least of the labour to perform. The short introduction is appropriately founded on the subject of the air; but the latter might, on this occasion, have been presented in a more disguised form.

Stirling Castle, a familiar Divertimento for the Piano-forte, in which is introduced the favourite Scotch Air, "Ye Banks and Braes of

bonny Doon;" composed, and respectfully inscribed to Miss Walton, by J. C. Nightingale. Pr. 2s. 6d.

We have every reason to be satisfied with this divertimento. Without aiming at any display of studied harmony, or imposing any very arduous duty on the performer, it is written with taste and purity. For learners, therefore, Mr. N.'s divertimento is as suitable as any composition we could name. In the introduction, a vein of chaste feeling is prominent. The theme of the allegro is not very novel, but the whole texture of the movement is imagined with great propriety; and there is sufficient scope to shew the pupil's proficiency with *éclát*. The Scotch air appears under a very attractive harmonic treatment; and the sprightly skipping rondo is sure to win the favour of the gay female student; the conclusion not excepted, which carries with it a tinge of the *magnifique*, capable of calling for the plaudits of the friends on miss's quitting the chair.

Introduction and Variations for the Harp on a favourite Waltz, from Mozart's celebrated Opera "Il Don Giovanni;" composed, and dedicated to Miss Colebrooke, by W. Henry Steil. Pr. 2s. 6d.

Mr. Steil is an indefatigable writer. As we entertain a very good opinion of his talents, we should be pleased to see his industry more devoted to the quality than the quantity of his labour. If he attends to this hint, he bids fair to arrive at decided eminence, for he unites the most essential requisites of a composer. The present variations are built upon a line or two in the second finale of "Il Don Giovanni," and comprehend the divers melodic transformations which are usually resorted to upon similar occasions. All are devised with propriety; and, among the most prominent variations, we would number the second, in semiquaver passages; the fourth, which partakes of the polacca style; and the sixth and last, which proceeds in tempo di marcia, and is particularly interesting. The introduction glances pointedly at the theme, but upon the whole offers no peculiar feature of distinction. The whole is well calculated for the harp, and capable of manifesting moderate proficiency with considerable effect.

"*Ah! vous dirai-je maman*," *with Variations for the Harp; composed, and dedicated to her Grace the Duchess of San Carlos*, by Madame Boom, Professor of the Harp to H. R. H. the Duchess d'Angouleme. Pr. 2s.

Madame Boom's variations upon this oft-varied theme are done in a pretty and pleasing style. The first variation is graceful; the sixth likewise; and its second part is rendered prominent by some interesting chords. No. 7. derives its attraction from some triplet passages supported by thirds, which have an agreeable effect. The second variation is tastefully imagined, although not with strict purity: the alt and bass frequently fall into objectionable octaves, and the progression in the modulation of the two first bars in the second part is against all——(we had almost forgotten our manners), is *un peu forte*. In the last variation (No. 9.) we meet with a novelty in musical ter-

minology. It is directed to be played in a mysterious manner, "*misterioso.*" We have endeavoured to comply with these directions in sundry ways, especially at the last four bars, the originality of which proclaimed them to be the depositories of the mystery, but we made but an indifferent hand of it.

Symphony, by Haydn, arranged as a Duet for the Piano-forte, and inscribed to the Misses Jacob, by J. M'Murdie, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Pr. 6s.

Before we opened this work, we felt convinced, from the judgment and skill observed in other publications of Mr. M'Murdie, that he would not have undertaken such a task without a determination to do ample justice to his incomparable original, Haydn's Grand Symphony in E♭ (with the andante in B♭, and minore in five flats). Our expectations have been quite satisfied; the score (and what a score!) has, if we may be allowed the expression, been picked to pieces with the keen eye of an experienced master, and most elaborately transferred to four staves. Not an essential sound has escaped locomotion, and Haydn's work stands as perfect as four hands on a piano-forte can render it. This is particularly the case in the allegro and andante.

THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS *from* NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

INTERVIEW OF LUCY AND RAVENSWOOD.

(From *Tales of my Landlord,* Third Series.)

Lucy had scarcely replied to her father in the words we have mentioned, and he was just about to rebuke her supposed timidity, when a bull, stimulated either by the scarlet colour of Miss Ashton's mantle, or by one of those fits of capricious ferocity to which their dispositions are liable, detached himself suddenly from the group which was feeding at the upper extremity of a grassy glade, that seemed to lose itself among the crossing and entangled boughs. The animal approached the intruders on his pasture-ground at first slowly, pawing the ground with his hoof, bellowing from time to time, and tearing up the sand with his horns, as if to lash himself up to rage and violence.

The Lord Keeper, who observed the animal's demeanour, was aware that he was about to become mischievous, and drawing his daughter's arm under his own, began to walk fast along the avenue, in hopes to get out of his sight and reach. This was the most injudicious course he could have adopted; for, encouraged by the appearance of flight, the bull began to pursue them at full speed. Assailed by a danger so imminent, firmer courage than that of the Lord Keeper might have given way; but pater-

nal tenderness, "love strong as death," supported him. He continued to support and drag onward his daughter, until, her fears altogether depriving her of the power of flight, she sunk down by his side; and when he could no longer assist her to escape, he turned round and placed himself betwixt her and the raging animal, which, advancing in full career, its brutal fury enhanced by the rapidity of the pursuit, was now within a few yards of them. The Lord Keeper had no weapons; his age and gravity dispensed even with the usual appendage of a walking sword—could such appendage have availed him any thing?

It seemed inevitable that the father or daughter, or both, should have fallen victims to the impending danger, when a shot from the neighbouring thicket arrested the progress of the animal. He was so truly struck between the junction of the spine with the skull, that the wound, which in any other part of his body might scarce have impeded his career, proved instantly fatal. Stumbling forward with a hideous bellow, the progressive force of his previous motion, rather than any operation of his limbs, carried him up to within three yards of the astonished Lord Keeper, where he rolled on the ground, his limbs darkened with the black death-sweat, and quivering with the last convulsions of muscular motion.

Lucy lay senseless on the ground, unconscious of the wonderful deliverance which she had experienced. Her father was almost equally stupified, so rapid and so unexpected had been the transition from the horrid death which seemed inevitable, to perfect security. He gazed on the animal, terrible even in death, with a species of mute and confused astonishment, which did not permit him distinctly to understand what had taken place; and so inaccurate was his consciousness of what had passed, that he might have supposed the bull had been arrested in its career by a thunderbolt, had he not observed among the branches of the thicket the figure of a man, with a short gun or musquetoon in his hand.

This instantly recalled him to a sense of their situation; a glance at his daughter reminded him of the necessity of procuring her assistance. He called to the man, whom he concluded to be one of his foresters, to give immediate attention to Miss Ashton, while he himself hastened to call assistance. The huntsman approached them accordingly, and the Lord Keeper saw he was a stranger, but was too much agitated to make any further remarks. In a few hurried words, he directed the shooter, as stronger and more active than himself, to carry the young lady to a neighbouring fountain, while he went back to Alice's hut to procure more aid.

The man, to whose timely interference they had been so much indebted, did not seem inclined to leave his good work half finished. He raised Lucy from the ground in his arms, and conveyed her through the glades of the forest by paths with which he seemed well acquainted, stopped not until he laid her in safety by the side of a plentiful and pellucid fountain, which had been once covered in,

screened and decorated with architectural ornaments of a Gothic character. But now the vault which had covered it being broken down and riven, and the Gothic front ruined and demolished, the stream burst forth from the recess of the earth in open day, and winded its way among the broken sculpture and moss-grown stones which lay in confusion around its source.

Tradition, always busy, at least in Scotland, to grace with a legendary tale a spot in itself interesting, had ascribed a cause of peculiar veneration to this fountain. A beautiful young lady met one of the lords of Ravenswood while hunting near this spot, and, like a second Egeria, had captivated the affections of the feudal Numa. They met frequently afterwards, and always at sunset, the charms of the nymph's mind completing the conquest which her beauty had begun, and the mystery of the intrigue adding zest to both. She always appeared and disappeared close by the fountain, with which, therefore, her lover judged she had some inexplicable connection. She placed certain restrictions on their intercourse, which also savoured of mystery. They met only once a week; Friday was the appointed day; and she explained to the lord of Ravenswood, that they were under the necessity of separating so soon as the bell of a chapel, belonging to a hermitage in the adjoining wood, now long ruinous, tolled the hour of vespers. In the course of his confession, the Baron of Ravenswood intrusted the hermit with the secret of this singular amour, and Father Zachary drew the necessary and obvious consequence, that his patron was enveloped in the toils of Satan, and in danger of destruction both to body and soul. He urged these perils to the baron with all the force of monkish rhetoric; and described, in the most frightful colours, the real character and person of the apparently lovely Naïad, whom he hesitated not to denounce as a limb of the kingdom of darkness. The lover listened with obstinate incredulity; and it was not until worn out by the obstinacy of the anchoret, that he consented to put the state and condition of his mistress to a certain trial; and for that purpose acquiesced in Zachary's proposal, that on their next interview the vespers bell should be rung half an hour later than usual. The hermit maintained and bucklered his opinion by quotations from *Malleus Maleficarum*, *Sprengerus*, *Remigius*, and other learned demonologists, that the Evil One, thus seduced to remain behind the appointed hour, would assume her true shape, and having appeared to her terrified lover as a fiend of hell, would vanish from him in a flash of sulphureous lightning. Raymond of Ravenswood acquiesced in the experiment, not incurious concerning the issue, though confident it would disappoint the expectations of the hermit.

On the appointed hour the lovers met, and their interview was protracted beyond that at which they usually parted, by the delay of the priest to ring his usual curfew. No change took place upon the nymph's outward form; but as soon as the lengthening shadows made her aware that the usual hour of the vesper chime was passed, she tore

herself from her lover's arms with a shriek of despair, bid him adieu for ever, and plunging into the fountain, disappeared from his eyes. The bubbles occasioned by her descent were crimsoned with blood as they arose, leading the distracted baron to infer, that his ill-judged curiosity had occasioned the death of this interesting and mysterious being. The remorse which he felt, as well as the recollection of her charms, proved the penance of his future life, which he lost in the battle of Flodden not many months after; but, in memory of his Naïad, he had previously ornamented the fountain in which she appeared to reside, and secured its waters from profanation or pollution by the small vaulted building, of which the fragments still remained scattered around it. From this period the house of Ravenswood was supposed to have dated its decay.

Such was the generally received legend, which some, who would seem wiser than the vulgar, explained, as obscurely intimating the fate of a beautiful maid of plebeian rank, the mistress of this Raymond, whom he slew in a fit of jealousy, and whose blood was mingled with the waters of the locked fountain, as it was commonly called. Others imagined that the tale had a more remote origin in the ancient heathen mythology. All however agreed, that the spot was fatal to the Ravenswood family; and that to drink of the waters of the well, or even approach its brink, was as ominous to a descendant of that house, as for a Grahame to wear green, a Bruce to kill a spider, or a St. Clair to cross the Ord on a Monday.

It was on this ominous spot that Lucy Ashton first drew breath after her long and almost deadly swoon. Beautiful and pale as the fabulous Naïad in the last agony of separation from her lover, she was seated so as to rest with her back against a part of the ruined wall, while her mantle, dripping with the water which her protector had used profusely to recall her senses, clung to her slender and beautifully proportioned form.

The first moment of recollection brought to her mind the danger which had overpowered her senses, the next called to remembrance that of her father. She looked around: he was no where to be seen. "My father, my father!" was all that she could ejaculate.

"Sir William is safe," answered the voice of a stranger, "perfectly safe, and will be with you instantly."

"Are you sure of that?" exclaimed Lucy; "the bull was close by us: do not stop me! I must go to seek my father!"

And she arose with that purpose, but her strength was so much exhausted, that, far from possessing the power to execute her purpose, she must have fallen against the stone on which she had leaned, probably not without sustaining serious injury.

The stranger was so near to her, that, without actually suffering her to fall, he could not avoid catching her in his arms, which, however, he did with a momentary reluctance, very unusual when youth interposes to prevent beauty from danger. It seemed as if her weight, slight

as it was, proved too heavy for her young and athletic assistant; for, without feeling the temptation of detaining her in his arms even for a single instant, he again placed her on the stone from which she had risen, and retreating a few steps, repeated hastily, "Sir William Ashton is perfectly safe, and will be here instantly. Do not make yourself anxious on his account; Fate has singularly preserved him. You, madam, are exhausted, and must not think of rising until you have some assistance more suitable than mine."

Lucy, whose senses were by this time more effectually collected, was naturally led to look at the stranger with attention. There was nothing in his appearance which should have rendered him unwilling to offer his arm to a young lady who required support, or which could have induced her to refuse his assistance; and she could not help thinking, even in that moment, that he seemed cold and reluctant to offer it. A shooting-dress of dark cloth intimated the rank of the wearer, though concealed in part by a large and loose cloak of a dark brown colour. A Montero cap, with a black feather drooping over the wearer's brow, partly concealed his features, which, so far as seen, were dark, regular, and full of majestic, though somewhat sullen, expression. Some secret sorrow, or the brooding spirit of some moody passion, had quenched the light and ingenuous vivacity of youth in a countenance singularly fitted to display both; and it was not easy to gaze on the stranger without a secret impression either of pity or awe, or at least of doubt and curiosity allied to both.

The impression which we have necessarily been long in describing, Lucy felt in the glance of a moment, and had no sooner encountered the keen black eyes of the stranger, than her own were bent on the ground with a mixture of bashful embarrassment and fear; yet there was a necessity to speak, or at least she thought so, and in a fluttered accent she began to mention her wonderful escape, in which she was sure that the stranger must, under Heaven, have been her father's protector, and her own.

He seemed to shrink from her expressions of gratitude, while he replied abruptly, "I leave you, madam"—the deep melody of his voice rendered powerful, but not harsh, by something like a severity of tone—"I leave you to the protection of those to whom it is possible you may have been this day a guardian angel."

Lucy was surprised at the ambiguity of his language; and with a feeling of artless and unaffected gratitude, began to deprecate the idea of having intended to give her deliverer any offence, as if such a thing had been possible. "I have been unfortunate," she said, "in endeavouring to express my thanks: I am sure it must be so, though I cannot recollect what I said; but would you but stay till my father, till the Lord Keeper comes? would you only permit him to pay you his thanks, and to inquire your name?"

"My name is unnecessary," answered the stranger; "your father—I would rather say Sir William

Ashton—will learn it soon enough, for all the pleasure it is likely to afford him."

"You mistake him," said Lucy earnestly; "he will be grateful for my sake and for his own. You do not know my father, or you are deceiving me with a story of his safety, when he has already fallen a victim to the fury of the animal"

When she had caught this idea, she started from the ground, and endeavoured to press towards the avenue in which the accident had taken place; while the stranger, though he seemed to hesitate between the desire to assist and the wish to leave her, was obliged, in common humanity, to oppose her both by entreaty and action.

"On the word of a gentleman, madam, I tell you the truth; your father is in perfect safety: you will expose yourself to injury if you venture back where the herd of wild cattle grazed. If you will go"—for having once adopted the idea that her father was still in danger, she pressed forward in spite of him—"if you will go, accept my arm, though I am not perhaps the person who can with most propriety offer you support."

But without heeding this intimation, Lucy took him at his word. "Oh, if you be a man," she said, "if you be a gentleman, assist me to find my father! You shall not leave me: you must go with me: he is dying perhaps while we are talking here."

Then, without listening to excuse or apology, and holding fast by the stranger's arm, though unconscious of any thing save the support with it gave, and without which she could not have moved, mixed with a vague feeling of preventing his escape from her, she was urging, and almost dragging him forward, when Sir William Ashton came up, followed by the female attendant of blind Alice, and by two wood-cutters, whom he had summoned from their occupation to his assistance. His joy at seeing his daughter safe overcame the surprise with which he would at another time have beheld her hanging as familiarly on the arm of a stranger, as she might have done upon his own.

"Lucy, my dear Lucy, are you safe? are you well?" were the only words that broke from him as he embraced her in ecstasy.

"I am well, sir, thank God; and still more that I see you so. But this gentleman," she said, quitting his arm, and shrinking from him, "what must he think of me?" and her eloquent blood, that hung over neck and brow, spoke how much she was ashamed of the freedom with which she had craved, and even compelled his assistance.

"This gentleman," said Sir William Ashton, "will, I trust, not regret the trouble we have given him, when I assure him of the gratitude of the Lord Keeper for the greatest service which one man ever rendered to another—for the life of my child, for my own life, which he has saved by his bravery and presence of mind. He will, I am sure, permit us to request——"

"Request nothing of ME, my lord," said the stranger, in a stern and peremptory tone; "I am the Master of Ravenswood."

There was a dead pause of surprise, not unmixed with less pleasing feelings. The master wrapt

himself in his cloak, made a haughty inclination towards Lucy, muttering a few words of courtesy, as indistinctly heard as they seemed to be reluctantly uttered, and turning from them, was immediately lost in the thicket.

ALICE.

(From *the same.*)

THEY now approached the hut of old Alice, which had of late been rendered more comfortable, and presented an appearance less picturesque perhaps, but far neater than before. The old woman was on her accustomed seat beneath the weeping birch, basking, with the listless enjoyment of age and infirmity, in the beams of the autumn sun. At the arrival of her visitors she turned her head towards them. "I hear your step, Miss Ashton," she said, "but the gentleman who attends you is not my lord, your father."

"And why should you think so, Alice?" said Lucy; "or how is it possible for you to judge so accurately by the sound of a step, on this moor-side, and in the open air?"

"My hearing, my child, has been sharpened by my blindness, and I can now judge of the slightest sounds, which formerly reached my ears as undecided as they now approach yours. Necessity is a stern, but an excellent schoolmistress, and she that has lost her sight must collect her information from other sources."

"Well, you hear a man's step, I grant it," said Lucy; "but why, Alice, may it not be my father's?"

"The pace of age, my love, is timid and cautious; the foot takes leave of the earth slowly, and is planted down upon it with hesitation: it is the hasty and determined step of youth that I now hear, and—could I give credit to so strange a thought—I should say it was the step of a Ravenswood."

"This is indeed," said Ravenswood, "an acuteness of organ which I could not have credited had I not witnessed it. I am indeed the Master of Ravenswood, Alice—the son of your old master."

"You!" said the old woman with almost a scream of surprise, "you, the Master of Ravenswood—here—in this place, and thus accompanied?—I cannot believe it; let me pass my old hand over your face, that my touch may bear witness to my ears."

The master sat down beside her on the earthen bank, and permitted her to touch his features with her trembling hand.

"It is indeed!" she said, "it is the features as well as the voice of Ravenswood; the high lines of pride, as well as the bold and haughty tone: but what do you here, Master of Ravenswood? what do you in your enemy's domain, and in company with his child?"

As old Alice spoke, her face kindled, as probably that of an ancient feudal vassal might have done, in whose presence his youthful liege lord had shewn some symptom of degenerating from the spirit of his ancestors.

"The Master of Ravenswood," said Lucy, who liked not the tone of this expostulation, and was de-

sirous to abridge it, "is upon a visit to my father."

"Indeed!" said the old blind woman, in an accent of surprise.

"I knew," continued Lucy, "I should do him a pleasure by conducting him to your cottage."

"Where, to say the truth, Alice," said Ravenswood, "I expected a more cordial reception."

"It is most wonderful," said the old woman, muttering to herself; "but the ways of Heaven are not like our ways, and its judgments are brought about by means far beyond our fathoming. Hearken, young man," she said: "your fathers were implacable, but they were honourable foes, they sought not to ruin their enemies under the mask of hospitality. What have you to do with Lucy Ashton? why should your steps move in the same footpath with hers? why should your voice sound in the same chord and time with those of Sir William Ashton's daughter? Young man, he who aims at revenge by dishonourable means——"

"Be silent, woman!" said Ravenswood sternly; "is it the devil that prompts your voice? Know that this young lady has not on earth a friend, who would venture further to save her from injury or from insult."

"And is it even so?" said the old woman, in an altered but melancholy tone: "then God help you both!"

"Amen! Alice," said Lucy, who had not comprehended the import of what the blind woman had hinted, "and send you your senses, Alice, and your good-humour."

THE FATE OF RAVENSWOOD.

(From *the same*.)

WITH the first peep of light, Caleb Balderstone again resorted to the door of Ravenswood's sleeping-apartment, through a chink of which he observed him engaged in measuring the length of two or three swords which lay in a closet adjoining to the apartment. He muttered to himself, as he selected one of these weapons, "It is shorter, let him have this advantage as he has every other."

Caleb Balderstone knew too well, from what he witnessed, upon what enterprise his master was bound, and how vain all interference on his part must necessarily prove. He had but time to retreat from the door, so nearly was he surprised by his master suddenly coming out, and descending to the stables. The faithful domestic followed, and from the dishevelled appearance of his master's dress, and his ghastly looks, was confirmed in his conjecture that he had passed the night without sleep or repose. He found him busily engaged in saddling his horse, a service from which Caleb, though with faltering voice and trembling hands, offered to relieve him. Ravenswood rejected his assistance by a mute sign, and having led the animal into the court, was just about to mount him, when the old domestic's fear giving way to the strong attachment which was the principal passion of his mind, he flung himself suddenly at Ravenswood's feet, and clasped his

knees, while he exclaimed, "Oh, sir! oh, master! kill me if you will, but do not go out on this dreadful errand. Oh, my dear master! wait but this day; the Marquis of A—— comes to-morrow, and a' will be remedied"

"You have no longer a master, Caleb," said Ravenswood, endeavouring to extricate himself "why, old man, would you cling to a falling tower?"

"But I *have* a master," cried Caleb, still holding him fast, "while the heir of Ravenswood breathes. I am but a servant, but I was your father's, your grandfather's: I was born for the family; I have lived for them, I would die for them. Stay but at home, and all will be well!"

"Well? fool! well?" said Ravenswood: "vain old man, nothing hereafter in life will be well with me, and happiest is the hour that shall soonest close it."

So saying, he extricated himself from the old man's hold, threw himself on his horse, and rode out at the gate; but instantly turning back, he threw towards Caleb, who hastened to meet him, a heavy purse of gold

"Caleb," he said, with a ghastly smile, "I make you my executor;" and again turning his bridle he resumed his course down the hill.

The gold fell unheeded on the pavement, for the old man ran to observe the course which was taken by his master, who turned to the left down a small and broken path, which gained the seashore through a cleft in the rock, and led to a sort of cove, where, in former times, the boats of the castle were wont to be moored. Observing him take this course, Caleb hastened to the eastern battlement, which commanded the prospect of the whole sands, very nearly as far as the village of Wolf's-Hope. He could easily see his master riding in that direction, as fast as the horse could carry him. The prophecy at once rushed on Balderstone's mind, that the Lord of Ravenswood should perish on the Kelpie's Flow, which lay half way betwixt the tower and the links or sand-knolls, to the north-east of Wolf's-Hope. He saw him accordingly reach the fatal spot, but he never saw him pass further.

Colonel Ashton, frantic for revenge, was already in the field, pacing the turf with eagerness, and looking with impatience towards the tower for the arrival of his antagonist The sun had now risen, and shewed its broad disk above the eastern sea, so that he could easily discern the horseman, who rode towards him with a speed which argued impatience equal to his own. At once the figure became invisible, as if it had melted into the air. He rubbed his eyes, as if he had witnessed an apparition, and then hastened to the spot, near which he was met by Balderstone, who came from the opposite direction. No trace whatever of horse or rider could be discerned; it only appeared, that the late winds and high tides had greatly extended the usual bounds of the quicksand, and that the unfortunate horseman, as appeared from the hoof-tracks, in his precipitate haste, had not attended to keep on the firm sands at the foot of the rock, but had taken the shortest and most dangerous course. One only vestige of his

fate appeared. A large sable feather had been detached from his hat, and the rippling waves of the rising tide wafted it to Caleb's feet. The old man took it up, dried it, and placed it in his bosom.

The inhabitants of Wolf's-Hope were now alarmed, and crowded to the place, some on shore, and some in boats, but their search availed nothing. The tenacious depths of the quicksand, as is usual in such cases, retained their prey.

FINE ARTS.

INTELLIGENCE REGARDING WORKS OF ART IN PROGRESS OR COMPLETED.

R. Ackermann proposes to publish an Historical and Characteristic *Tour of the Rhine*, from Mayence to Coblentz and Cologne; in six monthly parts: containing a complete history and picturesque description of a portion of country so full of curious and interesting circumstances as well as so resplendent for its landscape, grandeur, and beauty. The work will be embellished with twenty-four highly finished and coloured engravings, from drawings expressly made by an eminent artist, resident near the banks of the Rhine, and habitually familiar with every part of it. Part I. to appear on the 1st of October, and to be continued monthly until completed. A correct map of the river and the territory, according to its last arrangements, through which it flows, is preparing, exclusively, for this publication, and will be given with the last part.

Mr. Cockburn, keeper of the Dulwich Gallery, intends to extend to thirty the number of his *Prints*, in imitation of some of the choicest pictures by the most eminent artists, ancient and modern, in the Bourgeois Collection; which will be completed in the spring of 1820.

A School for Drawing and Painting has been established by Mr. Henry Sass. It possesses every requisite for the study of the human figure, where the student is instructed in anatomy, perspective, and the other rudiments of art, forming a probationary school for the Royal Academy and British Museum.

To obviate the disadvantage which many have experienced from the want of a proper place, where they could obtain the necessary information previous to their entrance into the above national schools of art, this establishment has been formed, by which the progress of the young artist and amateur is facilitated, and they are better enabled to appreciate and to profit by the Elgin marbles, as well as the other various examples of fine art contained in those institutions.

Particulars may be known at No. 50, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury-square, opposite the British Museum.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 16.—MORNING AND WALKING DRESS.

A JACONOT muslin round dress: the skirt is moderately full, and trimmed round the bottom with four flounces of the same material; these are of different widths, the bottom one is the broadest, the top the narrowest; these flounces are each finished by a double tuck, and set on full: their effect is extremely pretty. The body is high, the front is tight to the shape, the back full; a double fall of rich work goes round the throat. Long sleeves, finished with epaulettes of rich work, and trimmed at the bottom to correspond. Head-dress, a morning *cornette*, composed of British net, and trimmed with lace: the caul is low; it is ornamented with full puffs of net on the crown of the head; these puffs are formed by satin, and edged with lace; the border is set on full; the ears do not reach above half way under the chin, where the cap fastens with a large bow of ribbon. The bonnet worn over this *cornette*, for walking, is composed of white figured *gros de Naples*; it is large and of a novel shape: there is a mixture of net let in on one side of the crown, in a very new and tasteful manner, and the trimming of the edge of the brim, for which we refer to our print, is at once singular and tasteful. A superb plume of feathers is placed on one side, and it ties with white ribbon under the chin. A white lace scarf, lined with rose-coloured sarsnet. White shoes. Limeric gloves.

PLATE 17.—EVENING DRESS.

A plain white transparent gauze frock over a white satin slip; the trimming of the skirt consists of a rich fall of blond lace at the bottom, which is surmounted by two rows of the most novel and tasteful trimming we have seen for a considerable time; it is a mixture of white satin and transparent gauze; there are two rows of it: we refer for the form to our print. It is surmounted by a row of puffs *en rouleaux*: they are composed of white satin. The *corsage* is cut very low round the bust, which is finished by a double row of blond. The sleeve is short and full; it corresponds with the trimming of the skirt. The hair is dressed very full on each side of the forehead; the hind hair is brought up in a full tuft on the crown of the head: a bunch of flowers, intermingled with grass, is placed on the left side. Necklace and earrings, rubies. White satin shoes, and white kid gloves.

We are indebted to Miss Pierpoint of No. 9, Henrietta-street, Covent-Garden, maker of the *corset à la Grecque*, for both these dresses.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Our fair votaries of fashion are still seen promenading in white dresses; those worn in the morning



are always either of cambric or jaconot muslin. There is not perhaps much novelty in the form of dresses, but there is considerable variety both in their make and the manner in which they are trimmed. Such of our fashionable *belles* as are infected with the Gallo-mania, and we must own the number is pretty considerable, are seen with waists unusually long, bodies quite tight to the shape, and a more than ordinary profusion of trimming, which is disposed either in *ruches*, *bouillonnés*, or little flounces, laid on very full, and in such a manner as to stand out from the dress. Their head-dresses are bonnets of a large size, ornamented, in the Parisian style, with diamonds formed of *coques* of ribbon, or large bouquets of flowers.

There are, however, many ladies, and those too of rank and taste, who do not adopt implicitly the modes of our Gallic neighbours: these appear with waists of more moderate length, gowns less trimmed, and bonnets of a smaller size and more moderately ornamented. Spencers and silk scarfs are still worn for the promenade; but the most elegant out-of-door covering, in our opinion, are scarfs of white lace lined with coloured silk.

We have just seen a dress, called the Brighton promenade dress, which is novel, though not very tasteful: it is a robe composed of jaconot muslin, rather long in the waist; the middle of the back is full, and it is ornamented at each side with a wave tuck, through which is run a coloured ribbon; the fronts are tight to the shape; the sleeve is long and rather loose; it is finished with a deep cuff, ending in a point at the top; this is composed of soft muslin, puckered very small, and finished with a narrow lace laid on full. There is an epaulette composed of a cluster of puckered points, trimmed to correspond: there are five of these; the one at the back part of the sleeve is half a quarter in depth; the remaining four are one a little shorter than the other. The collar is pointed; it stands out from the back of the throat, and is edged with lace to correspond. The robe is trimmed all round in the same manner. This style of trimming is calculated only for the bottoms of dresses, but it is, in our opinion, too heavy to be used for any other purpose.

Bonnets are universally worn for the promenade; Leghorn are considered as genteel, but *gros de Naples* still continue more in favour. With the exception of the very elegant bonnet which we have given in our print, we have not observed any thing novel in this sort of head-dress since last month.

Bonnets wholly transparent, composed of lace, gauze, blond, or British net, without any mixture of satin, are now much worn in carriage dress. One of the most novel and pretty that we have seen, had a broad low crown; the brim was very broad, but not deep; it was bent over the forehead in the Mary Queen of Scots' style; the edge of the crown was finished by blond, laid on in Spanish puffs, each puff formed by a daisy; the brim was ornamented to correspond: a small bouquet of field-flowers was placed at one side of the crown, and a rich white ribbon tied it under the chin. Owing

probably to the excessive warmth of the weather, we have observed that spencers are little worn in carriage dress. White net, or thin muslin pelisses, lined with coloured sarsnet, are still in request; and black and white lace pelerines, of a large size, seem to be in considerable favour.

Muslin continues in favour for dinner dress: silk is, however, still partially worn. Dinner gowns are in general cut low, but there are some exceptions: we have seen some frocks made half-high, and finished round the bust in a style which we considered at once delicate and appropriate to full dress. A row of what is called joining-lace is let in in a wave round the upper part of the bust, and finished at the top with a blond *ruche:* the lower part of the body is made tight to the shape in front, and full behind. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with three flounces of broad lace, between each of which is a deep wave of joining-lace. The sleeve is short, very full, and surmounted by a single fall of broad lace.

Ribbon continues to be very much used for trimmings. One of the newest is a piece of muslin laid on in waves; the muslin is laid on full, and the fulness is confined at the top and bottom of each wave by a rosette or bow of narrow satin ribbon: this trimming is in general placed over a broad flounce either of work or lace. Many of those ladies who adopt the Parisian fashion of having their dresses trimmed extravagantly high, have the skirts of their gowns finished with alternate rows of embroidery and lace; each row is narrow. We have seen very recently some dresses trimmed in this manner more than half way up the skirt. We need scarcely observe, that this is an old fashion, which, since the year 1814, we have borrowed two or three times from our Gallic neighbours; it is also in the highest degree unbecoming to the figure: as it is, however, but partially adopted, it is likely to be very soon out of favour.

Clear muslin is a good deal worn in evening dress; it is extremely appropriate to the season, and when trimmed in a light and tasteful manner, looks remarkably well. The one which we are about to describe was invented by a *marchande des modes* of acknowledged taste, and is, in our opinion, the prettiest, as well as the most novel, that has been seen for some time. The dress is a frock: the body is cut very low round the bust; the front is formed, in the stomacher style, with white satin tucks, between each is a row of letting-in lace; the back is tight to the shape; the bust is finished with a puffing of net, each puff confined by a small bow of narrow white satin ribbon. The sleeves are very short and full, and the fulness is interspersed with little bows of ribbon, in a singular but pretty style. The bottom of the skirt is finished by a wreath of very large leaves; the middle of each leaf is satin, the remaining part thin muslin, put on full; above this is a row of muslin puffs let in, and between each a bow of ribbon. A narrow cestus of white satin, disposed in folds round the waist, and fastening behind in a bow and ends, finishes this dress.

White lace and gauze over white satin still continue in favour: co-

loured gauzes, particularly blue and very pale rose-colour, are also worn; and gauze of a white ground, with small coloured sprigs, is very fashionable. The most novel and elegant style of trimming is that which we have given in our print; next to it in elegance and estimation, is a drapery of blond or net, nearly a quarter of a yard in breadth, looped either with knots of pearl or bunches of flowers.

Caps are very fashionable both in morning and in half dress: in the first they are always of the mob shape, but the ears are very small, and seldom meet under the chin. Small round caps are most general in half dress; the lauls are always low; those that are puffed in the middle seem most in favour: small bouquets of flowers are placed on one side. Roses are much worn, but wild flowers, mingled with grass, appear most predominant.

The hair is seldom covered in full dress, unless by ladies *d'un certain âge;* with these turbans are most in favour: they are generally made in the Turkish style, composed of gauze, and ornamented with plumes of feathers. In some instances we have observed a lace scarf twisted through the hair, one end of which fell carelessly in the neck, and a bouquet of roses, or intermingled lilies and roses, was placed on the right side.

No material alteration has taken place either in the style of hair-dressing, or of ornamenting the hair in full dress, since our last number. The only additional ornament that has been introduced, is a tiara of golden wheat-ears mixed with poppies; it is made rather high, and put very far forward upon the forehead. Our Gallic neighbours used to have a very decided advantage over us in the manufacture of these kinds of ornaments, but they no longer retain it: our artificial flowers are now remarkably well made; and even those people who are accustomed to the work of the Parisian florists, cannot distinguish between ours and theirs.

We have just seen a new and very pretty trimming; it is a mixture of transparent gauze, satin, and chenille, which forms a wreath of roses, mixed with oak-leaves; the leaves are satin, the roses gauze, and the stalk chenille.

Fashionable colours are the same as last month, except that peach-blossom seems to be little worn, and Pomona green is in favour.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

Paris, Aug. 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

THE [illegible] promenade dress [illegible] my last, by [illegible] legged canaries: the [illegible] rose-colour, blue, [illegible] four; but though [illegible] are not so high [illegible] white, which still continues to be worn at all times of the day. I never remember our summer promenade dresses of so unbecoming a description: though the weather is [illegible] hot, our throats are [illegible] in large ruffs, carefully [illegible] in front, and many ladies add to this a *souvenir de Cachemire,*

which is, if to render the heat still more oppressive, is tied at the throat.

Waists still continue nearly the same length: this is to say, for I know you love to have very precise information on this important point, they are about an inch more than half a quarter under the arm. Those dresses that are more high, have in general full bodies, which are disposed, by the art of the laundress, in small or large plaits, according to the fancy of the wearer. I should not forget to observe, that the plaits are lengthwise. The long sleeve, which begins to be worn almost tight to the arm, has a loose cuff, which is plaited cross-wise, and the epaulette corresponds. The bottom of the skirt is tucked sometimes in the manner I described in my last, and sometimes the tucks are alternately large and small.

Low dresses are made in a style at once modest and becoming: the gown comes sufficiently high to cover the swell of the bosom, at the same time that it displays the upper part of the neck before and behind. The body is tight to the shape: the sleeves are short; they reach, however, more than half way to the elbow; they are very full; the fullness is confined to the arm by a narrow band of the same material as the dress, and a double row of scalloped trimming, also of the same material, ornaments them at the bottom. The trimmings of low dresses are mostly of the following description: A broad [illegible] of the same material is laid [illegible] the bottom of the skirt, it [illegible] posed in festooned tucks, [illegible] at the bottom by two scalloped flounces, and surmounted by two flounces to correspond: this trimming has a novel and very pretty effect.

High dresses are worn for the promenade, without any other addition than a ruff round the throat; and, when I tell you that there are five or six falls of muslin disposed in large plaits, I think you will agree with me, that nothing can be less appropriate to summer dress. Handkerchiefs are worn with low gowns, tied, as I before observed, at the throat: the majority of these are cachemire, but silk ones are partially worn; and within these last few days black lace ones, which were fashionable when I wrote last, but have, so versatile is fashion here, been since exploded, are now partially revived; and some few *élégantes*, who affect simplicity, wear handkerchiefs of embroidered *perkale*.

Gauze, Leghorn, and crape are most in favour for *chapeaux*, the brims of which are now adorned in a novel manner: a double row of trimming, of a new fabric, which resembles lace, is laid on the edge of the brim; one row stands up on the outside of the brim, and the other falls over it; between this lace is a row of flat silk trimming, which is sometimes of the same colour as the hat, and sometimes of a different colour. I am often puzzled in speaking to you of *chapeaux*, they alter so frequently, and [illegible] the alterations are [illegible] that one scarcely [illegible] how to describe them: at [illegible] are two fashionable [illegible] of Leghorn have a [illegible] little resem- [illegible] hat, only some

what broader at top than bottom; the brim, rounded at the corners, comes as low as the chin, but does not meet, and is broad, but not deep, over the forehead. Those in gauze or crape have the crown tacked in in general like the caul of a cap, the brim extremely deep, very broad over the forehead, and meeting under the chin. Sometimes it is rounded at the corners, and sometimes square. Rose and white are the colours most in favour for gauze or crape hats: those composed of the former are trimmed in general with straw-colour, and the white *chapeaux* are ornamented with lilac.

Flowers are in universal request, but there is not that variety in bouquets which we have been accustomed to see at this season of the year. Roses are most in favour; next to them are daisies, bunches of lilacs, red tulips, and poppies Flowers are in general coloured after nature, except daisies, which are of all colours. There are several hats trimmed only with ribbon, which is disposed in a diadem of Spanish puffs, each of which is fluted in bias. Several *chapeaux* of gauze have at each end of the brim a lozenge of a different colour; as, for example, azure or green upon rose-colour, and lilac or straw colour upon white. Hats, formed of Egyptian ribbon, have within these few days been very fashionable: the appearance of these hats is whimsical enough. I cannot describe it better to you than by telling you, that they strikingly resemble the skin of the zebra.

I was interrupted just as I finished the last paragragh by a pretty little *merveilleuse*, who takes pains to spoil her small but symmetrical figure, by appearing in a style of dress which could only be becoming to a tall majestic *belle*. More than two-thirds of the skirt of her gown to-day was covered with trimming: this, however, is an old-fashioned folly; but her *chapeau* is the most novel and whimsical head-dress I ever saw, and, as such, I will describe it to you, though I am certain, from your correct and elegant taste, that you will not be likely to order one from my description. It is composed of straw-coloured gauze; the crown is exactly of the shape of a melon, and puckered so as to resemble the rough-coated ones; a row of broad ribbon, formed into coxcombs, stands up across the crown, and is placed in a bias direction; the brim, which is of the most extravagant size, is cut out at the edge in round holes, which are nearly half a quarter distant from each other: each of these spaces is filled with a piece of gauze, which is cut in such a manner as to form a kind of *chevaux-de-frise* trimming round it; a little bunch of red and white grapes is placed alternately in each; an immense bouquet of Provence roses, mingled with bunches of vine-leaves, adorns one side of the crown. I could see that the *petite belle* was very well satisfied with having procured a *chapeau* quite different from those worn by other people, and entirely unconscious of the very bad effect which it had upon her figure.

Coloured book muslin is in estimation for home dinner dress, or for social parties. I have already described to you the forms of low dresses: the trimming of those I

am now speaking of, consists either of flounces of the same material, with a rouleau of white satin between each flounce, or else cork-screw rolls of clear white muslin, entwined with ribbon of the colour of the dress. The bust is trimmed either with lace, or with puffed ribbon to correspond with the gown. The sleeves are in general of a very simple description, short, full, and confined to the arm by a narrow band of ribbon, or a welt of the same material as the dress; sometimes a fall of narrow lace finishes them at the bottom.

Tulle over white satin begins to be very much worn in evening dress, but white watered *gros de Naples* is still more fashionable. Frocks are most in favour for full dress: they are made to fit the shape exactly; the skirts are rather scanty, particularly towards the top, and what little fulness there is, is thrown entirely behind. Short full sleeve, finished, as is the bust, with a trimming of blond. The trimming consists either of flounces of blond, draperies of tulle, or fluted gauze, finished at each edge with a *ruche* of the same material. The prettiest full dress which I have seen for a considerable time, is the wedding gown of a young friend of mine, who has recently become a votary of Hymen: it is composed of white watered *gros de Naples*; the form is a frock, and the bust is tastefully ornamented in the stomacher style with pearls. The sleeve is of the same material; it is short and full: there is a blond sleeve over it, festooned with rosettes of pearl. A blond *ruche* goes round the bust. At the bottom of the skirt is a broad rouleau of white satin, surmounted by a deep blond flounce set on with very little fulness, and headed by a rouleau of white satin much narrower than the one at the bottom. The flounce is set on in festoons, each of which is finished by a satin bow and a bouquet of orange-flowers. If any of your female friends are upon the point of matrimony, my dear Sophia, they cannot have a prettier dress than this, or one more appropriate for such an occasion.

The hair still continues to be displayed in full dress, except by ladies far advanced in life: with these the favourite head-dress is a turban, composed of cachemire or silver gauze, and mostly made in the Indian style. There is also a new *toque* just introduced (and, by the bye, it is the only one worn, for *toques* have been entirely exploded for some time past): the crown is white satin, and at the part next to the face is a band of plaited silk and silver ribbon, which forms alternate lozenges of each kind; a full plume of Marabout feathers is placed to the left side.

Our promenade shoes are now in general of coloured leather, made rather high over the instep, and ornamented with a bow of ribbon to correspond. Black jane and stout black silk are also worn, but coloured leather predominates.

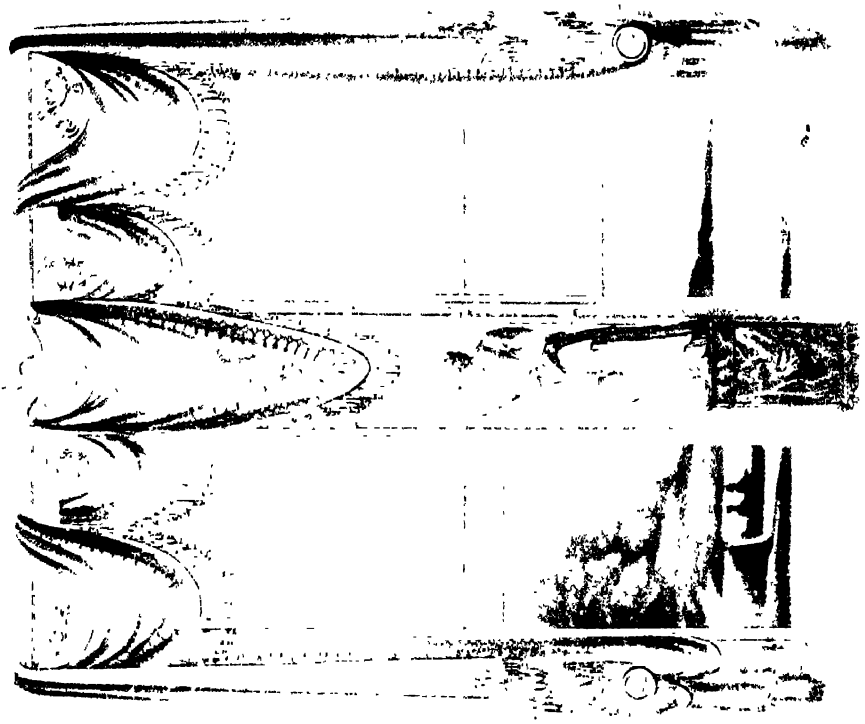
Full-dress shoes are of white figured silk, white leather, or satin: they are trimmed only with bows.

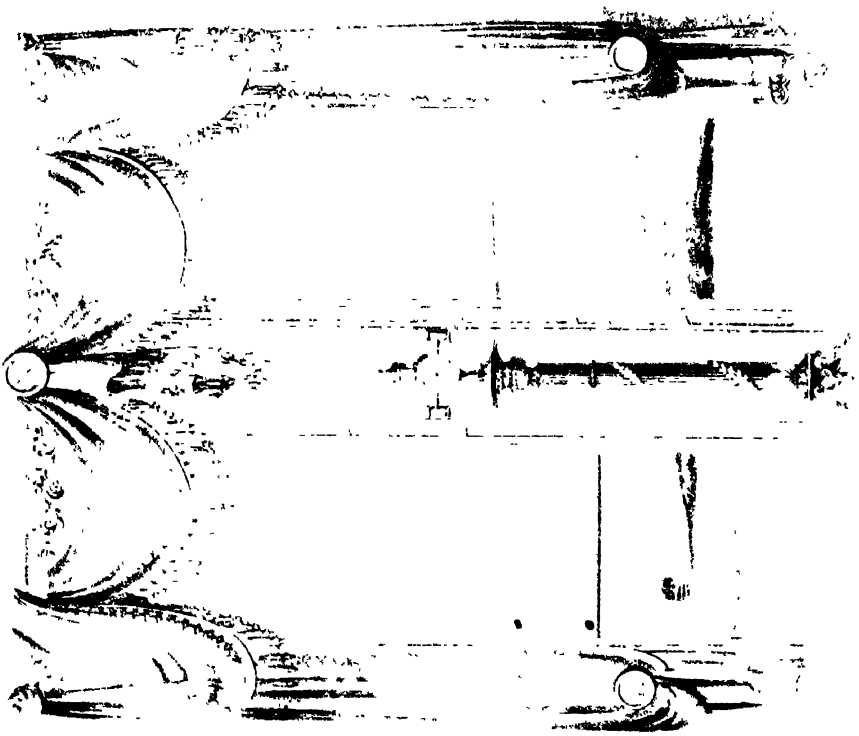
Pearls are universally worn in full-dress jewellery. I have recently seen a bridal ornament composed of them, which I thought particularly beautiful: it was a triple wreath of myrtle-leaves, in the midst of which was a bouquet of orange-flower blossoms.

Fashionable colours are, rose,



BLACK AND WHITE PATTERN





straw-colour, lilac, and green, but rose-colour is most in favour. It is somewhat singular, that, in all fluctuations of fashion, this colour never loses its ground; however numerous and various the colours in esteem may be, it is sure to be one of them.

Adieu, my dear friend! Send me soon a long letter, and believe me always your attached and faithful

EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 15.—DRAWING-ROOM WINDOW-CURTAINS.

THE designs for these draperies were supplied by Mr. Stafford, upholsterer, of Bath. they consist of two complete decorations, dissimilar only in point of arrangement, the materials and colours being the same in both. The curtains are supported by fasces carved and gilt, and ornamented by antique scroll foliages. The draperies on the right of the plate are adapted to a boudoir or morning-room, and the on the left to a drawing-room; and it will be found, in practice, that the latter would have a very tasteful and elegant effect, particularly if the number of windows should permit a greater display of them in connection or succession.

The very narrow space between the windows of this design is not suitable to a pier glass, and when such abridged divisions occur, they cannot be better furnished than according to the proposed intention. In the first, a candelabrum supporting a clock is introduced; and the latter is ornamented by a marble, bronze, or or molu figure.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

INQUIRIES having for some time been continual respecting the publication of the second volume of *Dr. Syntax*, the public are respectfully informed, that, in the course of the autumn, his future peregrinations will be offered to their attention, by the same author and the same artists, and published by R. Ackermann, Strand.

In the press, and shortly will be published by R. Ackermann, in one volume 8vo. *Letters from Buenos Ayres and Chili*; with an original History of the latter Country; illustrated with engravings: by the author of Letters from Paraguay.

R. Ackermann is also preparing for publication, an Elementary Work, of peculiar interest, on the *Construction of the Machines adopted in the Arts and Manufactures*, from the French of M. Bétancourt. It will afford an analytical and perspicuous display of the various combinations which occur in the arrangements of the practical mechanist, with their several applications to use, and constant reference to the engines and machinery of this and other countries. It will be illustrated with thirteen plates, of much novelty and elegance, and be altogether calcula-

ted to engage the young student, and gratify the more learned and practical.

In the press, *Two Miscellaneous Speeches at Cambridge*, spoken at public commencements in the years 1711 and 1730, by Roger Long, M. A. of Trinity College, and John Taylor, M. A. of St. John's. To which are added, Dr. Taylor's Latin speech at St. Mary's, on the 30th of January, 1750 several of his juvenile poems, some minor essays in prose, and specimens of his epistolary correspondence. To the whole are prefixed, Memoirs of Dr. Taylor and Dr. Long. Edited by J. Nichols, F. S. A.—Also *Bardon Papers*: consisting of letters on various subjects, Literary, political, and ecclesiastical, to and from Dr. John Bramhall, Primate of Ireland, including the correspondence of several most eminent men during the greater part of the 17th century; faithfully printed from the originals, and illustrated with literary and historical notes by the Rev. Edward Berwick, Author of the Life of Scipio, for many years domestic chaplain to the late Earl of Moira, and chaplain to the present Marquis of Hastings, Governor-General of India, &c.

A New and Complete Dictionary of Astrology is in the press: in which every technical term is named and correctly explained, and the sentiments and opinions of the most approved authors collected and accurately defined: comprising, among other useful matter, the most rational method of calculating nativities, according to the Placidian system, with a series of problems, illustrated and explained by familiar examples and diagrams, so as to render it intelligible to the meanest capacity: the whole art of delineating the directions, primary and secondary, the judgment of revolutions, progresses, progressed horoscopes, and lunations, emboliasmic or quadrate; and the doctrine of horary questions, wholly divested of their absurdities and contradictions. The work is the production of Mr. James Wilson, philomath.

Poetry.

TO THE CUCKOW.

Sweet, whither art thou straying,
Tell me where?
With prankish girls in gardens playing,
False as fair?
A butterfly's light back bestriding,
Queen bees to honeysuckles guiding,
Or in a swinging harebell riding,
Free from care?

Before Aurora's car you amble,
Early bird;
At noon, with Neptune's sea-nymphs gambol,
Brand new turn'd;

When on the tumbling billow rolling,
Or on the smooth sand gaily strolling,
Or in the grotto they be toiling,
You sport there.

To chase the moonbeams up the mountains,
You prepare;
Or dance with elves on banks of fountains,
With to share;
Now search with love-lorn lilies weeping,
Now with a blushing rose-bud sleeping,
While elves from forth their chambers peeping,
Cry, "Oh, rare!"

T. Harrison, Print, 375, Strand.

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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. VIII. OCTOBER 1, 1819. No. XLVI.

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L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, *will be acceptable.*

We regret that unavoidable circumstances, a statement of which is not important, have compelled us to omit, or rather to postpone, our Musical Review *for the present month. The gentleman who conducts this department of the Repository, will no doubt make ample amends in a succeeding number.*

Mr. R. *is requested, as early as possible in the next month, to send the first of his* Series of Essays on the Manners of the Parisians.

We have received J. K.'s *second letter on the subject of Suicide. It is not a topic we are at all fond of discussing, and we hope that he will excuse us if we decline giving it insertion.*

The author of Wilmot *will observe, that we have at last endeavoured to make some compensation for our delay. Had the tale been shorter, it would have appeared earlier.*

A Remonstrance in favour of a Reform in the overgrown Magnitude of Ladies' Bonnets, *will be made use of in our next. The ingenious writer has our best thanks.*

We have frequently mentioned, that we would rather buy books for The Selector, *than be indebted to authors for copies. Once for all we again state, that if a writer is determined to leave his work with the Publisher of the Repository, he must take his chance with others, and not expect that, even if untouched, it will be returned to him.*

Clarissa, The three Q's, A Potatoe-Merchant, *and some others, are under consideration.*

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 19s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 19s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. VIII. OCTOBER 1, 1819. NO. XLVI.

HINTS ON ORNAMENTAL GARDENING.

(*Continued from p.* 125.)

PLATE 20.—A FOUNTAIN.

IN art, as in matters of less importance, it frequently happens, that Fashion encroaches upon, or supersedes, the more steady patronage of *fitness* and *propriety*; and in her vacillating progress, adopts or discards, equally without reflection; and in her dismissal, the subject, which was hitherto her pride and boast, becomes as obnoxious to her distaste: thus it was with the fountain in ornamental gardening.

Fountains, or sources of water, were respected or held sacred, from very high antiquity, in the Eastern nations, as is recorded by historians, both sacred and profane. The Greeks, Tuscans, and Romans employed them as useful and decorative architecture; and hence they were adopted by the Italians and the French. In the formation of the celebrated gardens of Versailles, they were introduced in profuse magnificence, and became a prime feature in all the varieties of falls, fountains, and *jets-d'eau*. Fashion immediately took them up, and water was spouting every where; no place was complete without a fountain; and the first recommendation of the *tasteful* towards the embellishment of a garden, court, walk, or alley, was, "Certainly place a fountain there:" and soon the very sign-boards of London, then in no small number or display, abounded with semblances of "Fountains," to the manifest prejudice of Blue Boars, Black and White Bears, and Lions of every colour.

As in other cases where fashion predominates, its fulness produced its fall: their absurd adoption in most instances, with the incessant repetition of them, occasioned satiety and disgust; consequently they were demolished with as little regard to fine feeling or sound judgment, as in most instances they had been erected.

A small vestige of them still re-

mains, and demonstrates the extraordinary countenance they once received; for even lawyers were induced to become *tasteful*, and admit them in their courts. It was an effort that speedily subsided, but in the change that occurred they were not removed; and the Temple and Lincoln's Inn are now embellished each by portions of a fountain, the latter having all the columnal and sculptural appendages, however dilapidated, and the former all the water.

Time has banished the impression that was fatal to such designs, and its beauties are again proper subjects for garden embellishment, when circumstances permit an unforced use of them. Water is rarely otherwise than desirable; and the motion and sound of lightly falling water give liveliness to a spot, however secluded, that is not readily obtained in its absence.

The present design represents the front elevation, and below it a perspective view, of a fountain, suited to the head of a piece of water, and which would apply to the basin near Piccadilly in the Green Park, in substitution for the present rusting iron pipe, that conspicuously and offensively is protruded there, on royal ground, and in one of the finest approaches of London.

MISCELLANIES.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

Mr. ADVISER,

I AM the niece and ward of a maiden lady of fifty-five, who is always boasting of the great offers she has refused; and protesting, that she shall be as nice in choosing a husband for me, as she was in selecting one for herself; because the men are such abominable wretches, that one ought to take years to ascertain the true character of a man, before one marries him. I am now, sir, about nineteen, and I have listened to her talking in this way with great patience for the last three years; but I protest, Mr. Adviser, I begin to be of opinion, that if she goes on, I shall never get a husband as long as I live, for every day makes her more and more unreasonable in her expectations; and I really think, that if Sir Charles Grandison could be resuscitated, he would be hardly good enough, in her opinion, to make a Benedict of. She has refused three offers for me already, from gentlemen of unexceptionable character; but as I had no preference for any of them, I let her do as she liked. I begin now, however, to be sorry that I did not take the rejection of these lovers on myself, because then my character would be understood by a person whom, I will frankly own, I am desirous to please. You must know, sir, there is a young gentleman in this neighbourhood, who has, in my opinion at least, all the qualities necessary to enable a man to make a good husband; and if I may judge from his looks and his attentions to me, he is very desirous to call me his wife: I fancy my guardian is of the same

opinion, by the particular care which she takes, when in his company, to dwell upon all the perfections which she expects my future spouse to possess. Now, sir, as all these rare qualities hardly ever did meet in one man, I am afraid, as he is naturally modest, he will take it for a hint to keep silence, and that he will give up all thoughts of me, and look out for a help-mate less difficult to please.

If this should happen, Mr. Adviser, it would mortify me excessively; and yet I do not know how to prevent it. I can't tell him, I think my guardian's expectations are very unreasonable, though that is really the case, because he would perhaps fancy, I was throwing out a lure to bring him to my feet; and although I do not mind owning to you, Mr. Adviser, that I have more than half a liking for him, yet I am determined not to compromise the dignity of my sex an inch. No, sir,

"I will be wooed, and not unsought be won."

But, then, I shall be content to be wooed and won by a being like myself; that is to say, a human creature, compounded, as I believe all mankind and womankind have been since our first parents, of faults and virtues. I insist positively but upon two things: he must be an honest man, and sufficiently attached to me, to bear my failings with as much patience as I promise to shew to his. Now, Mr. Adviser, if you could contrive, without entering into particulars, to state my case and my expectations in your paper, you might be of great service to me; for I know that the young gentleman I have been speaking of, always reads it; and if that does not untie his tongue, I shall try to think no more about him: though, to say the truth, I do not know, in that case, whether I shall ever marry at all. However, I shall make no rash resolutions, at least at present; but I assure you, sir, that if you will grant me the favour I have just requested, you may depend upon it, that, during the rest of my life, your advice shall always be sedulously sought, and carefully attended to, by your very humble servant,

FELICIA FRANKHEART.

I believe my fair correspondent will excuse my publishing her letter, when she reads the following, which I received at the same time:

Mr. ADVISER,

I am over head and ears in love with one of the prettiest and best girls in the world; I am a suitable match for her with regard to birth and fortune, and perhaps I might without vanity say, in every other respect also: but unfortunately, sir, she is under the care of an old maid, who having been, through her own folly, prevented from becoming a wife, seems determined that my charmer shall bear her company in leading apes hereafter. In order to effect this pious purpose of hers, she protests that my mistress shall never have her consent to marry, till she finds a man of unexceptionable character. But pray, sir, what do you think she calls an unexceptionable character? Why, an assemblage of virtues such as even the heroes of romance are scarcely possessed of; and these must not be diminished by the appearance

of a single failing, even of the most trifling nature.

I am not coxcomb enough, Mr. Adviser, to suppose, that, according to the old lady's estimate of merit, I can have the smallest chance of success; and yet, sir, as the world goes, I am not the worst among the bad. I never, to my knowledge, was guilty of a mean or dishonourable action; virgin honour, or conjugal fidelity, has never been invaded by me; and if I know my own heart, I am sure that I should make a good husband to a woman who would love me well enough to study my happiness, and to make a generous allowance for my faults. I would take an opportunity of explaining my sentiments to the dear girl on this subject, if she gave me any encouragement; but I do not know how to interpret her behaviour. She is the most diffident, modest, unpretending creature on earth in appearance; but it is impossible to ascertain the value which she sets upon herself, because she never contradicts the extravagant harangues of her guardian: yet, at times, I have thought that I could read in her eyes, and she has very speaking ones, her dissent from the old lady's fantastical notions. Now, my good Mr. Sagephiz, if you will write a paper on the folly of people who cherish the hope of finding perfection in their mates, you will break the ice for me, for I shall then take courage to enter upon the subject; and I shall easily ascertain by her manner in speaking of your paper, what her sentiments are. If I succeed, I shall be indebted to you for my happiness; if I fail, I shall still be obliged to you, because I shall immediately try to recover my liberty; and *entre nous*, Mr. Adviser, it is high time for me to set about putting the gipsy out of my head, for I am afraid she has already got too great a hold of my heart. I trust my happiness, good sir, to your kindness, and am your most obedient,

WILLIAM WELLWORTH.

Happy would it be for every married pair, if they were as rational and well disposed as the correspondents whose letters I have just given to my readers. I hope soon to be informed of their union, and I have only to advise them, never to lose sight of the sentiments they now profess, if they wish for rational and permanent happiness.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

Mr. ADVISER,

I am emboldened to address you, because I have not a friend on earth to whom I can relate my sorrows, or from whom I have the least prospect of relief. I am, sir, an orphan; my mother died in giving me birth, and I had but just attained my seventeenth year, when I had the misfortune to be deprived of my father by sudden death. His income was only for his life, and as he had lived up to it, I was left in a truly desolate situation, for I had not a relation upon earth to whom I could apply. Heaven, however, raised me up a friend at the very moment in which I was sinking under my sorrows. A lady, who had been my schoolfellow, and was a few years older than myself, was touched with compassion for me; she generously invited me to

her house, and told me to consider it as my future home. From that time, which is now two years ago, she has treated me in every respect as a sister. For eighteen months I was the happiest of the happy. I strove by every means in my power to repay the kindness and protection I received, and I had the pleasure to see that my endeavours were acceptable to both my friend and her husband; the latter, who is a good many years my senior, used to call me his daughter, and I can truly say, that I looked upon him with the reverence due to a parent. But, alas! Mr. Adviser, within the last six months he has given me but too much reason to regard him with far other feelings, from the pains which he has taken to effect my ruin. Think, sir, what horror and astonishment I felt when I first discovered his infamous design. I was slow to believe that he could wish to destroy the innocence, which every law, both of hospitality and religion, bound him to protect; and when I was at length convinced that such was his base purpose, I hoped that the scorn and contempt with which I repulsed him would have made him abandon it. Alas! I was mistaken; he takes every opportunity to insult me privately, while in public his behaviour is so guarded, that no soul but myself entertains the least suspicion of his vile passion.

You may believe, Mr. Adviser, that I would not have remained a moment under his roof if I could have avoided it; but I dare not betray his baseness to his wife, for so fondly does she dote upon him, that I am well assured the knowledge of it would for ever destroy her happiness. I had determined to leave his house privately, and trust to Providence for a provision; but he foresaw that this might be the case, and he has assured me, that if I did, he would wholly blast my reputation, by bringing forward, what must be regarded as positive proof, that I had absented myself in consequence of having engaged in a low and infamous intrigue. Thus surrounded on all sides with dangers, I know not what is to become of me. I have intimated to my friend a wish to go into the world, and endeavour to gain my own livelihood; but she received the hint with so much surprise and grief, and opposed it so vehemently (without, as she said, I had any good reason to give for it), that I, who did not dare to give the true reason, was obliged to abandon the subject. Yet to remain where I am, liable every day to such vile solicitations, is not to be thought of. Oh, sir! pray, if possible, advise me for the best, and be assured of the everlasting gratitude of the poor, forlorn, and almost distracted

FIDELIA.

I am certain that this letter cannot be perused by my fair readers without exciting a strong interest for the unfortunate writer. I should be truly happy, if this artless statement of her situation induces some benevolent female to bestow upon her that protection, which, as a man, it is impossible for me to offer. I think she ought not to lose a moment in withdrawing from the family she is now with. I respect her grateful scruples about disturbing the peace of her benefactress,

but I have thought of a way to obviate them: if she leaves the family without disclosing her motives, she may trust to me to silence her unworthy calumniator. Guilt is ever cowardly, and he who would not shrink from offering the greatest injury to an unprotected orphan, will be afraid to pursue his diabolical design of destroying that orphan's reputation, when he knows he will assuredly expose himself to public shame: and this shall be the case; for if Fidelia will intrust me with his name and residence, I shall take measures effectually to clear her fame, to his utter confusion, if I find that he dares to breathe a syllable to her disadvantage. I would remonstrate with him on the heinousness of his conduct, were I not convinced, that a wretch whose heart is black enough to form so diabolical a design, must be callous to reproof, and unworthy of advice.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

JOHN GILPIN AND MAZEPPA.

IN this age of parody, we cannot help suspecting Lord Byron, in the poem of *Mazeppa*, has been aiming a sly hit at the bard of Olney. His lordship's intention seems to have been to shew, what John Gilpin's feelings would have been were he placed in circumstances different from those in which he found himself on the anniversary of his marriage with Mrs. Gilpin; and surely our imaginative readers will allow the noble lord has attained this difficult object. Cowper introduces John Gilpin to our acquaintance as a married man, with a considerable family and a thriving trade. Mazeppa, on the other hand, involves himself early in life in a very improper intrigue. Human nature is the same in all countries, and we feel convinced, had John Gilpin's stars permitted it, he was just the man to have become the monarch of the Ukraine; and, *vice versa*, that Mazeppa, but for the accident of his birth, &c. might have established a highly respectable firm in Cheapside.

A celebrated poet of the Lakes remarks, that "similitude dissimilitude" is one of the chief sources of the sublime in poetry: this principle once admitted, Mazeppa and John Gilpin are sufficiently like in character and situation in life, and we will next look at the two gentlemen when they are fairly mounted. The description of John is probably familiar to our readers, and we will merely remind them, that

> "John Gilpin, at his horse's side,
> Fast seiz'd the flowing mane;"

and that afterwards,

> "Then over all, that he might be
> Equipp'd from top to toe,
> His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,
> He manfully did throw."

Lord Byron is more minute in his description, and we suspect Mazeppa was better mounted than John Gilpin:

> "Bring forth the horse—the horse was brought—
> In truth he was a noble steed,
> A Tartar of the Ukraine breed."

John Gilpin's horse was an Irishman, having been imported from

the county of Tipperary. On the other hand, though better mounted, Mazeppa was worse dressed, for he was

"In nature's nakedness."

John having mounted,

"The snorting beast began to trot,
Which gall'd him in his seat."

The similarity between the heroes, now they are fairly started, becomes much more striking:

"'So, fair and softly!' John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb or rein.

"So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasp'd his rein with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

"His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got,
Did wonder more and more."

Nothing can be finer and more headlong than this, except these lines from Mazeppa:

"Away, away my breath had gone;
I saw not where he hurried on;
'Twas scarcely yet the break of day,
And on he foam'd away, away!"

Lord Byron then goes on to say:

"Away, away, my steed and I,
Upon the pinions of the wind:"

and Cowper in like manner writes,

"Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,
Away went hat and wig,"

which last line, we confess, conveys to our mind a more lively idea of the rapidity of motion, than any single image in Mazeppa. Mazeppa, during his ride, frequently complains of hunger; no such weakness degrades Gilpin, who seems almost raised above the ordinary wants of nature:

'Stop, stop, John Gilpin! here's the house,'
They all at once did cry;
'The dinner waits, and we are tired:'
Said Gilpin, 'So am I!'"

Not a single word of regret does he utter for the want of that dinner which had so long waited for him. One solitary exclamation is all that proceeds from his lips as he hurries by below the balcony:

"So am I!"

An ordinary writer would have filled his mouth with many needless words.

Lord Byron has evidently closely copied this passage in an early part of Mazeppa's career: fine, however, as it is, it wants the concise energy of the original:

"Writhing half my form about,
Howl'd back my curse; but 'midst the tread,
The thunder of my courser's speed,
Perchance they did not hear nor heed."

The danger which Gilpin and Mazeppa encounter, arises not only from land, but also from water. Thus says Mazeppa:

"Methought the dash of waves was nigh,
The wild horse swims the wilder stream."

In like manner we are told by Cowper:

"Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols did he play,
Until he came unto the wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

"And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play."

These images are homely, but are not on that account less expressive. The "trundling mop" simply expresses the appearance of the "wash" thrown off on both sides of the way by the pony *en passant:* the "wild goose at play" makes a direct appeal to the imaginative faculty; it gives a momentary flash of the higher and hidden powers of

that roadster, and convinces us, that the owner would not part with him for a very considerable sum of money.

After swimming the river, Mazeppa's horse is not the least tired, but

"With glossy skin, and dripping mane,
And reeking limbs, and reeking flank,
The wild steed's sinewy nerves still strain
Up the repelling bank."

Here Lord Byron strictly follows the original:

"But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclin'd to tarry there," &c.

And more strikingly similar, the two horses have the same motive for their conduct:

"For why? his owner had a house
Full ten miles off at Ware."

Mazeppa's horse had been accustomed to lead a free and easy life, somewhat more than ten miles off in the Ukraine; thither he set off, much after the fashion of a steeple hunt.

A singular coincidence makes us quote the following verse:

"So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly, which brings me to
The middle of my song."

This is very remarkable; the corresponding passage in Mazeppa also occurs about the middle of the poem, and plainly shews, that the original structure of these two great works does, in their dimensions, exactly coincide.

At Ware, Gilpin's horse stands *stockstill* at the door of his master's house; and, in like manner, Mazeppa's horse falls down the instant he reaches home: the transition from motion to repose is in both cases equally abrupt. The termination of Gilpin's excursion has evidently, therefore, suggested that of Mazeppa, though in the final catastrophe Lord Byron seems to have lost sight of the original. We need not pursue the parallel any further, and will conclude with hoping we have proved to the satisfaction of our readers, that John Gilpin too has been the prototype of Mazeppa.

THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

By Sir T. URQUHART.

A CERTAIN Italian gentleman of a mighty able, strong, nimble, and vigorous body, by nature fierce, cruel, warlike, and audacious, and in the gladiatory art so superlatively expert and dexterous, that all the most skilful teachers of *escrime* and fencing-masters of Italy (which, in matters of choice professions in that faculty, needed never as yet to yield to any nation in the world), were by him beaten to their good behaviour; and, by blows and thrusts given, which they could not avoid, enforced to acknowledge him their overcomer: bethinking himself, how, after so great a conquest of reputation, he might by such means be very suddenly enriched, he projected a course of exchanging the blunt to sharp, and the foils into tucks; and, in this resolution, providing a purse full of gold, worth near upon 400*l.* English money, travelled along the most especial and considerable parts of Spain, France, the Low Countries, Germany, Po-

land, Hungary, Greece, Italy, and other places; wherever there was a great probability of encountering with the eagerest and most atrocious duellists; and immediately after his arrival in any city or town, that gave apparent likelihood of some one or other champion that would enter the lists and cope with him, he boldly challenged them with sound of trumpet, in the chief market-place, to adventure an equal sum of money against that of his, to be disputed at the sword's point who should have both. There failed not several brave men, almost of all nations, who accepted his cartels, and were not afraid to hazard both their person and coin against him; but (till he meddled with his Crichton), so main was the ascendant he had above all his antagonists, and so unlucky the fate of such as offered to scuffle with him, that all his opposing combatants (of what state or dominion soever they were), who had not lost both their life and gold, were glad, for the preservation of their persons (though sometimes with great expense of blood), to leave both their reputation and money behind them.

At last, returning homeward to his own country, loaded with honour and wealth, or rather the spoil of the reputation of these foreigners, whom the Italians call *Tramontani*, he, by the way, after his accustomed manner of aboarding other places, repaired to the city of Mantua, where the duke (according to the courtesy usually bestowed on him by other princes) vouchsafed him a protection and safeguard for his person: he (as formerly he was wont to do, by beat of drum, sound of trumpet, and several printed papers, disclosing his design, battered on all the chief gates, posts, and pillars of the town,) gave all men to understand, that his purpose was to challenge at the single rapier, any whosoever of that city or country that durst be so bold as to fight with him, provided he would deposit a bag of 500 Spanish pistoles over against another of the same value which himself should lay down, upon this condition, that the enjoyment of both should be the conqueror's due. His challenge was not long unanswered: for it happened, at the same time, that three of the most notable cutters in the world (and so highly cried up for valour, that all the bravoes of the land were content to give way to their domineering, how insolent soever they should prove, because of their former constantly obtained victories in the field), were all three together at the court of Mantua; who, hearing of such a harvest of five hundred pistoles to be reaped (as they expected) very soon, and with ease, had almost contested amongst themselves for the priority of the first encounter, but that one of my lord duke's courtiers moved them to cast lots who should be first, second, and third, in case none of the former two should prove victorious. Without more ado, he whose chance it was to answer the cartel with the first defiance, presented himself within the barriers, or place appointed for the fight, where his adversary attending him, as soon as the trumpet sounded a charge, they jointly fell to work; and (because I am not now to amplify the

particulars of a combat), although the dispute was very hot for a while, yet he whose fortune it was to be the first of the three in the field, had the disaster to be the first of the three that was foiled; for at last, with a thrust in the throat, he was killed dead upon the ground. This nevertheless not a whit dismayed the other two: for the next day, he that was second in the roll gave his appearance, after the same manner as the first had done, but with no better success; for he likewise was laid flat dead upon the place, by means of a thrust he received in the heart. The last of the three, finding that he was sure of being engaged in the fight, as if he had been the first in order, plucked up his heart, knit his spirits together, and on the day after the death of the second, most courageously entered the lists, demeaned himself for a while with great activity and skill, but at last, his luck being the same with those that preceded him, by a thrust in the belly, he within four and twenty hours after gave up the ghost.

These (you may imagine) were lamentable spectacles to the duke and city of Mantua, who, casting down their faces for shame, knew not what course to take for reparation of their honour. The conquering duellist, proud of a victory so highly tending to both his honour and profit, for the space of a whole fortnight or two weeks together, marched daily along the streets of Mantua (without any opposition or controulment), like another Romulus, or Marcellus, in triumph; which the never too much to be admired Crichton perceiving, to wipe off the imputation of cowardice lying upon the court of Mantua, to which he had but even then arrived (although formerly he had been a domestic thereof), he could neither eat nor drink till he had first sent a challenge to the conqueror, appelling him to repair with his best swords in his hand, by nine of the clock in the morning of the next day, in presence of the whole court, and in the same place where he had killed the other three, to fight with him upon this quarrel, that in the court of Mantua there were as valiant men as he; and for his better encouragement to the desired undertaking, he assured him, that to the aforesaid 500 pistoles he would adjoin 1000 more; wishing him to do the like, that the victor, upon the point of his sword, might carry away the richer booty. The challenge, with all its conditions, is no sooner accepted of, the time and place mutually condescended upon kept accordingly, and the 1500 pistoles *hinc inde* deposited, but of the two rapiers of equal weights, length, and goodness, each taking one, in presence of the duke, duchess, and all the noblemen, ladies, magnificos, and all the choicest of both men, women, and maids of that city; as soon as the signal for the duel was given, by the shot of a great piece of ordnance, of three score and four pound ball, the two combatants, with a lion-like animosity, made their approach to one another, and being within distance, the valiant Crichton, to make his adversary spend in this fury the sooner, betook himself to the defensive parts; wherein for a long time, he shewed such excellent dexterity in ward-

ing the other's blows, slighting his falsifyings, in breaking measure, and often, by the agility of his body, avoiding his thrusts, that he seemed but to play, whilst the other was in earnest. The sweetness of Crichton's countenance, in the hottest of the assault, like a glance of lightning on the hearts of the spectators, brought all the Italian females on a sudden to be enamoured of him; whilst the sternness of the other's aspect, he looking like an enraged bear, would have struck terror into wolves, and affrighted an English mastiff. Though they were both in their linens (to wit, shirts and drawers, without any other apparel), and in all outward conveniences equally adjusted, the Italian, with redoubling his strokes, foamed at the mouth with a choleric heat, and fetched a panting breath; the Scot, in sustaining his charge, kept himself in a pleasant temper, without passion, and made void his designs: he alters his wards from tierce to quart; he primes and seconds it, now high, now low, and casts his body (like another Proteus) into all the shapes he can, to spy an open on his adversary, and lay hold of an advantage, but all in vain; for the invincible Crichton, whom no cunning was able to surprise, counterpostures his respective wards, and, with an incredible nimbleness both of hand and foot, evades his intent, and frustrates the invasion. Now is it that the never before conquered Italian, finding himself a little faint, enters into a consideration that he may be overmatched: whereupon a kind apprehension of danger seizing upon all his spirits, he would gladly have his life bestowed upon him as a gift, but that having never been accustomed to yield, he knows not how to beg it. Matchless Crichton, seeing now high time to put a gallant catastrophe to that so long dubious combat, animated with a divinely inspired fervency to fulfil the expectation of the ladies, and crown the duke's illustrious hopes, changeth his garb, falls to act another part, and from defender turns assailant: never did art so grace nature, nor nature second the prospects of art with so much liveliness, and such observance of time, as when, after he had struck fire out of the steel of his enemy's sword, and gained the feeble thereof with the fort of his own, by angles of the strongest position, he did, by geometrical flourishes of straight and oblique lines, so particularly execute the speculative part, that, as if there had been remoras and secret charms in the variety of his motion, the fierceness of his foe was in a trice tranquillized into the numbness of a pageant. Then was it, to vindicate the reputation of the duke's family, and expiate the blood of the three vanquished gentlemen, he alonged a stoccade *de pied ferme*; then recoiling, he advanced another thrust, and lodged it home; after which retiring again, his right foot did beat the cadence of the blow that pierced the belly of this Italian, whose heart and throat were hit with the two former strokes, these three franch bouts given in upon the back of the other; besides that, if lines were imagined drawn from the hand that delivered them, to the places which were marked by them, they would represent a perfect isosceles

triangle, with a perpendicular from the top angle, cutting the basis in the middle: they likewise gave us to understand, that by them he was to be made a sacrifice of atonement for the slaughter of the three aforesaid gentlemen, who were wounded in the very same parts of their bodies, by other three such venues as these, each whereof being mortal, and his vital spirits exhaling as his blood gushed out, all he spoke was this: That seeing he could not live, his comfort in dying was, that he could not die by the hand of a braver man: after the uttering of which words, he expired with the shrill clarcens of trumpets, bouncing thunder of artillery, bethwacked beating of drums, universal clapping of hands, and loud acclamations of joy for so glorious a victory. The air above them was so rarefied by the extremity of the noise and vehement sound, dispelling the thickest and most condensed parts thereof, that (as Plutarch speaks of the Grecians, when they raised their shouts of allegresse up to the very heavens at the hearing of the gracious proclamation of Paulus Æmilius in favour of their liberty), the very sparrows and other flying fowls were said to fall to the ground, for want of air enough to uphold them in their flight.

ON FRENCH SUICIDES.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

Mr. EDITOR,

THE propensity of the English nation to self-destruction, from motives of despondency, has almost become proverbial among foreign nations. French satirists, who wished to turn us into ridicule, have made use of it as a favourite topic, and every time some stock-jobber has put an end to his speculating career, or some doting apprentice hanged himself for love of his master's daughter, the newspapers of Paris have copied the intelligence; never failing to add, that it affords one more proof of the proneness of the inhabitants of Great Britain to destroy themselves, instead of displaying the courage required to meet and overcome their difficulties and misfortunes.

Now, Mr. Editor, I think it but fair, when the opportunity occurs, to retaliate a little, and I shall do it in the fairest way; viz. on the authority of the French themselves, who have published, on official authority, the following account of the number of suicides committed in their capital, in the months of January, February, March, and April last.

"The number of suicides attempted or executed in Paris during the months of January, February, March, and April last, amounts to 124, of which 33 were by females. Among them were 64 unmarried, and 60 married men or women. The greater part terminated their lives by means of firearms, cold weapons, or by drowning: among the latter there were 46. Of the entire number, 58 destroyed themselves from a disgust of life; the remainder in consequence of

derangement in their affairs, misconduct, play, and debauchery. Comparing this period in the present year with the corresponding period of the last year, there appears an increase in the present year of 41 deaths."

I ought to add, that this statement is copied from the *Journal des Debats* of July last; and it is further observable, that it applies to the cheerful months of January, February, March, and April; and not to the gloomy months of October, November, and December. I should not be surprised, if in the latter period they would have been found much more numerous, or even double the amount above stated.

The French seem to have been ingenious in discovering a new mode of putting an end to life—by coal vapour. What this means I do not exactly know: if it be *gas* that is referred to, every street and alley now will afford us in London the final source of consolation. Perhaps it may put a period to the existence of some of us without any intention or aid on our own parts: however, this remains to be seen; and hitherto I do not know that we have any very serious reason for apprehension.

To the above, allow me, without meaning to argue from particulars to generals, to subjoin the following paragraph, extracted from one of the latest journals of the French metropolis that has reached this country.

"Mad. Bourgeois, wife to a jeweller of No. 13, rue Chabannais, attempted last night to cut her throat with a razor. She wounded herself dangerously. Having fallen to the ground alarmed M. Bourgeois, who arriving at the spot, and seeing his wife covered with blood, on the instant became deranged, and endeavoured to throw himself out of the window. It was found necessary to put him into a place of security. The suicide, happily not quite accomplished, of Mad. Bourgeois, is attributed to the effect produced upon her mind by the sudden death of her mother, who had only recently arrived from the country. The medical attendants almost despair of the life of Mad. Bourgeois; and M. Bourgeois has not yet recovered his senses, and is considered in a very dangerous state."

With what precedes, and without comment, I transmit you an extract from a pamphlet, entitled "Thoughts on Suicide, in a Letter to a Friend," recently published anonymously, but written with some ability and research, although certainly in a wrong spirit: the writer has, however, taken the clever, if not the moral and right side of the question. You will observe, that I by no means countenance the doctrines the author endeavours to enforce.

"The penal laws affecting suicide are barbarous in the extreme; and it will be necessary for me to make one or two observations on what ought to be the general tendency of such laws. Beccaria is my text-book, for I have always regarded him as the first authority in reference to any thing connected with criminal jurisprudence; and I take shame to myself for saying, that it is only within a short period I have discovered, that my opinion is confirmed by our great legislator, Bentham. In the pre-

face to his *Fragment on Government* he writes, 'When Beccaria came, he was received by the intelligent as an angel from heaven would be by the faithful.' I would have every statesman commit this work to memory. Sir S. Romilly was one of the few who have availed themselves of so much light and knowledge. Without entering into too minute a detail, the scope of Beccaria's argument appears to be the following, I mean so far as it may be considered applicable to the question I am about to investigate: Every punishment, which does not arise from absolute necessity, is unjust. There should be a fixed proportion between crimes and punishments. Crimes are only to be estimated by the injury done to society; and the end of punishment is, to prevent the criminal from doing further injury to society, and to prevent others from committing the like offence. Admitting, for the sake of argument, that suicide is a crime, my intention is to apply it to the four rules just mentioned. But is suicide a crime? and by what law? If a crime, it must be so either by the divine law, the law of nature, or the law of society.

"Though I consider Paley's *Moral Philosophy* in the main an excellent work, yet it appears to me in many instances highly exceptionable, and is in every respect inferior to Beccaria's as a work of 'censorial jurisprudence,' and many of his positions in the chapter on crimes and punishments have been ably confuted by Sir S. Romilly* and others. I have at present, however, only to refer to that section which discourses of suicide. I have stated, that suicide, to be a crime, must offend either the divine law, the law of nature, or the law of society; in other words, the law of the land.

"In what part of the Old or New Testament is suicide forbidden? I have never heard of a single text that could be produced in proof of it. The article in the decalogue, 'Thou shalt do no murder,' so often brought forward as conclusive of the point, carries no conviction to my mind, and is abandoned by Paley. His words are, 'I acknowledge that there is to be found neither any express determination of the question, nor sufficient evidence to prove, that the case of suicide was in the contemplation of the law which prohibited murder. Any inference, therefore, which we deduce from Scripture, can be sustained only by construction and implication.'—'An inference from Scripture can be sustained only by construction and implication!' And he afterwards quotes a variety of texts, which he thinks constitutes a presumption, how the writers of these documents would have decided the question; i. e. Paley in the first place supposes suicide to be a crime, and then interprets certain passages from the Bible in favour of the hypothesis which he has assumed. This is arguing from false premises; and on the same principle we may deduce the most palpable absurdities, by putting an interpretation on detached sentences which they were never intended to convey: for instance, 'Think not that I am come to send

* Vide *Observations on the Criminal Law of England*, by Sir S. Romilly. 1810.

peace on earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword: for I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in law. And a man's foes shall be they of his own household.' Can any one suppose, that the amiable founder of our religion intended, that his doctrines, like those of Mahomet, were to be propagated by the sword? or that all the fond intercourses and sweet affections of domestic life were to be sacrificed on the display of those credentials which secured to him the appellation of a prophet sent from God? Many wise and excellent men have interpreted the sixth commandment in a manner different from what seems to me to be its true intent and meaning. Our great dramatist appears to be of their opinion, if one may judge from two passages that just occur to my recollection:

——"Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens my weak hand."

"Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter!"

Hamlet's soliloquy on death is full of noble sentiments and solid reasoning; and under another view of the subject, may be referred to with strict propriety. Though I am decidedly of opinion, however, that suicide is not expressly forbidden by the Jewish or Christian law, yet when I consider the general tendency of the morality taught by Christ and his apostles, I infer—*a resignation to the will of God under all events*, without quoting any particular sentences from the sacred writings to enforce the performance of such a duty.

"But I go further. Existence is in itself a blessing. Life is a gift which I have received from the Almighty, and I ought to feel grateful for his goodness towards me. He has provided for me many pleasures, and if he inflicts pain, it is for my moral benefit. *Resignation* is a duty, because I cannot know what is best for myself, nor can I fathom the designs of infinite wisdom. In the cup of life which I have to drink there may be many bitter ingredients, and the draught may be sometimes loathsome: still the sweet prevails over the bitter, good preponderates over evil, and happiness over misery. If I feel thankful to a *fellow-creature* for an act of kindness, even for the attempt to remove any obstacle to my comfort, shall I feel less thankful to the *best of friends*, who has strewed my path with so many flowers? Shall I arm my hand against myself, and annihilate that consciousness which was intended by him to produce felicity? Shall I commit the sin of *ingratitude*, by flinging away that gift which he imparted to me for the most benevolent purposes, by destroying that piece of sentient mechanism, which the united skill of millions could never replace? No. May I always be enabled to say with the elegant authoress of *A Summer Evening's Meditation*—

——"Let me here,
Content and *grateful*, wait the appointed time,
And cheer'ly look for the skies."

On this subject I shall perhaps offer a few further remarks for your next number. Yours, &c.

J. J. T.

Hackney.

THE GENEROUS LOVER:

A Tale, from the Spanish of CERVANTES.

(Continued from p. 77.)

HER father, her mother, indeed all her family, were acquainted with my attachment. I even dare flatter myself they approved it, and more than once tried their influence to induce Leonisa to receive me as a lover, to whom they hoped one day to see her united: thus I flattered myself from day to day with the hope of possessing her, but fate had decided otherwise. Leonisa declared her preference of Cornelius, the son of Ascanio Rotulo, whom you know. He was rich, handsome, and well made, always elegant in his dress, and by affecting the air of a grandee, and assuming an appearance of devotion to her, seduced her affections. In short, he pleased her, without giving himself much trouble to obtain his end, for his pride and vanity were too great to permit him to doubt of success; and, as I am unused to effeminacy, and glory in far nobler qualities than preserving my complexion, or adjusting my hair, I unfortunately incurred the contempt of Leonisa, for a deficiency in those personal graces which charmed her in my rival. Her coldness, far from stifling my attachment, only rendered my love more ardent; and the more haughtily she treated me, the more passionately enamoured did I become: so true is it, that we most eagerly follow what shuns us. The favours she granted my rival, innocent as they were, appeared to me insupportable. I often wished for death, and would willingly have met it, but for the easy triumph I should have afforded Cornelius over me. But these were vain transports of rage. Cornelius was happy, though undeserving and almost indifferent; whilst I was suffering from the cruelty of one whom I adored—and, racked by the bitterest torments of jealousy, judge of my misery.

The father and mother of Leonisa feigned not to perceive her inclination for Cornelius, whilst they flattered themselves with the hope of securing a wealthy son-in-law: fatally were they disappointed! In this state of suspense, I heard that Leonisa and Cornelius, accompanied by their parents, and the most distinguished of their kindred, had made a party of pleasure to a country seat of Ascanio, situated on the seashore near Salines. You know, my dear Mahomet, that charming spot—now, alas! torturing to my recollection, as the scene where my misery was completed. From the moment I received the intelligence of this party, from which I augured the worst consequences to my attachment, my rage and jealousy knew no bounds. I flew like a madman to the fatal garden, whither the party had already arrived, and found Cornelius and Leonisa seated beneath a tree, conversing together. At this sight, fury deprived me of reason. I sprang forwards and addressed Leonisa. Do not expect me to repeat my reproaches. Maddened by despair

and jealousy, I then turned to Cornelius; insulted him in every possible manner; endeavoured, but in vain, to provoke him to fight: his coward spirit was not to be roused; his countenance grew pale with fear; his lips were closed from terror: my violence soon drew the company to the spot, and, in the presence of them all, I repeated my insults. Seeing himself surrounded by his friends, he attempted to rise, and made a show of attacking me; but no sooner was he on his feet, than I furiously assaulted him; his relations rushed to his assistance, and certainly that day had been the last of my life, had it not pleased Heaven to preserve me for still greater misfortunes. Though alone against numbers, so furious had been my attack, and so desperate my resistance, that fortune seemed to favour my rashness; but my opponents soon rallied, and I was on the point of being sacrificed to their fury, when a body of Turkish pirates, who had been lying in ambush in a neighbouring bay, entered the garden. No sooner were they perceived, than my antagonists dispersed, and sought safety in flight with such success, that I and Leonisa alone, who had fainted during the combat, became their prey. In vain was my resistance; after receiving many wounds, and laying four of the villains dead at my feet, my sword was forced from my grasp, and I was borne away a prisoner. Irritated at their loss, they resolved to be revenged on their victim; and no sooner found themselves safe from pursuit, than orders were given for my death. The wretched Leonisa had by this time recovered her senses; and informed by a Christian slave, of the fate I was about to meet, to punish my gallant defence of her, compassion for the first time touched her inexorable heart. She represented through the slave to the Turks, that I was a person of distinction, and that, by my death, they would lose a considerable ransom. This intelligence changed their resolution, and the next day, hoisting a white flag, they sailed towards Trapani. Guess my agonies during this night: my wounds were deep and dangerous, but I heeded them not; the thought that Leonisa was at the mercy of these wretches, was misery too great for addition. The pirates reached Trapani the next day; one galley entered the port, while the other, in which we were detained, remained at sea. The shore was crowded with the inhabitants, anxious to learn who the unfortunate captives were. My steward came on board without delay, to treat for my ransom; but I ordered him first to arrange that of Leonisa, directing him to offer all my wealth for that purpose, and to inform her parents, that they need take no measures for her liberty, as I would procure it, let the ransom be what it might. No sooner had I finished speaking, than Yzuf, the captain of the Turks, demanded 6000 crowns for Leonisa, and 4000 for myself; adding, that he would not release one without the other. The reason for his demanding this enormous sum was a passion he had conceived for the lovely Leonisa. His intention was not to give her up, and he had already agreed to give me and 1000 crowns

to the captain of the other galley, reserving Leonisa for his own share of the booty. Meanwhile her parents, relying upon my promise, made no exertions for effecting her release; and the vile Cornelius rewarded her attachment by the most cruel indifference to her fate. My steward, however, concluded a bargain with the Turks, engaging to pay 5000 crowns for Leonisa, and 3000 for me. Yzuf was compelled to accept this offer by the remonstrances of the other captain and of his crew; but as my steward was unable immediately to raise so large a sum, he demanded three days, which Yzuf readily granted, in the hope that, during that space of time, some accident might intervene to break off the negociation; and he was not deceived. He returned to the Island of Tabarca, promising to return at the stipulated period, and receive the ransom; but my destiny favoured the traitor, and destroyed for ever my rising hopes. A sentinel from the galley discovered seven sails, apparently Maltese cruisers: the pirates took the alarm, weighed anchor, and made for the coast of Barbary, with such a favourable wind, that, in less than two hours, we lost sight of the vessels which were in pursuit of us. The following day we entered one of the Barbary ports, and the pirates shared their booty. Yzuf gave six captives to Fetale, the other captain, besides myself, on condition that Leonisa should remain in his power, promising to marry her, if she would embrace the Mahometan faith. Imagine my grief, my despair. I implored Fetale not to give her up; offered 10,000 crowns of gold for her ransom. He replied, that I demanded an impossibility; but that, nevertheless, he would mention to Yzuf the enormous sum I had named, which might probably produce an alteration in his resolution. Meanwhile he ordered his crew to embark without loss of time, as he desired to reach Tripoli, his birthplace, as soon as possible. Yzuf likewise resolved to repair to Biserta; and the embarkation was conducted with all the hurry and confusion usual with these pirates, when they avoid a dangerous sail, or hasten to the plunder of a defenceless one. The reason, however, of their present anxiety, was the sudden change of the weather, which menaced a storm. Leonisa was on shore, but I found all access to her impracticable, and saw her but at the moment of our embarkation. Her new master, or rather lover, conducted her on board; and whilst ascending the ladder, which reached from the side of the galley to the shore, her eyes met mine, which had been incessantly fixed on her lovely form. My agony at that moment deprived me of my senses, and I fell motionless on the earth. Leonisa fainted, and would have fallen likewise from the ladder, had not Yzuf, who was behind, caught her in his arms.

The latter incident was told me afterwards on board the galley, whither I had been carried whilst senseless. After a considerable lapse of time, I came to myself: but when I found myself separated from my dear Leonisa, when I perceived that the galley in which she was, took a course quite different from that of Fetale, and, in de-

parting, bore away with it all that I held most dear in the world, I cannot express the feelings of that moment. I began anew to deplore my misfortunes, and invoked death as my deliverance. Wearied with my complaints, my master and his crew threatened me with base stripes. I dared them to their utmost cruelty, hoping my impotent threats would induce them to rid me of my wretched being; but Heaven reserved me for greater misery. The fears of the corsairs were too well founded; a violent tempest arose. The wind, which blew in a directly contrary direction to what we were pursuing, increased to such a degree, that, unable to withstand its fury, we were obliged to resign the vessel to its mercy. The helmsman endeavoured to double the extreme cape of the isle, but in vain; for the wind blew with such unremitting violence, that, in less than fourteen hours, we found ourselves within six miles of the port we had left two days before. The vessel was now driving upon a rocky coast, which seemed to threaten us with speedy destruction. We saw at a little distance the galley in which was Leonisa. The Turks who manned it, aiding the rowers, exerted their utmost endeavours to avoid the fatal rocks, but in vain: wearied with their exertions, and hopeless of striving against the fury of the storm, they resigned themselves to their fate; the galley struck, and in an instant went to pieces. The night was already dark, and the noise of the tempest, joined with the screams of the wretched victims, prevented the orders of the captain from being attended to. Nevertheless, our sailors used their oars more successfully, and leaving our anchors behind, we extricated ourselves from a peril which appeared inevitable. All but myself offered thanks to their Creator for our deliverance from death; I alone had hoped, nay desired it, animated by the idea of meeting in the realms above, her whom I could never again hope to see on earth. The waves repeatedly passed over me, yet, alas! had not power to break my bonds, and plunge me in the foaming ocean. I invoked Heaven in mercy to take me; and if I survived my despair, it was from the agonizing expectation of beholding, on each succeeding wave, the corpse of the unfortunate Leonisa. At length day broke; a temporary calm succeeded the roar of the tempest; and we found that our galley had taken another route, had passed the rock, and was approaching one of the island capes.

(To be continued.)

PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

PLATE 21.—ENTRANCE INTO THE VALLEY OF DOVEDRO.

TIRED of the many wild and barren prospects through which he has passed, the traveller, issuing from the Gallery of Issel (the subject of our last plate), and viewing the less precipitous and craggy mountains, believes that he has arrived at the termination of the valley of Gondo. Animated by the pleasure which is inspired by this notion, he in

creases the rapidity of his pace; but he has scarcely advanced more than a quarter of a league, when Nature, reassuming at once the character she appeared to have abandoned, becomes even more fearful and terrible than ever.

The rocks, which are composed of granite, and are entirely divested of all marks of vegetation, rise perpendicularly: cut out in the form of squares, and frequently riven down to the very base, they have the appearance of immense bastions, or of the ruins of gigantic structures.

Nothing can be more striking than the appearance of these ancient masses, dug out and exposed by time and the course of waters, and surrounded by fragments that centuries have scattered round them. These fragments, spread here and there, or sometimes piled fantastically upon each other, impend over the head of the traveller, whom they threaten to overwhelm.

In the midst of this scene of destruction and ruins, and accompanied by the noise of an impetuous torrent, the road pursues its course, opposing to the fall of these fragments, and to the current of the Doveria, a massive wall, which is as remarkable for its ponderous strength, as for the distance for which it is continued.

STATE OF SOCIETY AT BOTANY BAY,

As illustrated by Advertisements, &c. from the Public Papers.

On Friday, Mr. James Squires, settler and brewer, waited on his Excellency at Government-House, with two vines of hops taken from his own grounds, &c. As a public recompence for the unremitted attention shewn by the grower in bringing this valuable plant to a high degree of perfection, his Excellency has directed a cow to be given to Mr. Squires from the government herd.

To Parents and Guardians.

A person, who flatters herself her character will bear the strictest scrutiny, being desirous of receiving into her charge a proposed number of children of her own sex as boarders, respectfully acquaints parents and guardians, that she is about to situate herself either in Sydney or Paramatta, of which notice will be shortly given. She doubts not, at the same time, that her assiduity in the inculcation of moral principles in the youthful mind, joined to an unremitting attention and polite diction, will insure to her the much-desired confidence of those who may think proper to favour her with such a charge.—Inquiries on the same subject will be answered by G. Howe, at Sydney, who will make known the name of the advertiser.

Lost (supposed to be on the Governor's Wharf),

Two small keys, a tortoise-shell comb, and a packet of papers. Whoever may have found them, will, on delivering them to the printer, receive a reward of half a gallon of spirits.

To the Public.

As we have no certainty of an immediate supply of paper, we cannot promise a publication next week.

Fashionable Intelligence, Sept. 7.

On Tuesday, his Excellency the late Governor and Mrs. King arrived in town from Paramatta; and yesterday Mrs. King returned thither, accompanied by Mrs. Putland.

To be Sold by Private Contract, by Mr. Bevan,

An elegant four-wheeled chariot, with plated mounted harness for four horses, complete; and a handsome lady's side-saddle and bridle. May be viewed, on application to Mr. Bevan.

FROM "THE DERWENT STAR."

Lieutenant Lord of the royal marines, who, after the death of Lieutenant-Governor Collins, succeeded to the command of the settlement at Hobart-Town, arrived at Port Jackson in the Hunter, and favours us with the perusal of the ninth number published of *The Derwent Star and Van Dieman's Land Intelligencer;* from which we copy the following extracts:

A Card.

The subscribers to the Sydney race-course are informed, that the stewards have made arrangements for two balls during the race week; viz. on Tuesday and Thursday.—Tickets, at 7s. 6d. each, to be had at Mr. E. Wills's, George-street. An ordinary for the subscribers and their friends each day of the races at Mr. Wills's. Dinner on table at five o'clock.

The Ladies' Cup.

The ladies' cup, which was of very superior workmanship, won by Chase, was presented to Captain Richie by Mrs M'Quarie, who, accompanied by his Excellency, honoured each day's races with her presence; and who, with her usual affability, was pleased to preface the donation with the following short address: "In the name of the ladies of New South Wales, I have the pleasure to present you with this cup. Give me leave to congratulate you on being the successful candidate for it; and to hope that it is a prelude to future success and lasting prosperity."

Butchers.

Now killing at Matthew Pimpton's, Cumberland-street, Rocks, beef, mutton, pork, and lamb. By retail, 1s. 4d. per lb. Mutton, by the carcase, 1s. per lb. sterling, or 14d. currency, warranted to weigh from 10 lbs. to 12 lbs. per quarter. Lamb, per ditto. Captains of ships supplied at the wholesale price, and with punctuality.—N. B. Beef, pork, mutton, and lamb, at E. Lamb's, Hunter-street, at the above prices.

Salt Pork and Flair from Otaheite.

On sale, at the warehouse of Mrs. S. Willis, 96, George-street, a large quantity of the above articles, well cured, being the Mercury's last importation from Otaheite. The terms, per cask, are, 10d. per lb. sterling, or 1s. currency.—N. B. For the accommodation of families, it will be sold in quantities of not less than 112 lbs.

Painting.—A Card.

Mr. J. W. Lewin begs leave to inform his friends and the public in general, that he intends opening an academy for painting, on the days of Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, from the hours of ten to twelve in the forenoon. Terms, 5s. a lesson. Entrance 20s.—N. B. The evening academy for drawing continued as usual.

Sale of Rams.

Ten rams of the Merino breed, lately sold by auction, from the flocks of John M'Arthur, Esq. produced upwards of 200 guineas.

Mrs. Jones's Vacation Ball, Dec. 12.

Mrs. Jones with great respect informs the parents and guardians of the young ladies intrusted to her tuition, that the vacation ball is fixed for Tuesday, the 22d inst. at the seminary, No. 45, Castlereagh-street, Sydney Tickets 7s. 6d. each.

Sporting Intelligence.

A fine hunt took place on the 8th instant at the Nepean, of which the following is the account given by a gentleman present: "Having cast off by the government hut on the Nepean, and driven the cover in that neighbourhood for a native dog unsuccessfully, we tried the forest ground for a kangaroo, which we soon found. It went off in excellent style along the sands by the river side, and crossed to the Cow-pasture plains, running a circle of about two miles; then recrossed, taking a direction for Mr. Campbell's stock-yard, and from thence, at the back of Badge Allen hill, to the head of Boorroobahan creek, where he was headed: from thence he took the main range of hills between the Badge Allen and Badge Allenabinjee, in a straight direction for Mr. Throsby's farm, where the hounds ran in to him, and he was killed after a good run of about two hours. The weight of the animal was upwards of 120lbs."

WILMOT: A TALE.

MR. WILMOT was a philosopher, at least he thought so, though he would probably have been puzzled to define to what sect he belonged: not to the Stoics certainly, for he had not learned to look upon pain as an imaginary evil; and still less to the Epicureans, because so far from courting pleasure, he disbelieved its existence: yet the world pronounced him a most fortunate man; he possessed youth, health, a handsome person, and talents of the first order. With all these natural and acquired advantages, he was, however, from circumstances, discontented and unhappy: he became disgusted with the world, and this sentiment he dignified with the name of philosophy.

The death of his parents left Wilmot at a very early age entirely to his own discretion; he had naturally much sensibility, and he soon became a prey to the artful and designing of both sexes. He was fortunate enough to discover the perfidy of those he associated with before his fortune was materially injured; but his feelings received a shock, which by degrees changed his disposition. From being gay, open, and confiding, he became gloomy and distrustful; and by an error, into which self-love too often leads us, instead of arraigning his own folly in placing confidence in the worthless, he persuaded himself, that all mankind resembled those who had deceived him.

In this state of mind, living without an object, and looking forward without the hope of one, he remained some time, when chance brought him acquainted with an

artist of the name of Sedley. This young man, who was of obscure birth, had early evinced a decided taste for the arts; and by unremitting exertions, he contrived to emerge in some degree from the extreme poverty by which he was surrounded. Our readers will judge how difficult he must have found it to make his way, when we inform them, that he was the sole support of his family, which consisted of his parents and four brothers and sisters.

Chance introduced this young man to Wilmot, whose misanthropy was not proof against his many amiable qualities. Aware of his situation, he pressed upon him, under the name of payment for his work, a sum which would have amply relieved his necessities; but Sedley possessed a towering independence of spirit, which forbade him to owe even the shadow of pecuniary obligation to any one. "I thank you from my heart," said he to Wilmot, with an ingenuous frankness, as he returned the money; "and if Providence had not enabled me to work for my family, I would cheerfully accept your bounty: but as long as my exertions are competent to their support, neither they nor I must eat the bread of charity. Pardon my plainness, but I can consider money which I have not earned in no other light."

Wilmot, in spite of himself, was affected. "You are then too proud to accept assistance from a friend?" said he.—"Ah!" cried Sedley with vivacity, "will you allow me that title?"

"Willingly, if I may make my own conditions."—"I will cheerfully agree to any that you can impose, pecuniary obligations excepted," said Sedley, in a tone so determined, that Wilmot did not venture to press the subject further: but from that day he felt a respect for Sedley, and an interest in his fate; and had the young artist's occupations allowed them to be more together, Wilmot's disgust to life might have given way to the soothing influence of friendship; but Sedley could only by starts snatch an hour to dedicate to him: yet, even in those short interviews, he perceived a gloom and abstraction, which convinced him that Wilmot's mind was ill at ease.

One day Sedley visited his friend with spirits more than usually exhilarated: he had just finished a picture, which was greatly admired by the best judges, and he came to claim Wilmot's congratulations. They were warmly paid, and Wilmot at the same time expressed his wish to purchase the picture: "But," added he, with a melancholy smile, "there is something tells me I shall not live long. At my death it will again become yours; and remember, Sedley, that I expect from your friendship, that you will never part with it."

He delivered these words in his usual tone of voice, but they called the attention of Sedley to his appearance, and he was alarmed at perceiving that he looked very ill. "Oh, my dear Wilmot!" cried he, "why, why will you not exert yourself to shake off this gloom, which paralyzes your spirit, and robs life of all its charms?"

"For me," replied Wilmot, "life has long ceased to have charms. I am an isolated being, who have nothing worth loving or living for."

"And is it Wilmot, the warm-hearted Wilmot, who expresses himself thus; he who has it in his power to procure the sweetest, the purest, the most durable of all pleasures; he who can with a word banish poverty and sorrow from so many of his fellow-creatures, who can raise the drooping head of modest merit, and save innocence from being led by poverty into the paths of pollution?"

"And for whom should I do all this? Have I not experienced the worthlessness of mankind? Have I not found them selfish, ungrateful, and perfidious?"

We shall not repeat the arguments which our young philanthropist used in favour of human nature: they made little impression upon Wilmot; but the prayers and tears of Sedley at last prevailed upon him to try, whether, by relieving the distresses of others, he could not lighten the burden of his own existence: nor could he help being moved at the evident joy with which Sedley received this concession, extorted as it was.

"And that no time may be lost," cried Sedley, "allow me to give you immediately the address of an unfortunate family, who, if I am rightly informed, you will find worthy of your benevolence. Go, my dear Mr. Wilmot, dry up these poor people's tears; and trust me, that pursuits like these will render the existence now so burdensome, of value in your eyes."

Though Wilmot did not join in the sanguine expectations of his friend, he yet had not the heart to check them; and at Sedley's earnest request, he set out directly on his errand of charity.

He proceeded to the miserable habitation of the poor man, whose name was Dalton: it was a very small room, clean indeed, but the furniture consisted only of a mattress, which was laid upon the floor, and an old table and chair. Dalton was reclining upon the mattress, on one side of which sat a young girl at work. She rose in great confusion on Wilmot's entrance, and the old man tried to raise himself, but, either from pain or weakness, he fell back.

Wilmot was too humane not to be shocked at the sight of so much misery. Sedley had told him, that he was personally a stranger to the old man, whose wretched situation he had learned by accident, but knew not the particulars of his distress. These Wilmot inquired into; and he heard a tale of woe, which made a deeper impression, from the unaffected manner in which it was told.

Poor Dalton had been a schoolmaster of some reputation; and after having lived in decent mediocrity till he was past the middle of life, and brought up a son and a daughter, he had the misfortune to lose both his wife and son by a contagious distemper. His daughter yet remained, and promised to become the comfort of his age. Shortly after the death of his wife and son, she married a young man in a respectable line of business, and for a few years every thing went well, till her husband took to a dissolute course of life; and after having by his ill usage destroyed her health, and finally beggared her and his only child, he put an end to his life in a sudden transport of repentant frenzy.

By this shocking catastrophe the poor heart-broken widow and her little girl were thrown on the protection of Dalton, whose circumstances were already much reduced by the assistance he had from time to time afforded them, and whose health was gradually sinking under the united [illegible] anxiety and age.

The unfortunate widow soon followed her husband to the grave. A severe attack of the rheumatism robbed Dalton of his few remaining pupils; the precarious bounty of his acquaintance was soon exhausted; and for some time the only means the old man and his grand-daughter had of existence was the industry of the latter, who was skilful at her needle; but the sum which the poor girl earned, though sufficient to prevent them from perishing, was wholly inadequate to purchase what was necessary for the old man, who was frequently afflicted with illness: they were, therefore, compelled to dispose of their effects, and were by degrees reduced to the state in which Wilmot found them.

As the old man concluded his narrative, Wilmot slipped a bank-note into his hand, and hastily departed. He walked towards home with a mind fully occupied with the scene which he had quitted, when his steps were arrested by hearing "Sir! sir!" pronounced in an eager and timid tone by a soft voice: he turned round, and saw the grand-daughter of Dalton close to him. "Sir," said she, holding out the bank-note which he had just given Dalton, "you have made a mistake."

Wilmot took the note, which was one of twenty pounds. He had intended it for the old man; but struck with this instance of strict probity in people who were nearly perishing, his generous spirit now prompted him to add to his gift. "Yes," said he, "I mistook; but we are now close to my house. You shall come in with me, and I will give you another note."

The young girl followed him timidly, but she shrunk back when she saw the magnificent residence which he stopped at. He invited her to enter in an encouraging tone, and leaving her for a few minutes in a parlour, he hastened to take from his desk two notes of fifty pounds each, with which he returned to her.

"My good girl," said he, "I did not know how deserving your grandfather and yourself were when I gave you this note: take these; they are for fifty pounds each. I tell you so, that you may be convinced there is no mistake this time."

No language can do justice to the warmth of Ellen Dalton's gratitude, though it was expressed rather by her gestures and her tears, than by words. Falling at the feet of her benefactor, whose hands she bathed with her tears, she sobbed out a fervent prayer for his happiness; while an emotion, equally new and delicious to Wilmot, caused his eyes to overflow as he raised her from her humble posture, and drawing her arm under his, saw her safely to her own door.

Wilmot's night was a sleepless one. "Were I to meet with a few more such as Sedley and these Daltons," thought he, "they would shake my faith in the depravity of

human nature. Poor old Dalton! I must see him to-morrow. I must place him in some way to render him more comfortable."

And the following day, at a very early hour, our misanthrope repaired to the old man's lodging—but what a change did he find! Dalton was reposing upon a decent bed; a good fire and a few plain but useful articles of furniture gave an air of comfort to the room. Wilmot looked round him with satisfaction and surprise.

Joy sparkled in the old man's eyes when he beheld Wilmot; who, eager to silence his expression of gratitude, began to speak of the pleasure he felt in seeing him so much better accommodated.

"Ah, sir!" said the old man, "we owe it all to you; and my Ellen said she knew you would be pleased to see that she had used a part of the money to render me more comfortable. The poor child hastened as soon as it was light this morning, to get back some of those things which our distress had obliged us to part with."

While he was speaking, Ellen, who had been absent, entered; and as Wilmot turned to speak to her, he observed for the first time that she was handsome. Her beauty was indeed at that moment rendered almost dazzling, by the glow of joy which irradiated her countenance at the sight of her benefactor. She was advancing eagerly to speak to him, but seeing his eyes fixed on her with a look of admiration, she drew back, blushing and confused.

The kindness with which Wilmot spoke to her, soon reassured her; and after spending half an hour in chatting with her and her grandfather, he quitted them, with a promise of soon seeing them again.

From Dalton he went to Sedley, whom he found at home. Sedley's looks spoke the inquiry which his tongue did not venture to utter, and Wilmot replied to them by acquainting him with Dalton's history.

"You have begun well," cried Sedley, "and I see in your countenance, that you have tasted, at least in part, the happiness you have bestowed. If you will but persevere, if true to yourself and to your own resources, you will call in the assistance of science and taste to diversify those hours you have been accustomed to spend in listless dejection. I shall yet see you as happy as you deserve to be."

Wilmot was touched by the ardour with which the affectionate Sedley expressed his hopes. He began to think that he had been too hasty in forming his opinion of human beings. "After all," thought he, "if the greater part are bad, there are a few good;" and the soft form of Ellen Dalton swam before his mental view in all the blushing loveliness with which she had appeared in the morning. He shook hands heartily with Sedley, whose advice he promised to follow; and in fact, during some weeks, study, benevolence, and frequent visits to the Daltons, occupied his time, and had a happy and perceptible effect upon his temper and spirits.

During his visits to Dalton, he had two or three times observed that the old man seemed to have something upon his mind, but as he thought that his dejection pro-

bably proceeded from the recollection of his past sorrows, he took no notice of it.

One day, on his entering their apartment, he saw Ellen hurry out of the room, and from the glimpse that he had of her, he perceived that her eyes were red with weeping. Exceedingly shocked, he hastily asked Dalton what was the matter; and the old man, with much respect but firmness, told him, that Ellen had been weeping from the fear that he would be displeased at the necessity they were under of declining the honour of his visits.

For a moment Wilmot was thunderstruck: he had indulged himself in the pleasure of seeing Ellen, without thinking of the inferences to her disadvantage which might be drawn from his visits. Their intercourse had gradually discovered to him, that her mental qualities, though little cultivated, were of a superior order, and her beauty and sensibility had gained his heart, before he suspected it was even in danger. What was then to be done? Should he banish himself from her society, and by so doing, deprive himself of the little beam of sunshine which had just begun to brighten his existence? or should he offer to marry her, uncertain whether, if she accepted him, he should owe her hand to gratitude, to love, or to interested motives?

A sudden thought, which promised to solve his doubts, darted into his mind. "Do not apologize," said he to the venerable Dalton, who, cruelly hurt at his long silence, was beginning to enter into the reasons which induced him to make the request; "I see at a glance the delicacy of Ellen's situation, and am only sorry I did not think of the matter sooner. But is it not time for your Ellen to be settled in life? I have heard you say that she is nearly seventeen, and I can recommend her a husband, a young man in good circumstances, who, I believe, will make her happy, provided her heart is free."

The overjoyed grandfather thanked Wilmot a thousand times, and assured him that Ellen had no partiality for any one.

"Well," said Wilmot, "prepare her against I come to-morrow; and if I find she is willing to accept the husband I intend for her, I will soon introduce him."

Never was morrow so eagerly longed for, and yet so dreaded, as this was by Wilmot. It came at last, and he hastened to know his destiny. His hopes brightened when he perceived that Ellen was not with her grandfather, and that the old man looked grave and sorrowful.

"You will accuse us of ingratitude, sir," said he, "and I fear with reason. I know that Ellen has no preference for any one, and until now she has ever been the most dutiful of children; yet I grieve to say, she positively refuses to marry."

Wilmot stooped hastily, to conceal the joy he felt at this intelligence. "I am surprised," said he, affecting to speak in a serious tone, "at such unaccountable obstinacy; but perhaps she has formed an erroneous idea of the person on whom I designed to bestow her hand. Let me have a little conversation with her, my good Mr. Dalton; probably I shall be able to bring her to reason."

The old man's looks indicated that he had no hopes of it: however, he would not oppose the wish of Wilmot; and as he was now able to walk, though with some difficulty, he quitted the room in search of Ellen.

"And now," thought Wilmot, "my fate will be decided. Should she continue firm in her rejection, I may be the happiest of men. Should it be otherwise, she shall never know my disappointment. I cannot bring myself to seek for a husband for her, but with the portion I shall bestow upon her, she will soon meet with one."

While he was engaged in these reflections, Ellen entered. It was evident that she had tried to call up all her firmness for the interview, but the trembling of her whole frame, and the quick changes of her countenance, betrayed an emotion from which Wilmot drew the happiest presages.

"Why are you thus agitated, my dear Ellen?" said he in a voice of kindness: "I have desired to see you, that I might, as a friend, reason with you on your conduct. If your rejection of the husband who offers himself to you proceeded from pre-engagement or from dislike to him, I would not mention the subject to you a second time; but your grandfather assures me, that it cannot arise from the first, and as you are ignorant who the young man is, it cannot proceed from the last." He paused, but Ellen made no reply, and he continued. "Will you forgive me, my young friend, if I say, that your grandfather and myself unite in wishing you to allow your intended bridegroom at least one interview before you reject him?"

He stopped, terrified lest Ellen should accede to his proposal. She burst into tears, and so great was her agitation, that it was some time before she could speak. "Ah, sir!" cried she at last in a faltering tone, "you know not what it costs me to disobey you, to appear in your eyes obstinate and ungrateful: yet I must do so; for I cannot, no, I cannot consent to see a man to whom it is impossible for me to give my hand."

"I must not then urge you further; and yet, Ellen, ought you not to consider well before you positively reject an honest man, who is not disagreeable in his person or manners, who is able to support you in a respectable manner? Surely, Ellen, it must proceed from childish caprice, that you refuse him without allowing him to plead his own cause."

Ellen did not venture to reply, but she fixed her lovely eyes on Wilmot with a look so full of supplication, that he refrained with difficulty from throwing himself at her feet. "Will you then," said he in a tone of the most impassioned tenderness, "when I avow that I am pleading for myself, still continue inexorable?"

Ellen's reply was not very articulate, but her countenance told Wilmot all he wanted to know; and he quitted her at length, with a heart enraptured, to communicate the result of the interview to Dalton, who heard it with a pleasure scarcely inferior to Wilmot's own. It was indeed most affecting to see the old man upon his knees, thanking heaven for the unexpected blessings it had poured upon the evening of his days.

By his marriage with Ellen,

Wilmot effectually secured his own happiness, for her disposition led her to take pleasure in those pursuits which were best calculated to promote their mutual felicity.—Once roused from the misanthropy which solitude and indolence had contributed to nourish, Wilmot became beloved and respected for his active zeal in the cause of humanity; while, by limiting his friendship to the few who really deserved it, among whom Sedley always ranked first, he enjoyed, in their fullest extent, the blessings of domestic happiness and social intercourse.

ON THE FAULTS OF SHAKSPEARE.

(*Continued from p.* 153.)

There is a certain consistency or unity of passion, emotion, and sentiment, to be observed in fine writing; not less important than unity of action, and of much greater consequence than the unities either of time or of place. The mind is not only pained by feelings disagreeable in themselves, but, independently of their particular character and effect, it is pained by being distracted and harassed. Now, this discomposure is produced, if opposite feelings, though in themselves agreeable, are poured in upon us at once, or in immediate succession. As the tendency of these dissonant emotions is to destroy one another, the mind, during the contest, is in a state of distraction. Nor can either of the contending feelings accomplish their full effect; for the attention is too equally divided between them, or transferred so rapidly from one object to another, that the pleasure they would yield is imperfect. Add to this, that, in cases of such disorder, the finer feeling is generally overpowered by the coarser and more tumultuous. A ludicrous character, or incident, introduced into a pathetic scene, will draw the chief attention to itself; and by ill-timed merriment, banish the softer pleasures. This subject will receive more illustration, if we attend to the success of those authors who have understood and availed themselves of the foregoing maxim. From this proceeds the chief merit of Milton's *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*. Intending in his *L'Allegro* to excite cheerfulness, he deals solely in cheerful objects: intending in his *Il Penseroso* to promote a melancholy mood, he has recourse to those images only that are connected with solitude and gloomy silence. If you would make us weep with compassion, do not strive at the same instant to convulse us with laughter; or if you mean to exalt your audience with solemn and sublime devotion, you will not address them with fantastic levity, nor amuse them with a merry tune. The propriety of adhering to one principal object, or in other words, of moving the mind by one particular set of feelings, has been attended to in other imitative arts. We find nothing in music or painting, so inconsistent as the dissonant mixture of sentiments and emotions so frequent in English tragedy. The

improvers in gardening are attentive to the same observances. They tell us, with great justice, that in a solemn scene, every thing light and airy should be concealed and removed; that where sublimity constitutes the chief expression, every circumstance should be great or terrific; and, in general, that all subordinate incidents should be suited to the reigning character. Even Shakspeare himself, in many brilliant passages, where he follows the guidance of genius alone, or of unperverted sensibility, and, indeed, in all those detached passages that are usually mentioned as possessing singular excellence, acts in perfect consistency with these observations. Every circumstance in his description of departed spirits, in *Measure for Measure*, without suggesting noisome, disgusting objects, is directly calculated to fill the mind with delightful awe.

Now, if consistency of feeling and sentiment is to be observed in fine writing, it will affect our imitations of nature. It will lead us to bring more fully into view, than in the original, those things that carry forward, or coincide with our purpose, and to conceal those circumstances which may be of an opposite or unsuitable tendency. If we would describe a cheerful landscape, we must avoid mentioning the gloomy forests, or deep morasses, which may actually exist in it. In like manner, if we would dispose our audience to entertain sentiments of veneration for some respectable personage, we must throw into the shade those levities which may have place in the character, but which lessen its dignity. In the fictions of the poet it is allowable, not only to veil infirmities, or to soften and conceal harsh or unbending features, but from the storehouses of fancy and observation to make such additions, both to the landscape and to the character, as shall equally promote our pleasure and our esteem.

Does this rule, then, contradict the great maxim of following nature? Or is there any necessity imposed upon us, of adopting the one, and rejecting the other? If so, to which shall we yield the preference? We are not, however, reduced to this difficulty. We may both follow nature, not indeed as servile copyists, but as free disciples; and preserve at the same time consistency of feeling and expression. When a judicious improver covers a bleak heath with enlivening groves, or removes the dreariness of a noisome fen, by changing it into a lovely lake, interspersed with islands, can we accuse him of departing from nature? Indeed he varies her appearances, but at the same time improves them, and renders them more agreeable to our conceptions of excellence. In like manner, the poet who excludes from tragedy mean persons and vulgar language, because they are dissonant to the general tone of his work, neither violates nature, nor trespasses against the great obligation he is under of affording us pleasure.

Now, though the spirit of this important rule has at all times operated on the practice of eminent writers, and has even, on many occasions, influenced the daring, but delicate fancy of Shakspeare; yet,

so far as I recollect, the rule itself has seldom been considered by the authors or judges of dramatic writing in Britain as of inviolable obligation. Thus, the maxim of following nature, a maxim most important in itself, and almost coeval with fine writing, has been received without proper extension; for it has commonly been conceived, that by the term *nature*, as used by the critics, we are to understand the real appearances of things as they exist originally, and unimproved by human art. According to this account, a tree with luxuriant branches, and that has never been pruned, is natural. Nevertheless, we may collect from the foregoing remarks, that this explanation is by far too limited. The human mind is capable of discerning and conceiving excellence superior to any thing we have ever beheld. This excellence, however, does not belong to new objects, but to the improved and exalted state of those things with which we are already acquainted. We cannot imagine a new race of animated beings, different in every respect, except that of animation alone, from the living creatures that we already know; but we can conceive the present inhabitants of our planet exalted to a degree of perfection far superior to any of the human race. This conception of excellence, therefore, is natural to the human mind: the manner in which it is formed may easily be traced; and those representations of external things, which differ from the real appearance, but coincide with our notions of improvement, are to be held natural. This may receive still further illustration. If by nature we are to understand the original, unimproved appearance of things, the wild American savage is more according to nature than the civilized European. Yet, will any one be bold enough to affirm, that a mind highly improved and adorned with science, is in a state that is unnatural? Neither shall we say so of the tree which is pruned and grafted for the purpose of bearing fruit; and which, left to its original luxuriancy, would shoot away into useless foliage. By the culture of mind, and by the improvement of external objects, that excellence which we conceive is in part attained, and is held to be according to nature. We cannot, therefore, pronounce of that superior excellence which has not yet been attained, and which hitherto exists only in the high anticipations of the human mind, that it is unnatural. Now, the rule of following nature having probably been understood by Shakspeare in a sense too limited, has betrayed him into those enormities that have incurred so much censure. Even his display of character has sometimes been injured in its effect, by this undeviating attachment to real appearance; and though, like Polonius, statesmen and courtiers may, on various occasions, be very wise and very foolish; yet, whatsoever indulgence may be shewn to the statesmen and courtiers of real life, those of the drama must be of an uniform and consistent conduct: indeed, in comedy there is nothing to hinder them from appearing as ludicrous as in real life, or as the poet pleases.

The other blemishes in Shak-

speare are less enormous, and proceed chiefly from his want of critical and historical knowledge, or from carelessness in correcting his works. Had he been well acquainted with the poets and critics of antiquity, he would probably have been more attentive to unity, and studied greater simplicity in the form of his fables. Not that he would have adopted the practice of ancient poets in its fullest extent; for this would have been too opposite to the public taste, and too inconsistent with his own luxuriant fancy. We may also add, that some departure from the strict rules of unity enacted by ancient critics, and some deviation from the simplicity of Grecian poets, is no loss to the drama. Shakspeare, however, by having known them, and by having adhered to them in some degree, would have been less irregular and incoherent. In like manner, by having been better acquainted with ancient history, he would not have represented Alexander the Great as existing prior to the age of Coriolanus; nor would he have represented the Roman matrons, in the days of Menenius Agrippa, as employing themselves in sewing cambric; nor would he have mentioned the tribunes of the Roman people as judges in the courts of justice, or even at great pains to lower the price of coals.

Yet, glaring as these faults may appear, poets of no small reputation have been so far seduced, by the example of Shakspeare coinciding with the taste of the times, that they have imitated, or at least not avoided, the very grossest of his enormities. Otway and Southern are remarkable instances. It may, therefore, be of service to the improvement of fine writing, not only to illustrate the great merits of Shakspeare, and to shew in what manner his delineations of human nature assist the philosopher; but also with candour, and the deference due to his superior genius, to point out his defects, and endeavour to trace their causes. In this investigation, the train of thought, independent of digression or illustration, is according to the following arrangement.

As the works of imagination consist of parts, the pleasure they yield is the effect of those parts united in one design. This effect may be felt; the relations of inferior component parts may be discerned, and their nature may be known. Taste is perfect, when sensibility, discernment, and knowledge are united: yet they are not indispensably united in the man of poetic invention. He must possess sensibility, but he may want knowledge and discernment. He will thus be liable to error. Guided solely by feeling, his judgment will be unsteady; he will, at periods of languor, become the slave of authority, or be seduced by unexamined maxims. Shakspeare was in this situation. Endowed with genius, he possessed all the taste that depended on feeling; but unimproved by the discernment of the philosophical, or the knowledge of the learned critic, his sensibility was exposed to perversion. He was misled by the general maxim that required him to "follow nature." He observed the rule in a limited sense. He copied the reality of external things, but disregarded that conception of excellence which

seems inherent in the human mind. The rule, in its extended acceptation, requires that objects intended to please and interest the heart, should produce their effect by corresponding or consonant feelings. Now, this cannot be attained by representing objects as they appear. In every interesting representation, features and tints must be added to the reality; features and tints which it actually possesses must be concealed. The greatest blemishes of Shakspeare arose from his not attending to this important rule, and not preserving in his tragedies the proper tone of the work: hence the frequent and unbecoming mixture of meanness and dignity in his expression; of the serious and ludicrous in his representation. His other faults are of less importance, and are charged to his want of sufficient knowledge, or care in correcting. In a word, though his merits far surpass those of every other dramatic writer, and may even apologize for his faults; yet, since the ardour of admiration may lead ingenious men to overlook, or imitate, his imperfections, it may be of some service, "to point them out, and endeavour to trace their causes."

RICHARDSON.

OFFER OF MARRIAGE TO CAROLINE CAREFUL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

BEING yesterday at a friend's house in the neighbourhood, during those tedious moments which usually intervene between the hour appointed and the actual hour of dinner, I skimmed over a few pages of your *Repository* for this month, and was so pleased with the paper signed "Caroline Careful," that I cannot refrain from thus expressing my entire approbation of her conduct in every instance she has submitted to the consideration of the Adviser; in whose sentiments I also fully concur. Perhaps, as he thinks himself twenty years too old for the lady, he will have less hesitation to plead the cause of a widower, five and thirty years of age, of an ancient and most respectable family, possessing, in an eminent degree, those qualifications of temper, disposition, and manners, which peculiarly fit him for the husband of Caroline Careful; and totally free from any of those excesses she deprecates. This may appear vain; but let those who have an interest in the inquiry satisfy themselves, and perhaps they will find few who can submit their character and conduct to the lynx-eye of criticism with less fearful apprehensions for the result, than he who waits the next monthly publication for an acknowledgment of the receipt of

QUINTUS.

August 1819.

THE LATE MR. JAMES WATT.

Mr. EDITOR,

As your Miscellany is devoted as well to scientific as to entertaining subjects and all the world must feel a deep interest about the life and character of an

individual, so distinguished as the late Mr. James Watt, of Soho, near Birmingham, I inclose, for your inspection, and I hope insertion, an article regarding him, which has been drawn up by one of the ablest and most scientific pens of the age.

Only a few numbers ago, you inserted an account of a steam-engine as applied to one of the most beautiful vessels on the Thames; and this creates an additional claim upon you in behalf of the inventor of steam-engines. Yours, &c., J. K.

Birmingham.

Death is still busy in our high places; and it is with great pain that we find ourselves called upon, so soon after the loss of Mr. Playfair, to record the decease of another of our illustrious countrymen, and one to whom mankind has been still more largely indebted. Mr. James Watt, the great improver of the steam-engine, died on the 25th ult. at his seat of Heathfield, near Birmingham, in the 84th year of his age.

This name, fortunately, needs no commemoration of ours; for he that bore it survived to see it crowned with undisputed and unenvied honours, and many generations will probably pass away before it shall have "gathered all its fame." We have said that Mr. Watt was the great *improver* of the steam-engine; but, in truth, as to all that is admirable in its structure, or vast in its utility, he should rather be described as its *inventor*. It was by his inventions that its action was so regulated as to make it capable of being applied to the finest and most delicate manufactures, and its power so increased as to set weight and solidity at defiance. By his admirable contrivances, it has become a thing stupendous alike for its force and flexibility; for the prodigious power which it can exert, and the ease and precision and ductility with which they can be varied, distributed, and applied. The trunk of an elephant that can pick up a pin or rend an oak is nothing to it. It can engrave a seal, and crush masses of obdurate metal like wax before it; draw out, without breaking, a thread as fine as gossamer, and lift a ship of war like a bauble in the air. It can embroider muslin and forge anchors, cut steel into ribbons, and impel loaded vessels against the fury of the winds and waves.

It would be difficult to estimate the value of the benefits which these inventions have conferred upon the country. There is no branch of industry that has not been indebted to them; and in all the most material, they have not only widened most magnificently the field of its exertions, but multiplied a thousandfold the amount of its productions. It is our improved steam-engine that has fought the battles of Europe, and exalted and sustained, through the late tremendous contest, the political greatness of our land. It is the same great power which now enables us to pay the interest of our debt, and to maintain the arduous struggle in which we are still engaged, with the skill and capital of countries less oppressed with taxation. But these are poor and narrow views of its importance. It has increased indefinitely the mass

of human comforts and enjoyments, and rendered cheap and accessible all over the world the materials of wealth and prosperity. It has armed the feeble hand of man, in short, with a power to which no limits can be assigned; completed the dominion of mind over the most refractory qualities of matter, and laid a sure foundation for all those future miracles of mechanic power which are to aid and reward the labours of after generations. It is to the genius of one man, too, that all this is mainly owing; and certainly no man ever before bestowed such a gift on his kind. The blessing is not only universal, but unbounded; and the fabled inventors of the plough and the loom, who were deified by the erring gratitude of their rude contemporaries, conferred less important benefits on mankind than the inventor of our present steam-engine.

This will be the fame of Watt with future generations; and it is sufficient for his race and his country. But to those to whom he more immediately belonged, who lived in his society and enjoyed his conversation, it is not perhaps the character in which he will be most frequently recalled, most deeply lamented, or even most highly admired. Independently of his great attainments in mechanics, Mr. Watt was an extraordinary, and in many respects a wonderful man. Perhaps no individual in his age possessed so much and such varied and exact information, had read so much or remembered what he had read so accurately and well. He had infinite quickness of apprehension, a prodigious memory, and a certain rectifying and methodizing power of understanding, which extracted something precious out of all that was presented to it. His stores of miscellaneous knowledge were immense, and yet less astonishing than the command he had at all times over them. It seemed as if every subject that was casually started in conversation, with him had been that which he had been last occupied in studying and exhausting, such was the copiousness, the precision, and the admirable clearness of the information which he poured out upon it without effort or hesitation. Nor was this promptitude and compass of knowledge confined in any degree to the studies connected with his ordinary pursuits. That he should have been minutely and extensively skilled in chemistry and the arts, and in most of the branches of physical science, might perhaps have been conjectured; but it could not have been inferred from his usual occupations, and probably is not generally known, that he was curiously learned in many branches of antiquity, metaphysics, medicine, and etymology, and perfectly at home in all the details of architecture, music, and law. He was well acquainted too with most of the modern languages, and familiar with their most recent literature. Nor was it at all extraordinary to hear the great mechanician and engineer detailing and expounding, for hours together, the metaphysical theories of the German logicians, or criticising the measures or the matter of the German poetry.

His astonishing memory was aided no doubt, in a great measure, by a still higher and rarer faculty—

by his power of digesting and arranging in its proper place all the information he received, and of casting aside and rejecting, as it were instinctively, whatever was worthless or immaterial. Every conception that was suggested to his mind seemed instantly to take its place among its other rich furniture, and to be condensed into the smallest and most convenient form. He never appeared, therefore, to be at all incumbered or perplexed with the *verbiage* of the dull books he perused, or the idle talk to which he listened; but to have at once extracted, by a kind of intellectual alchemy, all that was worthy of attention, and to have reduced it, for his own use, to its true value and to its simplest form: and thus it often happened, that a great deal more was learned from his brief and vigorous account of the theories and arguments of tedious writers, than an ordinary student could ever have derived from the most faithful study of the originals; and that errors and absurdities became manifest, from the mere clearness and plainness of his statement of them, which might have deluded and perplexed most of his hearers without that invaluable assistance.

It is needless to say, that, with these vast resources, his conversation was at all times rich and instructive in no ordinary degree; but it was, if possible, still more pleasing than wise, and had all the charms of familiarity, with all the substantial treasures of knowledge. No man could be more social in his spirit, less assuming or fastidious in his manners, or more kind and indulgent towards all who approached him. He rather liked to talk, at least in his latter years; but though he took a considerable share of the conversation, he rarely suggested the topics on which it was to turn, but readily and quietly took up whatever was presented by those around him; and astonished the idle and barren propounders of an ordinary theme, by the treasures which he drew from the mine which they had unconsciously opened. He generally seemed indeed to have no choice or predilection for one subject of discourse rather than another, but allowed his mind, like a great cyclopædia, to be opened at any letter his associates might choose to turn up, and only endeavoured to select from his inexhaustible stores what might be best adapted to the taste of his present hearers. As to their capacity, he gave himself no trouble; and indeed such was his singular talent for making all things plain, clear, and intelligible, that scarcely any one could be aware of such a deficiency in his presence. His talk, too, though overflowing with information, had no resemblance to lecturing or solemn discoursing; but, on the contrary, was full of colloquial spirit and pleasure. He had a certain quiet and grave humour, which ran through most of his conversation; and a vein of temperate jocularity, which gave infinite zest and effect to the condensed and inexhaustible information which formed its main staple and characteristic. There was a little air of affected testiness, and a tone of pretended rebuke and contradiction, with which he used to address his younger friends, that was always felt by them as an endearing

mark of his kindness and familiarity, and prized accordingly far beyond all the solemn compliments that ever proceeded from the lips of authority. His voice was deep and powerful, though he commonly spoke in a low and somewhat monotonous tone, which harmonized admirably with the weight and brevity of his observations, and set off to the greatest advantage the pleasant anecdotes which he delivered with the same grave brow, and the same calm smile playing soberly on his lips. There was nothing of effort indeed, or impatience, any more than of pride or levity, in his demeanour; and there was a finer expression of reposing strength and mild self-possession in his manner, than we ever recollect to have met with in any other person. He had in his character the utmost abhorrence for all sorts of forwardness, parade, and pretensions; and indeed never failed to put all such impostors out of countenance, by the manly plainness and honest intrepidity of his language and deportment.

In his temper and disposition, he was not only kind and affectionate, but generous, and considerate of the feelings of all around him; and gave the most liberal assistance and encouragement to all young persons who shewed any indications of talent, or applied to him for patronage or advice. His health, which was delicate from his youth upwards, seemed to become firmer as he advanced in years; and he preserved up almost to the last moment of his existence, not only the full command of his extraordinary intellect, but all the alacrity of spirit, and the social gaiety which had illuminated his happiest days. His friends in this part of the country never saw him more full of intellectual vigour and colloquial animation, never more delightful or more instructive, than in his last visit to Scotland in autumn 1817. Indeed, it was after that time that he applied himself, with all the ardour of early life, to the invention of a machine for mechanically copying all sorts of sculpture and statuary; and distributed among his friends some of its earliest performances, as the productions of a young artist just entering on his 83d year.

This happy and useful life came at last to a gentle close. He had suffered some inconveniences through the summer, but was not seriously indisposed till within a few weeks from his death. He then became perfectly aware of the event which was approaching; and with his usual tranquillity and benevolence of nature, seemed only anxious to point out to the friends around him, the many sources of consolation which were afforded by the circumstances under which it was about to take place. He expressed his sincere gratitude to Providence for the length of days with which he had been blessed, and his exemption from most of the infirmities of age, as well as for the calm and cheerful evening of life that he had been permitted to enjoy, after the honourable labours of the day had been concluded. And thus, full of years and honours, in all calmness and tranquillity, he yielded up his soul, without pang or struggle, and passed from the bosom of his family to that of his God!

He was twice married, but has left no issue but one son, long associated with him in his business and studies, and two grand-children by a daughter who predeceased him. He was a Fellow of the Royal Societies both of London and Edinburgh, and one of the few Englishmen who were elected Members of the National Institute of France. All men of learning and science were his cordial friends; and such was the influence of his mild character and perfect fairness and liberality, even upon the pretenders to these accomplishments, that he lived to disarm even envy itself, and died, we verily believe, without a single enemy.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WOULD-BE AUTHOR.

Chap. VI.

SUPPOSED COLLOQUY WITH THE EDITOR—MY FIRST NOVEL—AND THE SPECULATING BOOKSELLER.

Five long chapters, Mr. Editor, of my Recollections have wearied your deciphering sight, and no encouragement has their poor author received to proceed but from you. You indeed, in your Notice to Correspondents in your August number, have deigned to call them *amusing*; and though I cannot, in return, promise them to you earlier in the month than about the 15th, I thank you for your civility. In vain is all the genius of an actor without plaudits; exertion droops, and he becomes inanimate. Often have I heard Elliston, nay even Kean, curse the house they were playing to: "Hang the people," they would say, "they chill one with their silence!" And, Mr. Editor, shall the poor author toil on without one smile of encouragement through each dreary month? Come, Mr. Editor, do for goodness sake walk out of your *berger*; that chair which so luxuriously clasps you in its arms, and whose ruby morocco [illegible] to your face, ought to be vacated when I enter the room.

You rise: well, sir, that's very well; but put down your pen, lay your spectacles either on the table, or raise them *above* your eyes, while you look on me, a stranger, now before you. "John, you may go," methinks I hear you say; "and well, sir, then, what is your business with me?"—"Encouragement."—"What encouragement?" methinks you utter; while with one hand you offer me a seat, spreading your little finger at the same time, in order to shew the antique onyx that ornaments it. I bow. —"Sir, the request I have to make to you then is, that you will intercede for me, that Mr. Ackermann may speak to my friend Rowlandson to illustrate these my memoirs." —You won't, Mr. Editor? You have no influence?—"Sir, you have influence; and I tell you, with all the impudence of a radical to his frightened master, that until I see my comic effusions emblazoned by Rowlandson, I'll proceed no further.

"You smile assent; then will *me* proceed."

To say the truth, Mr. Editor, the

lady who so severely used the tomahawk of the Edinburgh reviewers over my unfortunate work, as I have mentioned in my last, had some cause for her severity, although I declare I was unconscious of it myself. The mist has, however, fallen from my eyes; and my production, I am ready to own, would almost have disgraced the pen of Rosa Matilda, or of the authors of *The Monk* or *Don Juan*. These latter works are, I understand, to be tolerated for the genius of their authors. I, having no such commodity to answer for, have sunk into a jog-trot morality-writer, intent solely upon producing an effect in my novel; and conscious that my moral was meant to deter the reader from vice, I was rather too particular in my descriptions, and in consequence overshot my mark. As a painter would say, my composition was deficient in *keeping;* and the details, which should have been subdued in a back-ground, obtruded themselves to the front of the canvas.

Still, Mr. Editor, do I, with all its faults, love "Truth and Nature, or the Sentimental Convict," and I dote on it as a fond parent dotes on its deformed urchin.

The defect of profit from my exertions did not disappoint me: I was not given to expect any. All I wished was to see myself in print, and in this I was gratified. It was printed in the country, and consigned to a bookseller in London, one who at any time had rather take a pinch of snuff than look at his ledger, or deny that he had such a production, than be obliged to ascend his ware-room, should his foreman be out, in order to seek it. I had no other satisfaction than that of knowing, that whatever were its faults, its author's name was for ever hidden under a fictitious appellation.

By this time, however, my income was fast running out, and the golden harvest I had expected to reap from several later productions arrived not. At length I was recommended to a gentleman in the book line, to whom I was introduced by letter. He met me in full regimentals, having, as he said, just hurried home from the Artillery-Ground: "But if I would wait till he had changed his costume, he would be with me with all despatch, and commence a negociation." He then pointed to a high counting-house stool, to which I with much difficulty, being rather short in the legs, climbed, and where he left me, with my feet dangling like a boy at school upon a tall form, promising to be back in a crack. As my letter of introduction mentioned me as a young gentleman of superior talents, who wished to employ his leisure in literary pursuits, he found it necessary to promise that he would not treat me as a mere fag. "No, sir," exclaimed he, "we military, I believe, know how to behave to a gentleman as is a gentleman: but in order to give you an insight into what I does, I shall take the liberty of introducing to you my men of all work; for business," he added, "must be minded; and when 'the din of arms is o'er,' as the poet says, Peter Vampum is always to be found at his post." He then opened a parlour door, where sat several personages, whose civilities he rudely interrupted by giving them

various commissions. "Here, Mrs. Crankem," said he to a little deformed lady, "we must trouble you again in your way for the Winter Evening's Love. Love, you know, madam, is your *forte*; but not quite so warm, if you please: remember the Society for the Suppression of Vice. Your sentimentality beats Tom Moore's; and there is no more delicacy in your passion than ——"

"Do you mean to insinuate," said the little lady, reddening; "do you affect, sir, to say, that there is aught impure in my pen? I paint vice, that it may be hated when only seen."—"Yes, madam, but you make it to be felt also. Your descriptions are like piquant sandwiches between two stale pieces of bread—he! he! he! Thus the public complain, that the most savoury part is picked out, while the outside is neglected."

"Pray, sir," interrupted the lady, jealous of her fame, and anxious to recover her reputation, "what is there incorrect in my 'Sympathies of the Heart,' or my 'Delusions of Youth,' my 'Reformed Demirep,' 'The Day after the Wedding,' or my 'Tales of Passions?' Did not the latter, sir, run through three editions"-"Yes, madam," replied Mr. Vampum, "but it was at the expense only of new title-pages; and the former had nearly brought me, as publisher, into a court of justice. But I must tell you, that your descriptions are too vivid; they even beat those recommended by grandmammas and elderly spinsters in *Pamela* or *Clarissa Harlowe*, and which I have heard say no women ought to read. So, if you please, ma'am, excuse my hints, and let's have a work in your best style, perhaps in eight volumes, but they must be in the sentimental strain. What think ye of Tales in a Series of Letters, or Memoirs of Sir Hargrave Delmour and Lady Eleanor Neville? Your genius will make all right. Six weeks is the longest I can give you, for we must be *out* by the Christmas holidays." The lady simpered, and retired.

The next applicant was a female of a most rueful countenance.—"Ah! Mrs. Tartuff," said Vampum, "we want all the strength of your abilities this winter: any thing like 'Missionary Tales,' 'The good Servant,' or 'The faithful Pastor,' is sure to sell: but then the confounded engravings. Really Mr Burin charged too much for that design after Uwins; it swallows up all the profit. Hang the Puritans of 1810! they are as fond of pictures as Catholics at high mass—he! he! he!"

Thus he continued to parcel out his authors, as a master-shoemaker would deliver his fine or coarse materials to different workmen of various capabilities. To one he gave a commission for a romance in the style of Mrs. Radcliffe, and its title to be as near that of her last work as possible. To another, a novel in the style of Miss Porter, by a lady of the same name. Whatever he wanted, he had persons ready to manufacture; and as he rubbed his hands with evident satisfaction after every order, I have no doubt that the abilities of those persons who flocked to him, squalid and ill dressed, contribute to fill his treasury. "There is nothing, sir," said he, turning to me,

"Like striking while the iron's hot. I know in a moment what *takes*. I have a prodigious concern," he added, raising his head, "and have but little to risk: why I hope to die as rich as my neighbours. If one dealer launches a work, and it answers, pop I go—gets up a work just like it. Perhaps mine is not quite so well written, but who knows that till he purchases, and if I get the most money, surely mine is the best production." I bowed to his superior judgment; while he continued, as I shall inform you, Mr Editor, in my next communication

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XLVI.

(*Continued from p.* 164.)

As when some poet, happy in his choice
Of an important subject, tunes his voice
To sweeter sounds, and more exalted strains,
Which, from a strong reflection, he attains:
As Homer, while his heroes he records,
Transfuses all their fire into his words:
So we, intent the charming sex to please,
Act with new life and an unwonted ease;
Beyond the limits of our genius soar,
And feel an ardour quite unknown before

I CONCLUDED my last with some brief and general observations on that quality of the mind called *delicacy*, as essential to the beauty of the mind; without which the genuine graces of character, more particularly in my own sex, can never be obtained; and when possessed and duly displayed, will heighten to the utmost the charms of beauty, and form attractions, which often are seen to win where beauty fails.

Here a question arises, which ought to be answered before I proceed. It is one of the great errors both in conversation and composition, that things are very frequently the subjects of both, without being correctly, clearly, and intelligibly defined; and a great portion of the polemical writings which weigh down the shelves of libraries, would never have appeared, if the more or less learned disputants had set out with a clear and mutual understanding of the topics which engaged their labours.

The question then that I have previously to settle is, *What is* DELICACY? and I shall endeavour to answer it.

Delicacy, according to my notion of it, is good sense, but good sense refined, which produces an inviolable attachment to decorum and sanctity, as well as elegance of manners, with a clear discernment and warm sensibility of whatever is pure, regular, and polite; and, at the same time, an abhorrence of whatever is gross, rustic, or impure, as well as of unnatural, effeminate, and over-wrought ornaments of every kind. It is, in short, the graceful and the beautiful added to the just and the good.

Nature has implanted in us an internal sense, which gives a just perception of the relation between our faculties of apprehending and the objects presented to them. We

are framed in such a manner, that some actions, ideas, or forms which occur to us, as necessarily excite satisfaction and delight, as others create distate and aversion. When we look upon a beautiful picture, the mind immediately recurs to nature; and finding a certain agreement between its own ideas of beauty and the representation which stands before us, it instantly acknowledges the similar graces, and recognises the true and proper standard.

The criterion then of delicacy in any action or composition, is the sure feeling and consciousness of its conformity to a similar sensation within us, operating necessarily on the mind the very instant that the kindred forms or ideas are exhibited to us: for it cannot, with any show of reason, be inferred, that there is no such thing as beauty, or no criterion to ascertain it, because some particular minds do not feel the one or apprehend the other. If a dispute arise, we appeal to nature and the common feelings of mankind; nor do we hesitate to affirm, that what appears beautiful to one will generally do so to another, if his faculties are right, and his attention fair and impartial.

Who has ever denied beauty of form to the Venus de Medicis; or grandeur and dignity, grace and elegance, to the works of Raphael and Guido? Look at the Thames from Richmond Hill, what a beautiful prospect rises before you! Behold the gentle glidings of that lovely river; how its stream winds in pleasing meanders, steering its majestic course through verdant meads, and distributing wealth and pleasure as it flows along! Observe the numerous villas that adorn its banks, and are adorned by it. All who have beheld this scene of delight, agree in admiring its charms; and acknowledge, that the fine, delicate ideas here raised in their minds, are perfectly correspondent to their natural sense of loveliness and grace.

Nature then is the standard of *delicacy*, and to her tribunal the defenders of beauty make their appeal; to her sentence they finally submit their cause.

But granting that I have pointed out a proper standard for beauty in nature and the imitative arts, will the same rule serve for the *delicacy of good-breeding* and the *decorums* of life, which is the particular object of my present consideration? It is true indeed, that prevailing customs are of a very unsettled nature, and may seem by no means to be subject to any fixed principle, to direct our judgment concerning things so vague and inconstant.

But this branch of good manners relates only to certain forms and ceremonies; and as far as these are absolutely indifferent in themselves, and have no other value but what they derive from the fashionable world, to that standard, wavering and uncertain as it is, we must be content, in such a case, to refer ourselves. But surely there are many exterior observances and forms of behaviour, and particularly in the subjects and mode of our conversation, in which we may clearly discover a comeliness or inelegance, a regular or irregular tendency, that arise manifestly from a conformity or unsuitableness to the nature of things, to

common sense, and an inbred feeling of *decorum*. If this were otherwise, on what principle do we claim a right to draw comparisons between the politeness of different countries, and give the usages and customs of one the preference to those of another?

But however this may be, yet the more essential points of *delicacy in manners* are clearly ascertained by our internal sense; and are, therefore, invariably the same in every age and every climate.

Suppose a person to be solicited by his friend to do him a good office, or lend him assistance in distress. After great importunity, he yields to his entreaties, but with such a sullen air and reluctant countenance, as must offend even the receiver. Who would not feel the odium of granting a request with such circumstances of indecency? While another confers a favour with such a pleasing cheerfulness and humane address, as makes the giver appear to be the person obliged. In this case, it is impossible for any but the most brutal and degenerate not to be sensible of the charm of such a demeanour, and applaud the amiable manner of heightening the value of a generous action.

In such points then as these, which are the most material parts of good-breeding, we have the same rule to form our judgments as in the imitative arts. They depend not on the caprice of fashion, or the varying complexion of times and climates; but are founded on that internal sense of *decorum*, that universal humanity, common and natural to all mankind, which are the ground of our love and hatred, and the guides of our disapprobation and dislike.

If we proceed further, we may extend our inquiries to things of higher importance, to the most noble and essential beauty—the purity of moral conduct.

That culture of the mind which leads one to see and feel the comeliness of virtue, has undoubtedly a sure foundation and an infallible standard in nature: but it may, nevertheless, be fairly asked, whether this kind of refinement may not heighten our feelings to such a degree, as to add more to our misery than our happiness? and though it may produce more lively enjoyments, it will proportionably give greater pungency to our sorrows.

But this observation is, I conceive, founded on a mistaken notion of the true character of *delicacy*. If fine sensations are not supported with strong sense, they dwindle into effeminacy; nor had ever any man an elegant taste, who had not also a sound understanding. There is indeed in a delicate frame a certain degree of softness; but then it is only just as much as suffices to prevent the inconveniences that attend upon the rough and boisterous passions. Something, it must be owned, there is in it not unlike a feminine tenderness, but no more than serves to render the mind susceptible of the finer impressions of beauty; and gives an amiable character to that masculine strength, on which a delicate taste so much depends, that it cannot possibly subsist without it. To be able to form a right judgment of arts and manners, to see and feel their symmetry and proportion, there are so many views

to be comprehended, and such a variety of circumstances to be compared, that it is impossible for any one to arrive at true refinement who has not strong natural abilities. There may be, it is true, good sense without an exquisite taste; but exquisite taste cannot exist without good sense.

The frame of mind, therefore, which is represented as labouring under all the inconveniences of nice sensations, cannot have any fair pretensions to the character of *genuine delicacy*, which is never attended with those consequences that flow from an imbecillity of the passions.

If it should be said, that this *delicacy* may produce a fastidious nicety, which may interfere with our social enjoyments, so as to lessen the frequency of them, by an acquired difficulty of being pleased with the ordinary satisfactions of life; to this I answer, that if the *genuine delicacy* of taste narrows the circle of our friendships, it certainly renders them more perfect. An indifference to the company and conversation of the *many*, will add strength and duration to our particular attachments. It must be acknowledged, that a man of an unrefined frame, how strong soever his sense may be, is not nice and exact in selecting his acquaintance; almost any are sufficient to answer his demands. Such a character has not sensations fine enough to make a pure choice; and, therefore, has no friends of a superior cast, because he has no delicacy. But is that a desirable state of mind, which excludes one of the greatest ornaments and joys of human life? It must be owned, that he who has digested his observations on mankind, and formed his mind to an excellence and elegance of sentiment, cannot take any great delight in mixed and undistinguished company, and will therefore be inclined to limit his friendships and acquaintance; but his affections being thus circumscribed within narrow bounds, will consequently rise to a higher pitch than if they were more diffused. This is so far from lessening, that it increases the ardour of our enjoyments; and if it diminish the number, it heightens the value of our friendships.

But if it should be argued, that good sense, a right mind, and generous affections, have such a native comeliness, that they stand in need of no adventitious ornaments, but, like diamonds, appear to advantage when well set; I shall beg leave to reply, that the diamond was polished before it was set, and whatever value it might have in its rough state, it had certainly no beauty till it came from the hands of the judicious artist. Thus it is with sense and virtue: they are jewels indeed in their rough state; but surely their merit is more attractive, and they command a much higher estimation, when they are set off with suitable embellishments?

Hence it was, that Socrates, the wisest and best of all the Grecian sages, tempered the harshness of his precepts with an air of pleasantry, well knowing, that to please was the surest way to persuade: he, therefore, stripped Philosophy of her uncouth attire, and gave her a more graceful mien.

Our chief business in life is in-

deed to form just sentiments, in order to produce a just conduct: yet something is still wanting, some additional grace, to make truth and virtue operate with full success, both with respect to ourselves and our fellow-creatures. They may, it is true, procure us the esteem, but will not be able to gain us the love of mankind, without a *happiness of manner*.

In every view, it is evident, I think, that the refinements and elegances of life not only render men more agreeable and amiable to each other, but are also conducive to the greatest and highest purposes: for this reason, perhaps, the Author of our frame has made us susceptible of the pleasures of imagination, that we might be the more readily gained over to the interests of Virtue, when we thus find that the way to her lies through the paths of pleasure.

This seems to be the excellent design, and this is ever found to be the constant effect, of *genuine delicacy*. When it conspires with virtue, its influence is as surely felt as its loveliness is readily acknowledged; like mingled streams, they become more forcible by being united.

Thus it is, that these mutual friends confirm and strengthen each other's interests. *Delicacy* allures us to *virtue*, while *virtue* ascertains and strengthens or supports *delicacy*. The connection between them is strong, the harmony perfect, and the effects answerable.

We have faculties adapted to the enjoyment of *refined delights*. Those delights must, therefore, be relative to human life, which would prove a very insipid possession without this heightening relish of existence. The elegant pleasures of imagination, the enlivening satisfactions of liberal knowledge, and all the sweet effects of the amiable passions, would be entirely set aside, and the rational part of the creation abandoned to the low employment of gratifying the coarsest appetites in the coarsest manner. Slender and sordid would be the intercourses of the friend and chaste companion, if they could then be found. Social pleasure would degenerate into savage merriment, and decent familiarities into ungracious freedoms, were they not under the controul of this restraining quality.

But the pleasure arising from the cultivation of this accomplishment, is not the only circumstance which recommends it to our regard; for whilst it improves our joys, it refines our *morals*, by cherishing those fine emotions in the soul, which create an abhorrence of every thing that is base and irregular, and prepare the way for the easier impressions of virtue and honour. The taste of beauty, in the lower kind, leads naturally to the higher; and the love of harmony in exterior things, is a good step towards the relish of what is grateful and amiable in the inward principles of the heart.

F—— T——.

FINE ARTS.

INTELLIGENCE REGARDING WORKS OF ART IN PROGRESS OR COMPLETED.

THIS month will be published, at Mr. Ackermann's, Strand, the first number of *An Historical and Characteristic Tour along the Rhine, from Mentz to Cologne:* containing a complete history and picturesque description of a portion of country full of curious and interesting circumstances, as well as so resplendent for its landscape, grandeur, and beauty. The work will be embellished with twenty-four highly finished and coloured engravings, from drawings expressly made by an eminent artist, resident near the banks of the Rhine, and habitually familiar with every part of it. It will be continued monthly until completed. The romantic, beautiful, and ever-varying scenery of this river forms a distinguished feature of every modern foreign tour; and no one can consider himself as an accomplished traveller who is not more or less acquainted with it: nay, the views which Nature presents on its banks, share in that strain of admiration which the remains of ancient art awaken in other parts of the European Continent. Much curious and interesting history respecting the northern nations is connected with it; while to their customs, rites, and ceremonies, both in peace and war, the Muse has frequent recourse for its splendid descriptions. Charlemagne and other distinguished names will be found in the narration; nor will England appear to have been a stranger to the events which it records. Baron von Gerning, whose literary character is so well established in Germany*, has undertaken to write the historical part; and Mr. Schutz, so well known as an artist, will furnish the drawings: it is presumed, therefore, that no other information is requisite to recommend this work, in a country where picturesque views of the more beautiful parts of the Continent, with their historical descriptions, are so generously patronised. A correct map of the river, and the territory, according to its last arrangements, through which it flows, is preparing, exclusively, for this publication, and will be given with the last part.—This work is printed on large wove elephant vellum paper, similar to the Histories of Oxford, Cambridge, Colleges and Schools, Westminster Abbey, and Microcosm of London; and will be completed in six monthly parts, each of which will contain four highly finished and coloured engravings accompanied with copious historical letter-press, printed with a new type, and hot-pressed. Seven hundred and fifty copies only will be printed on elephant paper: to the first 500 subscribers the price will be 14s.; the remaining 250 will be advanced to 16s. Fifty large copies will be taken on atlas paper, price 21s. each part.

* *The Literary Gazette*, No. LXX. May 23, 1818, gives, in a most interesting Memoir of Baron von Gerning, a number of works of which he is the author.

R. Ackermann has just imported from Paris the first five numbers of *Histoire Naturelle des Mammifères*, avec des figures originales enluminées, dessinées d'après nature sur des individus vivans, par M. Geoffroy Saint Hilaire, membre de l'Académie Royale des Sciences, professeur de zoologie au Museum d'Histoire Naturelle, &c. et M. Frédéric Cuvier, chargé en chef de la Ménagerie Royale.—This is the finest work ever published on natural history.

THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS *from* NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

THE PRETENDER.

(From Dr. KING's *Anecdotes of his own Times*)

As to his person, he is tall and well made, but stoops a little, owing perhaps to the great fatigue which he underwent in his northern expedition. He has a handsome face and good eyes (I think his busts, which about this time were commonly sold in London, are more like him than any of his pictures which I have yet seen); *but in a polite company he would not pass for a genteel man.* He hath a quick apprehension, and speaks French, Italian, and English; the last with a little of a foreign accent. As to the rest, very little care seems to have been taken of his education. He had not made the *belles lettres*, or any of the finer arts, his study; which surprised me much, considering his preceptors, and the noble opportunities he must have always had in that nursery* of all the elegant and liberal arts and sciences. But I was still more astonished, when I found him unacquainted with the history and constitution of England, in which he ought to have been very early instructed. I never heard him express any noble or benevolent sentiments, the certain indications of a great soul and a good heart; or discover any sorrow or compassion for the misfortunes of so many worthy men who had suffered in his cause*. But the worst part of his character is his love of money, a vice which I do not remember to have been imputed by our historians to any of his ancestors, and is the certain index of a base and little mind. I know it may be urged

* Rome. His governor was a Protestant, and I am apt to believe purposedly neglected his education, of which it is surmised he made a merit to the English ministry, for he was always supposed to be their pensioner. The Chevalier Ramsay, the author of *Cyrus*, was Prince Charles's preceptor for about a year, but a court faction removed him.

* As to his religion, he is certainly free from all bigotry and superstition, and would readily conform to the religion of the country. With the Catholics he is a Catholic; with the Protestants he is a Protestant; and to convince the latter of his sincerity, he often carried an English Common Prayer-Book in his pocket; and sent to Gordon (whom I have mentioned before), a nonjuring clergyman, to christen the first child he had by Mrs. W.

in his vindication, that a prince in exile ought to be an economist: and so he ought; but, nevertheless, his purse should be always open, as long as there is any thing in it, to relieve the necessities of his friends and adherents. King Charles II. during his banishment, would have shared the last pistole in his pocket with his little family. But I have known this gentleman, with 2000 louis d'ors in his strong box, pretend he was in great distress, and borrow money from a lady in Paris who was not in affluent circumstances. His most faithful servants, who had closely attended him in all his difficulties, were ill rewarded. Two Frenchmen, who had left every thing to follow his fortune, who had been sent as couriers through half Europe, and executed their commissions with great punctuality and exactness, were suddenly discharged, without any faults imputed to them, or any recompence for their past service. To this spirit of avarice may be added, his insolent manner of treating his immediate dependants; very unbecoming a great prince, and a sure prognostic of what might be expected from him if ever he acquired sovereign power. Sir J. Harrington* and Colonel Goring†, who suffered themselves to be imprisoned with him, rather than desert him, when the rest of his family and attendants fled, were afterwards obliged to quit his service on account of his illiberal behaviour. But there is one part of his character which I must particularly insist on, since it occasioned the defection of the most powerful of his friends and adherents in England, and by some concurring accidents totally blasted all his hopes and pretensions.

When he was in Scotland, he had a mistress, whose name is Walkenshaw, and whose sister was at that time, and is still, housekeeper at Leicester-House. Some years after he was released from his prison, and conducted out of France, he sent for this girl, who soon acquired such a dominion over him, that she was acquainted with all his schemes, and trusted with his most secret correspondence. As soon as this was known in England, all those persons of distinction who were attached to him were greatly alarmed; they imagined that this wench had been placed in his family by the English ministers; and considering her sister's situation, they seemed to have some ground for their suspicion: wherefore they despatched a gentleman to Paris, where the prince then was, who had instructions to insist that Mrs. Walkenshaw should be removed to a convent for a certain term; but her gallant absolutely refused to comply with this demand, and the messenger returned without success to his pretensions. Goring died soon after, and his loss was greatly lamented by his Prussian majesty, who honoured him with a character in a letter to my Lord Marshal.

* Sir J. Harrington remained in banishment till the accession of the present King George III. No man is better acquainted with the private history and character of Prince Charles; and if ever he reads what I have here written, I am confident that he will readily vouch the truth of my narrative.

† Goring, upon quitting his service, was recommended by my Lord Marshal to the King of Prussia, who immediately gave him a command in his army, equal

mand: and although Mr. M'Namara, the gentleman who was sent to him, who has a natural eloquence and an excellent understanding urged the most cogent reasons, and used all the arts of persuasion, to induce him to part with his mistress, and even proceeded so far as to assure him, according to his instructions, that an immediate interruption of all correspondence with his most powerful friends in England, and in short that the ruin of his interest, which was now daily increasing, would be the infallible consequence of his refusal; yet he continued inflexible, and all M'Namara's entreaties and remonstrances were ineffectual. M'Namara staid in Paris some days beyond the time prescribed him, endeavouring to reason the prince into a better temper; but finding him obstinately persevere in his first answer, he took his leave with concern and indignation, saying, as he passed out, "What has your family done, sir, thus to draw down the vengeance of Heaven on every branch of it through so many ages?" It is worthy of remark, that in all the conferences which M'Namara had with the prince on this occasion, the latter declared, that it was not a violent passion, or indeed any particular regard*, which attached him to Mrs. Walkenshaw, and that he could see her removed from him without any concern; but he would not receive directions, in respect to his private conduct, from any man alive.

When M'Namara returned to London, and reported the prince's answer to the gentlemen who had employed him, they were astonished and confounded. However, they soon resolved on the measures which they were to pursue for the future; and determined no longer to serve a man who could not be persuaded to serve himself, and chose rather to endanger the lives of his best and most faithful friends, than part with a harlot, who he often declared, he neith d nor esteemed. If ever that old adage, *Quos Jupiter vult perdere, &c.* could be properly applied to any person, whom could it so well fit as the gentleman of whom I have been speaking? for it is difficult by any other means to account for such a sudden infatuation*. He

* I believe he spoke the truth when he declared he had no esteem for his northern mistress, although she had been his companion for so many years. She had no elegance of manners; and as they had both contracted an odious habit of drinking, so they exposed themselves, very frequently, not only to their own family, but to all their neighbours. They often quarreled, and sometimes fought: they were some of these drunken scenes which probably occasioned the report of his madness.

* He was soon made acquainted with the defection which immediately followed upon the report of his answer. He endeavoured to excuse himself by blaming the gentleman who had been sent to him: he pretended the message had not been properly delivered; that he had been treated rudely and insolently, &c. But this was not the case. Mr. M'Namara addressed him in the most respectful manner; and though he spoke firmly, as he knew the consequence of the prince's refusal, yet he could not have treated him with more deference if he had been on the throne. The prince's accusation of M'Namara was very unjust, as well as ungrateful; for M'Namara had been often with him, and had served

was indeed soon afterwards made sensible of his misconduct, when it was too late to repair it, for from this era may truly be dated the ruin of his cause; which, for the future, can only subsist in the nonjuring congregations, which are generally formed of the meanest people, from whom no danger to the present government need ever be apprehended.

him with great zeal and fidelity on many important occasions, both at home and abroad.

AN ARAB ARMY.

(From Heude's *Travels.*)

We had not proceeded many miles, on the morning of the 1st of February, before we encountered the foremost of Shaik Hamood's army; who rode in upon us at speed, in the mimic display of an attack, on perceiving us to be friends escorted by one of their own messengers. Some of the fellows indeed pushed so close by me with their spears, charging furiously with their lances couched, and tilting up the point at the very moment of contact, that having been separated from my party, and not having a word to say for myself in reply to their inquiries, I could scarcely admire this unnecessary display of their horsemanship and skill. Putting on, however, the best countenance I could on the occasion, and smiling and returning their salutations, as they checked their panting steeds in the midst of their full career, brandishing their swords and spears above my head, I contrived with some difficulty to rejoin my servant, and desired him to keep as close to me as he could. By gradually inclining to the right, we ultimately got disengaged; but we could perceive them, for a good hour, filing off at a distance on our flank.

The order of their march (if the expression may be used) was irregularity itself. Unconfined by roads, water, or cultivation, in their selection of a track; unincumbered by lengthened files of waggons or artillery, in their wanderings; and with scarcely any baggage beyond the little that was carried on the camels and horses they were mounted on, the whole army was spread over the level flat in the shape nearly of a bird flying; the head and tail forming the advance and rear; whilst the wings were composed of those more impatient or more curious scouts, who separated in their rambles from the more beaten course. Within this space, the thickest throng could be distinguished in the centre; but, evidently, less from the presence of any chief of rank, than from the general motion of the body towards a certain point. It might indeed have appeared that each tribe was generally collected around the standard of its shaik, as the whole was grouped in irregular shapeless masses: it could be seen, however, from the higher ground we stood upon, that the whole frequently intermixed, collected in a body, and separated again as accident might direct. The chiefs were generally in front of their own immediate dependants, being

commonly better mounted than the rest; but it was more owing, as I thought, to the goodness of the horses, than to the pointed observance of any particular respect, a few instances only excepted, where a venerable age, and long approved valour and conduct, had probably increased the influence of those snow-bearded chiefs, who were only approached with superior reverence, and were generally accompanied by little flags, to mark the presence of some personage of greater consequence.

The looseness of their ranks would naturally preclude any very accurate estimate of their numbers; but I should be inclined to think, at a rough guess, they were not less than 7 or 8000 strong. The tribe of the Montific Bedooins alone (I have been informed) can bring 12,000 horse into the field; and if numbers on the present occasion were left behind, it is probable their army had been joined by some of their allies. It was from these troops we now heard the first accurate accounts of the battle and victory under the walls of Bagdad, which had occasioned the return of the tribes.

On the 21st, after passing Mansurie, which is a considerable town, with a custom-house subordinate to that at Korna, we came on a desert marshy tract, entirely covered with bullrushes on either side. Nothing can equal the dismal, melancholy aspect of the country we had now before us. The river, extending itself in the loose soil it wanders through, seems to flow in a still, mournful unison with the dreary scene on either bank. A wretched Arab here and there, like the gleam of light that just renders darkness visible, reminds the traveller, at long intervals, of the dreadful solitude of his course. The savage, haggard appearance of the stranger; his cautious, mistrustful looks; the desolate waste he flies to from the narrow path, at the most distant sight of a fellow-creature, equally impress the mind with the dreadful apprehension of impending harm. — We passed through, however, without any accidents, or other alarms than those inspired by the mournful stillness of the scene, and the occasional apprehensions entertained, from a partial glimpse of some wretched creature, who was probably as terrified as ourselves at the unusual sight of his fellow-man.

PEASANTRY OF KOORDISTAN.

(From *the same.*)

SULIMANEY would seem the centre, as it is the capital, of the most elevated valley of Koordistan; and as this valley is surrounded by immense mountains, covered with snow the greater part, if not all the year, it enjoys all the advantages of our colder climes, without losing any of that superabundant fertility which generally belongs to the warmer regions. It is, in truth, in every respect, one of the most beautiful and fertile valleys in the world; possessing every advantage of climate, and all those varied and delightful changes of mountain scenery which it is possible to enumerate, in all the per-

fection of an overflowing luxuriancy. The Koords, themselves a shepherd race from the most ancient times, and the Carduchians and Parthians of history, retain in these mountains those primitive habits which they have lost in towns, and exhibit that fierce, ungovernable spirit of independence, which it is extremely curious to observe, though not always safe to encounter. Unlike their countrymen of the plains in every respect, these mountaineers are all life, fire, and animation; robbers by profession, and constantly on the watch to spoliate. Generally of an active, nervous make, with thick manly beards curling over the lower part of the face, but seldom allowed to grow to any length; a dark moustache is often contrasted with eyes of liquid blue; keen, piercing, and commanding; bright as the falcon's, and equally vengeful too, that seem to boast the ferocious, treacherous bandit's life. Constantly armed, even in their own houses, with pistols, a dagger, and a well-tempered falchion; the ruddy glow of health that bursts through their olive complexions finishes the picture, and stamps the daring outlaw as the healthful, hardy mountaineer.

The Koordish ladies well beseem their hardy lords: mountain nymphs in their youth, and lovely, laughing, nut-brown maids; they are Amazons in their middle age, and follow their husbands in all their wanderings. Their dress we have already described; and as their manners partake of the freedom of their state, the delicacy of their shape and complexion is soon affected by the habits of their lives: they are in their prime at fifteen or twenty; on the decline at twenty-five. Constantly on horseback, both men and women ride with equal boldness and dexterity: and few horses in the world can surpass those of Koordistan, for ascending the steepest heights, and galloping down the slope. The Koords are exceedingly fond of hunting the antelope, and commonly pursue at speed over every kind of ground, and down the steepest declivity, without hesitation or mishap. their horses being in this respect eminently remarkable, that, unlike the greater part of the mountain breeds we are acquainted with, they are commonly of the larger size, and as beautiful and spirited as they are indefatigable and sure.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 23.—WALKING DRESS.

A MORNING dress, composed of cambric muslin: the body is made high, and is richly trimmed with work both at the neck and the bottoms of the sleeves; it fastens behind; the back is full, but the front is tight to the bust. The bottom of the skirt is finished, in the French style, with a number of small tucks. The spencer worn with this dress is composed of pale fawn-coloured



gros de Naples: the back is plain; the front is cut bias, and in such a manner as to display the form of the bust very advantageously. The sleeve falls low over the hand, and is wider than they have lately been worn; it is finished at the bottom by a trimming of the same material, laid on in full scollops: half-sleeve to correspond, the fulness of which is confined by straps. There is no collar, but a rich lace ruff supplies the want of it. Head-dress, a bonnet composed of pale rose-coloured *gros de Naples*, and lined with white satin: the crown, which is very low, is set in in the same manner as the cord of a cap: the brim is of a round shape, and very deep; it is ornamented at the edge with a twisted rouleau of white and pink satin, and a similar one encircles the bottom of the crown. A bouquet of roses and lilies of the valley is placed in front, and it ties with white ribbon under the chin. White kid gloves, and pale rose-coloured kid slippers.

PLATE 24.—EVENING DRESS.

A white gauze dress over a very pale rose-coloured satin slip: the body is composed of satin; it is tight to the shape, but there is very little of it seen, because the bust is trimmed all round with a broad blond lace, which is set on very full; this trimming is headed by a wreath of intermingled white and red roses, surrounded with leaves. The sleeve is short; it consists of three falls of blond lace over a tight under-sleeve of satin; the lace is very full, and is not confined at all to the arm: this *négligé* style of *corsage* has a new and very striking effect. The skirt is trimmed with five flounces of the same material, placed one immediately above the other, and headed by a wreath of flowers to correspond with the bust. The front hair is disposed in curls on each side of the face; the hind hair is dressed extremely high, and brought very forward. The head-dress consists of a double wreath, composed of mingled white and red roses and golden wheat-ears: one part of this wreath is put low on the forehead, the other encircles the full tuft of hair on the crown of the head: a white lace veil is attached to the back of the head, in such a manner as to form a tasteful drapery. Necklace and ear-rings, rubies mixed with pearl. White kid gloves, and white satin shoes.

We are indebted for both our dresses to Miss Pierpoint, maker of the *corset à la Grecque*, of No. 9, Henrietta-street, Covent-Garden.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Promenade dress begins now to assume an autumnal appearance. The present fineness of the weather, however, renders light materials still fashionable; so that, upon the whole, muslin is rather more in favour for gowns than silk or poplin; but the former are worn with spencers, pelisses, or shawls. We have given a novel and elegant spencer in our print. We have seen also some others, composed of white Merino cloth, which were made in a new and very pretty style: the waists are rather long, the backs full, and finished at each side with a slight embroidery of poppy-coloured braiding. The collar is composed of a fulness of poppy-coloured satin, formed into

oval puffs by very narrow bands of white Merino cloth, and white silk buttons: there is an epaulette to correspond, and the bottom of the sleeve is ornamented in a similar manner. The bust is richly embroidered with poppy-coloured silk braiding. This is a style of spencer which is exceedingly appropriate to the season; it is rich without being heavy, and striking without gaudiness or glare.

Levantine pelisses, lined with white sarsnet, are also in much estimation. We have just seen a very elegant one composed of levantine of the colour of the dead leaf. The skirt is gored; it is moderately full at bottom, but much narrower towards the top; the waist is rather long; the back is disposed in large plaits; there are six at the bottom of the waist, upon each of which is a small bright green silk button. The bust is ornamented at the shoulders with a zigzag row of buttons and very narrow straps: the long sleeve is rather wide, and falls very far over the hand. The trimming consists of bright and dark green satin shells, or rather, we should say, of a wreath of shells, about two thirds of half a quarter in depth: each shell consists of two falls of double satin; the lower part is bright green, the upper dark: the epaulettes and the bottoms of the sleeves correspond.

Gros de Naples still continues the most fashionable material for bonnets, but Leghorn is also considered very tonish; they are worn very large, and are in general very profusely trimmed with ribbons and flowers. The most fashionable ornament for the edge of the brim is a blond *ruche*, headed by a full rouleau of gauze or tulle.

Muslin continues to be the only material worn in dishabille; it is also partially adopted in dinner dress; but levantines, lutestrings, and spotted and figured poplins, are now more generally seen. Trimmings afford nothing worthy of notice: gauze is the material most in favour for silk dresses; blond is also in estimation: but nothing new, either in form or material, has appeared since our last number.

The article of trimmings used formerly to give employment to a vast number of persons, and we cannot but regret, that gimps, fringes, and various other articles of fancy trimming, have for some seasons past been very little in use: it is much to be wished, that some of our dashing leaders of the *ton* would revive a fashion which answered the benevolent purpose of giving bread to an industrious and respectable class, a great proportion of whom were females, and also gave a tasteful variety to dress, which it at present wants. We have heard, and we hope it is true, that embroidery in coloured silks is likely to be a great deal worn in the higher circles during the ensuing winter: it is certainly one of the most elegant kinds of trimming; and as it is solely the production of female taste and industry, it ought to be encouraged.

Dinner gowns, when made in silk, are always cut low round the bust, and the sleeves are very short. —Waists, however, continue to lengthen, though but by slow degrees. Tight gored skirts are also becoming daily more fashionable;

a circumstance which we cannot but regret, because nothing can be so unbecoming to the figure: a fine form, screwed up in one of those scanty garments, loses more than half of its attraction; because it is deprived of that graceful ease, which is even more fascinating than perfect symmetry of form. It is at present the fashion in Paris, and some of our *élégantes* have adopted it in an exaggerated degree: it has not, however, yet become general, and we very sincerely hope that it never will.

Coloured satins are beginning to be a good deal worn in evening dress. We have just had one sent for our inspection, which we consider peculiarly deserving of the attention of our fair subscribers: the body is cut very low all round the bust, and the upper part of it, both before and behind, is formed of white satin disposed in folds; the bust is trimmed with small gauze puffs, between each of which is a little knot of ribbon; the sleeves, which are very short, are composed of white satin, over which are draperies of the same material as the dress, which we should observe is a bright lilac: the waist is of a moderate length. The skirt is trimmed with white satin puffs let in; each puff is edged with narrow blond: there are two rows of this trimming, and between them is a narrow rouleau of twisted white satin and lilac cord. We consider this dress as one of the most elegant we have seen for some time.

Flowers still continue in favour for full dress: among the most fashionable, we notice poppies, damask roses, convolvoluses, narcissuses, and china-asters. Feathers, however, are beginning to be very much in estimation; we mean long plumes of ostrich feathers: down ones are very seldom seen.

Toques appear to be creeping into favour in full dress, and we have lately seen several dress caps; one of the prettiest of these is the *toque* cap: it is composed of gauze mixed with white satin; the lower part is gauze; it is a small mob; has no border, but a very narrow rouleau of white satin edges it round the face and ears: the upper part is exactly in the shape of a *toque*; it is very broad and low, and is ornamented with a bunch of damask roses in front.

The majority of youthful *belles* still continue to appear with their tresses uncovered in full dress; the few who wear head-dresses are generally seen in small dress caps.

Fashionable colours are, dead leaf, poppy, pale fawn-colour, pale rose-colour, lilac, and bright Clarence blue.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

Paris, Sept. 20.

My dear SOPHIA,

THE newspapers have not deceived you; the exhibition of the Louvre is indeed a most splendid spectacle, and highly creditable to the arts and manufactures of France. Every article that is manufactured in the country, from the most trifling to those of the greatest value, has here a place; and certainly the mirrors and the china are the most beautiful I ever beheld. It is here that the fair

devotee of fashion should repair to find all that is most expensive, elegant, and tasteful in female costume: the display of jewellery is particularly brilliant. Besides the credit that such an exhibition is to the nation, it cannot be doubted that it will be materially serviceable to the cause of trade. I heartily wish that you had one on a similar plan in London. I am persuaded it would soon vie with that which is now the boast of France.

Our promenade costume is now of the simplest description. Coloured cambrics have been very much in estimation until the last week, but at present they are rarely seen upon *élégantes* of *ton*. White *perkale* is now entirely the rage for the promenade, and indeed for dinner also. Waists are the same length as last month: the skirts of gowns are made still narrower, and gored in a most unbecoming manner, so that the gown skirt, which at the bottom is scanty, is so very narrow at top, as to have scarcely any fulness at all, and the little that there is, is thrown entirely to the middle of the back. You will easily imagine the disfiguring effect which this fashion must have upon ladies who are more than moderately *en-bon-point:* it is, however, usually adopted, and the stoutest, as well as the slimmest, figures are attired in the same manner. The skirts of dresses are differently trimmed, but all a little lower than last month. Some have a triple flounce, disposed in large plaits at the bottom of the dress; above this the gown is worked perhaps about a nail in breadth in open work; this is surmounted by a triple flounce, and this again by open work, over which is a third triple flounce. This kind of trimming has not so crowded an effect as you would suppose from the description, because the flounces are small, and are put close together. Another and a very favourite style of trimming consists of three or four tucks as close as possible together; there are three rows of these, with embroidery between each, and a flounce of rich work at the bottom. The newest trimming for the bottom of dresses is *bouillons* placed lengthwise; there are five of them together, and they are half a quarter in length; these five consist of a single piece of muslin divided by puckerings; they are very full, and stand out from the dress: there is a distance of a nail in breadth between each five. Just below the *bouillons*, there is a row of little squares of tulle inserted in the skirt; and a very narrow border of lace, set on plain, finishes the trimming.

High dresses are now in general made tight to the shape, and pelerines of the same material are in considerable estimation: they usually button in front, are trimmed round with a triple flounce of plain soft muslin, and have a full muslin ruff. Black lace pelerines are also very much worn; they are in general large, and of the richest quality. We have also *fichus* of cambric, cut out at top to fit the bust, with a falling collar; they have long pointed ends in front, but the point behind comes no lower than the waist: these are slightly embroidered round the edge and the collar to correspond. These handkerchiefs have a neat and simple effect, but, in my opi-

nion, they are only calculated for dishabille: here, however, they are worn in the fullest dress; but still they are not so fashionable as *sautoirs* composed of silk and gold thread intermingled. This magnificent fashion is not a new invention; it was first introduced during the autumn of 1809. The *sautoir* is striped alternately with gold and silk, or silver and silk. *Coquelicot* and very dark green are the favourite colours for gold stripes; and azure, lilac, and pale rose, are most fashionable with silver.

Now let me speak to you of *chapeaux*, the favourite materials for which are, *gros de Naples, gaze gauffrée, perkale*, and crape: the last, however, is very little worn. Bonnets are now of a very moderate size; the crowns are almost universally of a small oval shape. I have, however, just noticed one of a new form: the brim, which is of a moderate width, and rounded at the sides, is composed of white *gros de Naples*, and edged with a double trimming of blond, laid on in very large plaits: the crown is exactly the shape of a shell; one half of it is of pink and the other of white *gros de Naples;* it is fluted in the same manner as a shell, and finished at the bottom with a knot of ribbon. Hats made of gauffréed gauze have in general a full rouleau of plain gauze at the edge; those of crape, are trimmed with deep blond. Many of the *gros de Naples chapeaux* have an edging of the same, either full or plain: if it is full, it is disposed in points; if plain, it forms a simple band. Flowers still continue to form the favourite trimming of *chapeaux:* those which I mentioned in my last letter, are most in favour.

Straw, though it is in fact the material most appropriate to the season, is very little worn; the few hats one sees of it are ornamented with a broad satin ribbon, plaited in bias on the edge of the brim. Gold-colour, which has been for a long time out of favour, is now again become fashionable. Rose-colour, lilac, and gold-colour are now in great favour, especially for ribbons. Bonnets of tulle are generally ornamented with ribbons of either of these three colours, and flowers to match; but I have observed, that within these few days tulle *chapeaux* are very little seen.

A whimsical, but not inelegant, head-dress is a *chapeau*, the crown composed of white *gros de Naples*, and the brim of tulle, which is covered with ribbons laid on lengthwise: sometimes they are set on quite plain, and have the effect of stripes; sometimes they are *bouillonné*, and at others fluted; but at all times the brim is finished with a very full *ruche* of ribbon cut in points.

Let us now take a peep at the breakfast-table of a French *belle*, whom we shall find attired in a very unbecoming style of dishabille. A wrapping-gown, composed of coloured cambric, either spotted or figured, made extremely loose, and put on, or, if one may say so, thrown on, with very little attention to neatness; and a smart *cornette*, usually adorned with some glaring ribbon, form in general the breakfast dress of a French *élégante*. The promenade costume I have given you an account of,

and that is often the dinner dress: it happens, however, that the dinner gown is sometimes made low; and I have noticed one or two of these lately made in a prettier and less formal style than I have been accustomed to see since we lengthened our waists. One of these dresses has a tight body, but the front is made full across; there is exactly in the centre of the bust a plain strip, to which the full part buttons: this kind of front forms the shape in a very becoming manner, and takes off from the formality of the long waist: the long sleeve is nearly tight to the arm, and the short one very full, and finished with a rich embroidery at the bottom. Another of these bodies is that styled *corsage l'enfant*: it is of the same shape as a child's frock, and is composed of broad bands of plain muslin, intersected with narrow strips of embroidery; the long sleeve is formed in a similar manner

I have nothing novel to describe to you in full dress, but I have reserved, as a *bonne-bouche*, one of the most beautiful court dresses I have seen for a long time: it is one in which a young marchioness, who promises to be distinguished in the *haut ton*, was lately presented at court. The gown is of tulle, embroidered in stripes in a rich and beautiful pattern, and finished at the bottom with a deep *ruche* of blond net. I should observe, it is worn over a white satin slip; it is tight to the shape, except at the top of the bust in front, where a fulness of plain tulle, looped down in the middle with pearl, shades the bosom in a very delicate manner: the sleeve is ornamented with a double fall of blond on the shoulder; it is of a moderate length, and is finished at the bottom with a quilling of plain blond net. The *manteau*, of white *gros de Naples*, slightly figured with pink, is trimmed round with small bouquets, each of which consists of a red and white rose, and a small bunch of gold wheat-ears. The train of the *manteau* is very long, and it is fastened to the waist by a cestus to correspond, clasped in front with rubies. The head-dress was a mixture of lilies formed of pearl, and gold wheat-ears, with magnificent lace lappets affixed to the back of the head. I know not whether I mentioned to you, that lappets were revived by the Duchess d'Angouleme: they had been laid aside from the time of her graceful mother.

I must not forget to tell you, that we are now so very decorous, that our petticoats are as awkwardly long as our waists.

Fashionable colours are, lilac, rose, gold-colour, azure, and bright green.

Farewell, my dear friend! Always your

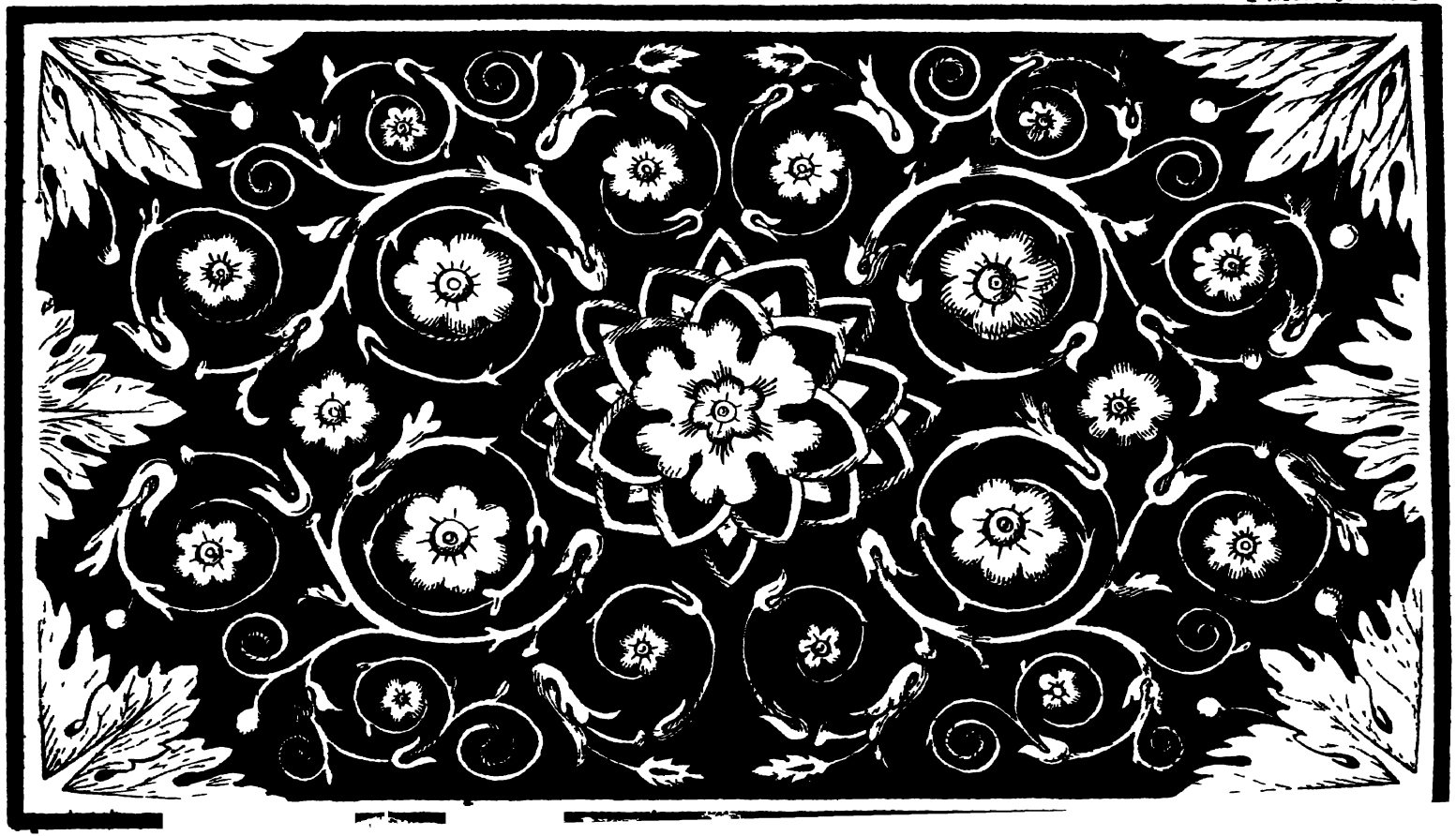
EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 22.—LIBRARY WINDOW-CURTAIN

A PLAIN drapery for a library or study, executed by Mr. Stafford of Bath, of moreen or velvet, which is formed into large pipes filled with wool, and is sewed to a piece of coarse canvas, which is pre-

Plate 21 Vol 8



viously prepared to the lengths, depths, and shape of the facia. The pipes may be ornamented with plain or appliqued velvet, as is shewn on the curtains. A small gilded bead of wood is to be appended at the lower edge and finish of the pipes, under which a very full net-work fringe is fixed with card-tacks. The depth of the facia and the fringe must of course be guided by the extent of dead-light. The tablet in the centre is covered plain, and embellished with a figure of Meditation; the back-ground is composed of minor objects, emblematical of the subject; and the whole is carved in alto-relievo. A terminus in the pier supports a globe on the platform, the interior being a depository for manuscripts; it also contains a clock-movement, the dial of which presents itself on the outside, surmounted with an appropriate device of Mercury.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

Mr. Curtis, aurist to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, has lately published a second and enlarged edition of his work *On the Physiology and Diseases of the Ear*; accompanied by a plate of newly invented acoustic instruments, descriptive of the French, German, and Spanish artificial ears for assisting hearing; likewise an improved hearing-trumpet. In this edition the physiology is much extended, and the uses of the different parts of the human ear are more fully explained by a minute comparison of its structure with that of the different classes of animals, particularly quadrupeds, fowls, insects, the amphibious tribe, and also fishes. The treatment employed in the various diseases of the ear is considerably enlarged; and in the latter part of the work is detailed a variety of interesting cases, some of them of young persons born deaf and dumb, who have obtained their hearing and speech by the author's new modes of practice.

Mr. Curtis will commence his next Course of Lectures on the Anatomy, Physiology, and Pathology of the Ear, on Friday, Oct. 1. at the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, Carlisle-street.

A work is in the press, entitled *The Theory of Elocution*, exhibited in connection with a new and philosophical account of the nature of instituted language, by B. H. Smart, professor of elocution, and public reader of Shakspeare: 8vo.

Mr. Thomas Jones, author of Poems, consisting of Elegies, Sonnets, Songs, &c. — Phantoms, or the Irishman in England, a farce —The Sons, or Family Feuds, a tragic play—Confined in vain, or a Double to do, a farce, &c.—is preparing for the press a volume of *Miscellanies*, in prose and verse, consisting of Essays, Tales, Poems, &c. moral and entertaining, which is expected to be ready for publication in November next.

The Curate's Appeal to the Equity and Christian Principles of the British Legislature, the Bishops, the Clergy, and the Public, on the peculiar Hardships of their Situation; and on the Dangers resulting to Religion, to Morals, and to the

Dear is the summer of day, when the fountains,
Unfetter'd and free, pour the bright chrystal stream,
Dear is the cataract's leap in the mountains,
When sparkling at night in the moon's silver beam;
Dear are the shoals where the sea-horse is bounding,
With his icicled mane and his eye-balls of fire;
But dearer than all, is the comfort surrounding
The wife of his choice, and the hearth of his sire.

SONG,

FOR THE AMATEUR SOCIETY, GLASGOW.

By JOHN CARNEGIE.

Sung with great applause by FRANCIS MACGILL, *Esq. one of the Members of the Society.*

Come, O come, Euphrosyne!
Come, and with thee bring along
Wit and sweet Hilarity,
Laughing Mirth, and cheerful Song:
Come, and join the sons of glee;
Bring Apollo in thy train;
Bring the Muses nine, to be
Minstrels in the jocund strain.
Love and Beauty also bring:
Beauty, source of fond desire;
Love, that rapt immortals sing,
Ne'er shall cease in heav'n's bright choir.
All shall one grand chorus join,
All shall swell the vocal strain;
Joy and harmony divine
Hence shall ever with us reign.

Joy and harmony divine, &c.

SONNET.

To Mrs. T. H--M--T--N, *Glasgow, after a grand Ball and elegant Supper.*

Oh! thou, possess'd of worth and matchless grace,
To thee, fair excellence, belong the bays;
Thy brilliant wit enlivens every face;
Thy merits rare demand the meed of praise.
The laughing hours how gaily dost thou lead!
In thy blest mansion love and friendship reign,
Where varied pleasures every hour succeed,
Diffusing joy, while charms the sprightly strain.
The dance and song each heart fill with delight;
The festive board inspires with mirth and glee:
Hence all with transport bless the happy night,
Where love and pleasure reign'd — bestow'd by thee.

Oh! that I could a wreath of roses bring!
Upon thy brows I'd place the garland gay;
For she from whom our greatest pleasures spring,
Should thus be crown'd, and queen be of the day.

GLASGOW. JOHN CARNEGIE.

ADDRESS TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE ANGLER," A POEM,

Who invites the Fair Sex to partake of his favourite Amusement, &c.

What strains are those that float across the mead?
Who tunes to social unison the reed?
Ah! 'tis the angler's lyre; he tempts the fair
To join his pastime, and his pleasures share.
Let's listen; and if we approve his lay,
To glades and rills and streams let's haste away.

"Sweet are the angler's sports, believe, ye fair;
Remote from dust and smoke and noise and care.
Here Contemplation soothes the labouring mind,
And for all griefs a speedy cure ye'll find;
Serenity will give your eyes new fires,
New life, new spirits, all that love inspires;
While air and exercise will cause a glow,
Brighter than bloom Circassian can bestow.
Too long has man, by foolish custom sway'd,
Unsocial thro' the fragrant meadow stray'd;
In solitary haunts his hours employ'd,
Which better with the fair had been enjoy'd.
Woman the social circle we proscribe,
The soul of harmony, of wit the tide;
Curtail the pleasures Heaven would bestow,
And stop the source from which our bliss should flow.
Man, own thy error; ev'ry art employ
T'entice thy fair-one to partake thy joy."

Well sung, brave bard! the fair-ones hear thy strains,
And their applause rewards thee for thy pains;
They'll join the angler's sports; their toast shall be,
"To jolly anglers all"—with three times three.

M. W.

MUCH-HADHAM, *Hertfordshire.*

L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.

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THE SECOND SERIES.

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L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length, and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, *will be acceptable.*

We request the author of the Parisian Sketches *to furnish us with No. III. as soon as convenient. No. II. is in our hands.*

Several favours came too late this month for insertion: some of them will find a place in our next.

Harriet *has replied by anticipation to the remonstrance promised in our last, and inserted in our present number. If she had waited, she would have seen that many of her arguments, though ingenious, might have been spared.*

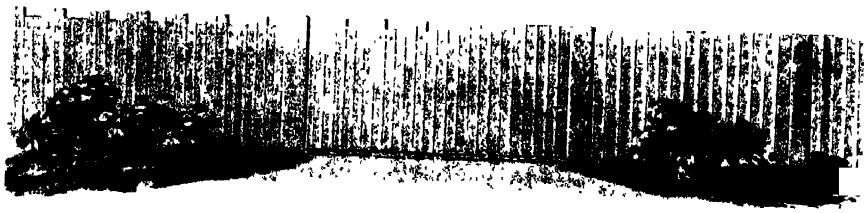
P's *and* Q's *has our thanks: he has our best wishes for the success of his project.*

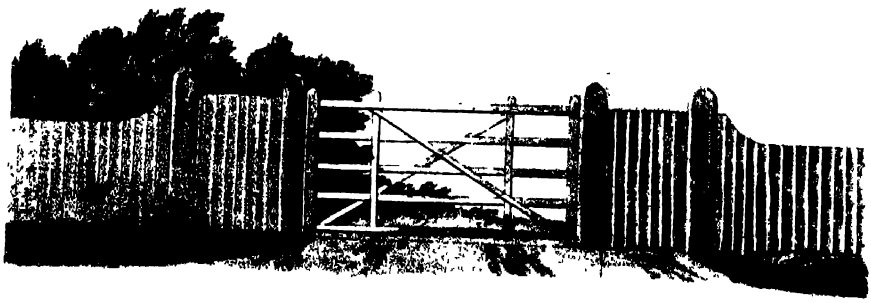
L. L.—A Matron—Francisco—and D. W——r, *are under consideration.*

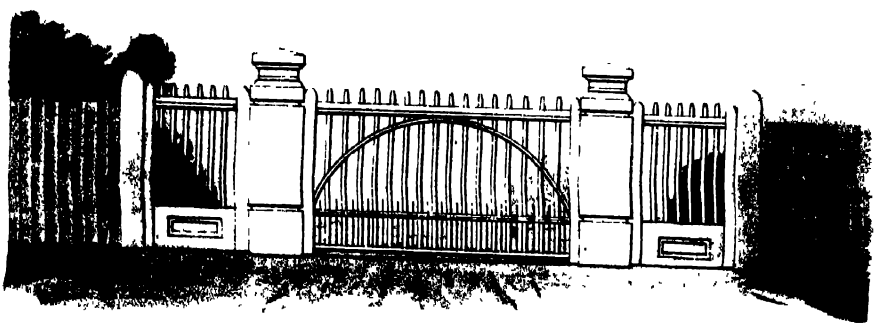
Sir Peter *is inadmissible; but the* [illegible] *shall be returned, if called for early in the month.*

J. S. *shall hear from us.*

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SHERRATT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.









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HINTS ON ORNAMENTAL GARDENING.

(Continued from p. 188.)

PLATE 20.—PARK-ENTRANCES.

THE annexed plate represents gateways to parks or other residences, progressively advancing in character from simple park-paling to the decorated iron work suited to a villa or mansion.

The first design consists of a park fence-gate in two modes of execution, that to the right is embrasured by using pales of different lengths; that to the left is straight at top, and is therefore less liable to the depredations which frequently occur, for every pale strengthens another in the place where injuries are usually committed.

The second design is a field-gate, of very considerable strength and of a novel form; it is suited to a farm-house or cottage; the hanging side is assisted in strength by the double posts, according to the dotted lines that to the right forms a hand-gate to correspond.

The third design is suited to a villa or superior farm-house; and indeed is applicable to any residence where ornamental embellishment is not particularly studied.

The gate represented in the fourth instance is of the superior order of gateways: it is executed in iron, should be connected with walls, and a lodge or lodges be placed in its neighbourhood.

To further observations on Park-Entrances, see Ackermann's *Repository*, Sec. Ser. vol. II p. 312.

MISCELLANIES.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

To S. SAGEPHIZ, Esq.

Mr. ADVISER,

I HAVE seen frequently instances in the newspapers of persons being punished for obtaining goods under false pretences. I do not know how far the law extends on this point, but I am sure it ought to comprehend the crime of which my husband is guilty; for I think I can prove satisfactorily, that he has gained possession of me in that manner But in order, good sir, to lay the case clearly before you, I will just tell you the method he took to cheat me into matrimony.

I am an only daughter, and my mother had such an implicit belief in the truth of the old adage, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," that she thought it a duty incumbent on her to whip me regularly at least twice a day while I was an infant. My father, who was a good-natured and easy-tempered man, often remonstrated on this wholesome severity, as my mother used to call it, but always without effect. She declared that there was no keeping children in order without correction; and, unfortunately, she forgot that I was not to continue always a child, for up to my fifteenth year she could not persuade herself to treat me as if I was any thing else. Now, you must know, Mr. Adviser, that from the time I entered my teens I thought myself a young woman: you may judge, therefore, how ill I brooked my dear mamma's discipline, and how much I longed for an opportunity to escape from it. Unfortunately, just as I attained my sixteenth year, this opportunity presented itself. Mr. Snubwell, who had been long intimate in our family, made proposals for me, which were rejected by my mother for various reasons, one of them was, that she thought me too young to marry. You may be sure that our opinions on this subject did not coincide. Mr. Snubwell made private applications to myself: he protested the most inviolable affection for me; vowed that, if I consented to marry him, he would always treat me with the greatest kindness and indulgence; and, in short, made me so many fair promises, that I consented to elope with him, and we were privately married.

We have not yet been married quite three months, and when I tell you how he has treated me during that time, you will judge what correct notions he has of kindness and indulgence.

Almost in the beginning of our honeymoon, I took it into my head one day to avail myself of the liberty which I fancied I had gained by my marriage, and I did not return till nearly half an hour after our usual time of dining. Instead of my spouse waiting to receive me with smiles and good-humour, I found him seated at table, with a countenance ten-times

more expressive of crossness and ill-humour than ever my mother's had been. He had helped himself, but as soon as he saw me he desisted from eating, in order to lecture me on what he called my breach both of duty and good manners in coming so long after the usual time. Would you believe it, Mr. Adviser, though I was exceedingly hungry, I was compelled to sit for half an hour before he suffered me to put a bit into my mouth? and when I would have remonstrated in my turn, I was silenced by, "No words, madam, you have heard my pleasure, and I will take care that you shall conform to it:" and he directly rang for the servant, whom he had sent out of the room while he was speaking to me. As I could not pursue the subject in the presence of the footman, I sat silent, swelling with vexation, and without tasting a morsel, while my sweet-tempered lord and master finished his dinner, and I never saw him eat so hearty a one, without condescending to address a single word to me. I repressed my tears with difficulty till the servant withdrew, when I burst into a violent fit of crying; upon which he took his hat, saying, with a sneer, that he saw I was disposed to play the baby, and that I wanted a little of my good mamma's discipline, which, if he did not find me in a better humour on his return, he should perhaps send for her to inflict. With this polite speech he quitted me, and I did not see him again till four o'clock the following morning.

From that time to this I verily believe that he has been trying a series of experiments on my patience and temper. According to his account, I am perpetually outraging his authority, and my sins of omission are nearly as numerous as those of commission; so that between both, he finds occasion to scold and snap at me from morning till night. If I speak, what I say is foolish, or ill-timed, or impertinent. If I am silent, I am either sullen or plotting mischief. My actions give as much offence as my words: sometimes I behave childishly; at others, I affect an air of womanly consequence, which at my age is ridiculous. It was but this very day that he told me my judgment was so bad, that I ought never to act without consulting him. As he said this just after breakfast, I thought I would play him an innocent trick, which might perhaps make him ashamed of himself. Accordingly, when we sat down to dinner, I put on a very demure face, and asked him if I might help myself. "Help yourself!" cried he, in a tone of astonishment, "for Heaven's sake what new whim is this?"—"It is not a whim, sir," replied I very humbly; "it is only a proof of obedience to your commands. You know you told me this morning I ought never to act without consulting you: now, as eating is an act, I thought ——"

He interrupted me by such a furious burst of passion, that I was glad to run and lock myself into my own chamber, where, as I sat deploring my ill fortune in being tied to a man fitter for a task-master to a Negro plantation, than the husband of a free-born Englishwoman, it came into my head that I would take your advice upon the subject; and if you think there are

any legitimate means of extricating me from the power of my tyrant, I will gladly have recourse to them, even if I am obliged to go back to mamma, because she can't whip me now, you know; in every other respect, I was ten times better off than I have been since I became a wife. Pray, sir, tell me what you think I had better do, as soon as you can, and you will for ever oblige your humble servant,

S. SNUBWELL.

I had scarcely perused this letter when I was presented with the following:

Mr. ADVISER,

After remaining a bachelor till I had nearly attained my fortieth year, I was foolish enough to be caught by the pretty face and artless *naiveté* of a girl of sixteen, who was brought up by one of the most severe mothers I ever knew. As I intended to marry some time or other, it struck me that I could not make a better choice; because I supposed, that a girl accustomed to nothing but harshness, would be so docile and submissive, that I should not have the least trouble in making her conform to my will. But I was quite mistaken; that submission and gentleness, which marked her demeanour to her parents, disappeared as soon as she became a wife, and she could not shew less deference to my authority, and less desire to please me, if she had been used all her life to have her own way in every respect. The thing which provokes me the most is, that I do not know what to make of her: at times she says and does such silly things, that I am tempted to think her a fool; and perhaps in a few minutes afterwards she shews a degree of good sense, and even wit, above her years.

But however she may change in other respects, there is one point in which she never varies, that is, in constantly appearing resolved to have her own way; and this is what I neither can nor will bear. If, Mr. Adviser, you could point out a way to break her spirit, I should take it as a very great favour. I have tried various means without success; and if you can suggest any that is feasible, it shall be carefully attended to by your obedient

SAMUEL SNUBWELL.

I do not know how my advice may be relished by this couple, but I must begin it by assuring them, that they are both in the wrong. I think, all circumstances considered, however, that the wife, if not less to blame, is at least more to be pitied, than the husband; but I am afraid that her case is without remedy in law, no provision having been made, as far as I can learn, in the English code, to punish delinquents of Mr Snubwell's description. I fear indeed there are too many of them; for I fancy, that if every wife, whose hand had been obtained by what my correspondent very justly calls false pretences, were to sue in a divorce, or even a separation from her mate, the ranks of Hymen would very soon be thinned.

All that I can advise my correspondent to do is, to make the best of the lot she has chosen; and perhaps, with a little management, she may find her husband's conduct

more supportable. By conforming cheerfully to his wishes, she will deprive him of all just pretence to find fault with her; and by listening with patience and gentleness, if he accuses her unjustly, she gives herself the only chance she can possibly have, of making him ashamed of his petulance. As he seems to presume upon her years to treat her as a child, she must shew, by the steady propriety of her conduct, that in understanding at least she is a woman.—As to the gentleman, I must inform him, that I do not know any method of breaking his wife's spirit; but I think that, by a little rational kindness, he might easily bend it to his will. It appears to me that he was too submissive a lover, and his transition to the lordly husband was too sudden to be relished by a young creature whose head was likely to be a little turned by his previous attentions and professions. I am far from advising him to comply implicitly with his wife's fancies, but for his own sake, as well as hers, he should make a moderate use of his conjugal authority; if he does not, he may exact from his youthful helpmate the slavish obedience of fear, but he will never obtain that ready and sincere acquiescence with his wishes which springs from love.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

THE GENEROUS LOVER:

A Tale, from the Spanish of CERVANTES.

(Continued from p. 205.)

"THE sea was now sufficiently calm to permit us to use our oars; and being sheltered by the cape, we hastened to gain the land, in order to ascertain whether any part of the wreck of the other galley had been driven on shore. My only hope now was, at least to clasp in my arms the corpse of the unfortunate Leonisa, to bathe it with my tears, and pay it the last sad duties of humanity. I begged one of the Christian renegadoes, who was going on shore, to seek for it, promising him a considerable reward if successful; but fate denied me even this last melancholy pleasure. The tempest resumed its fury, and seemed to derive fresh strength from the temporary cessation. Its direction changing, the shelter of the headland was of no avail to us; and exposed to greater danger than before, we were too much occupied in preserving our own lives, to use any efforts to ascertain the fate of others. Fetale, considering the violence of the storm, resolved no longer to oppose its fury, and turning the prow, he took the rudder in his hand, and gave the vessel to the wind. The galley was driven with such impetuosity, that in three days and nights, passing within sight of Trapani and Palermo, we entered the Straits of Messina; and at length, exhausted by fatigue, and in imminent danger of sinking, arrived at Tripoli, where my master, previously to dividing the booty, and paying the king as usual a tribute of one fifth, was attacked by a fever, which carried

him off in less than three days The king and the alcaide established in those provinces to watch over the interests of the Grand Seignior (who, as you know, claims the inheritance of all who die without making their will), seized upon the property of my late master between them, and I became the slave of Azan Bashaw, then Viceroy of Tripoli. A fortnight afterwards he received the appointment of Viceroy of Cyprus. I have accompanied him hither, but without any design of ransoming myself. My master, Azan, has often desired me to write to my friends for that purpose, as he had often heard from the soldiers of Fetale that I was of a good family, but I have always refused compliance. On the contrary, I have told him, that though of a good family, I was not rich, and those who had assured him of my wealth had deceived him. If you are desirous, my dear Mahomet, of knowing my plans, I can only say I have formed none. What happiness can I ever expect again to enjoy after the loss of all I hold dear in the world? No; I shall resign myself to my fate, and trust that grief will shorten my wretched life, and unite me with my beloved in another world. You have now heard the history of my misfortunes, the cause of my tears and melancholy. Leonisa is dead, and with her are fled my hopes of bliss; for although whilst she lived they were but faint, yet now——"

Grief here overcame the unhappy Richard; his tongue refused utterance; and burning tears, in spite of his efforts to restrain them, flowed down his manly cheeks.—Mahomet himself was powerfully affected; nevertheless he endeavoured to sooth the sorrows of his friend by every argument friendship and reason could suggest, but in vain; his grief admitted but of one source of consolation—the hope and prospect of a speedy deliverance from terrestrial cares.

"I know," argued Mahomet, "that you will reject both consolation and assistance, but I will not on that account remit my exertion to serve you; I must treat you as a skilful physician, who refuses his patient what he asks continually for, and forces upon him what he dislikes. No one in Nicosia has more power and authority than my master, not excepting even the viceroy himself; and that being the case, as it really is, I am here lord paramount, having, as I before mentioned, the entire ascendency over him. I tell you this, as I intend to persuade him to purchase you, and when we are more constantly together, we can concert the best measures to be pursued; at least we shall be able to console each other, and I trust we shall contrive some plan to revive your spirits and appease my angry conscience." — "Thanks, dear Mahomet," said Richard, "for your kind intention, though I anticipate they will all prove fruitless. But I ought no longer to detain you here listening to my melancholy complaints, and hindering you from going to the tents, whither I see a crowd of people hastening. I imagine it is to behold the departure of the former viceroy, to make room for his successor."—"You are right," replied Mahomet: "let us go nearer, and you will see a ceremony which

perhaps may please you."—"I am ready," said Richard, "and perhaps your presence will be useful to me, for the superintendent of my master's slaves may take a fancy to ill use me. He is a pitiless Corsican, who has caused me much suffering; a vile renegade, who possesses nothing human but the outward form."

They then hastened to the tents, and arrived there at the moment when the old bashaw approached, and was met by the new one at the entrance. Ali Bashaw, the name of him who quitted the government, was accompanied by the garrison of Nicosia, which, since that place has been under the Turkish dominion, is composed of 500 men. They were formed into two bodies: some carried a kind of barquebus; the others brandished their glittering sabres. As soon as they arrived at the tent of the new bashaw, they formed around it. Ali then made a profound reverence to Hassan, who returned it less obsequiously. He then entered the pavilion of the new viceroy, who ascended a magnificent car, in which he paraded round the tents, accompanied by shouts of "Long live the Sultan Soliman, and Hassan Bashaw his vicegerent!" Hassan then held a long conference with his predecessor and the cadi on the subject of the state of the city and island, and of some new works begun by Ali. At the end of two hours, the cadi appeared at the entrance of the pavilion, and cried aloud, in Turkish, Arabic, and Greek, that whoever had any complaint to prefer against Ali should now approach; that Hassan Bashaw, appointed viceroy of the Island of Cyprus, was ready to do justice to all in the name of the Grand Seignior. This citation having been given, the Janizaries left the path clear, so that every person might be at liberty to enter. Some Greek Christians and Turks came forward, but their complaints were so trifling, that the cadi despatched them instantly; for among the Turks, all causes, except those relating to marriage, are decided without delay, the cadi being the judge in every cause which he hears, and determines without any appeal lying from his tribunal. A slave then approached, and announced a merchant, who had brought an exceedingly beautiful Christian slave, whom he was desirous to dispose of. The Turkish usher went out, and returned immediately with a venerable looking Jew, who led by the hand a female in a Moorish dress, so rich and elegant, that few of the ladies of Fez or Morocco could have vied with her, although they excel all the other females of Africa, not excepting those of Algiers, loaded as they are with jewels. Her head was covered with a long black veil; above her feet, which were naked, according to the fashion of the country, she wore two large gold bracelets, which set off their alabaster whiteness. Her arms were covered with lace sleeves, which displayed all their beauties, and were ornamented with golden and pearl bracelets. Her dress, of green velvet embroidered with gold, fitted close to her elegant form; and, in short, the Jew had exhausted all the experience of art to add grace to the loveliness of the slave he thus offered for sale.

The cadi and the two bashaws,

surprised at the elegance of her appearance, ordered the Jew, without delay, to take off her veil. She withdrew it herself, and like the sun emerging from behind a cloud which has long obscured the splendour of its rays, her incomparable beauty dazzled the eyes of every spectator. Every one admired her, every heart was touched, but the emotion of Richard was indescribable. He beheld, on gazing at this enchanting form, his cruel yet adored Leonisa, that Leonisa for whom his tears had flowed, and whom he imagined had long ceased to exist. He saw her whom he thought for ever lost to him, the object of his vows, of his wishes, of his dearest hopes. But he beheld her in circumstances which compelled him to restrain his transport, in the presence of three powerful masters, whose hearts she had enchained the moment she displayed those charms with which Heaven had endowed her. Both the bashaws and the cadi felt the power of beauty, and were the prey of the most violent love, each flattering himself with the hope of possessing her. They hastily, and all at the same time, demanded the price of this rich treasure, forgetting all anxiety to hear her misfortunes. The avaricious Jew, who read what was passing in their minds, demanded 4000 pistoles. No sooner had he mentioned this enormous sum, than Ali exclaimed that he would give it, and desired him to go to his pavilion and receive it. Hassan, who saw himself thus prevented, was scarcely able to conceal his rage at the disappointment; but resolving only to give her up with his life, he exclaimed that he would himself give the 4000 pistoles demanded by the Jew; and that when he had explained his intention, he had no doubt Ali would resign his claim. "This slave," continued he, "shall belong to neither of us. She is henceforth the property of the Grand Seignior; I buy her in his name, and we shall soon see who dare dispute with me."—"I dare," replied Ali, "for I have bought her with the same design, and it is but just I should have the honour of presenting her to the sultan. I can convey her in a few days to Constantinople, and offer this matchless present to my sovereign in person. It will be an excellent mode of insinuating myself into his favour; for you must be aware, Hassan, that I am now reduced to a private station, removed from my employment, and therefore it is but right that I should use every means in my power to obtain another. You are not in the same situation; you are in possession of a lucrative and honourable government. This argument, added to my prior claim, will, I trust, induce you to resign the contest."—"My reasons are as urgent as yours," replied Hassan, "to induce me to persist in the resolution of purchasing that slave for the sultan. I must pay my court to our lord and master as well as you. I owe him a vast debt of gratitude, and this present, being made without any interested motives, will be the more acceptable. As to the mode of conveying her thither, I intend to arm one of my own galleys, and despatch it for the purpose." Ali became furious at these words. He rose and laying his hand on his sabre:

"Since I have purchased this slave with the sole intention of presenting her to his highness, since I was the first who offered for her the sum demanded, reason and equity require that you should resign your claim to her; and if you obstinately persist in opposing my just rights, this arm shall punish your rashness and folly."

The cadi was delighted to hear the two bashaws carry their quarrel to this height; he perceived that he might easily take advantage of their dispute, and retain the slave in his own possession, without awakening any suspicion of the design he had formed. Resolving therefore to sweeten them, he appeased them to sheathe their weapons, and listen to an expedient he should propose to satisfy both. The habitual reverence which the Mahometans pay to their priests prevailed over their rage, and the two bashaws obeyed his voice.

Having thus obtained a hearing, the cadi continued: "You say, Ali, that you desire to have this slave in order to present her to the sultan. Hassan says the same. You allege that as you were the first to offer for her the price demanded, she ought to belong to you, which he disputes. On the first view, his reason does not appear very sensible; but in another point it is stronger than yours, as he first claimed her for the sultan. You are both in the best principles for your intentions, but each is reprehensible in not preferring [illegible] to the interest of his master. [illegible] he is destined for the sultan's seraglio, to him, and the dispute be referred; therefore, I decide that you, Ali, shall pay one half, viz. 1000 pistoles, you Hassan the like sum, and thus the slave shall remain in my possession. I will send her in both your names to Constantinople at my own expense, and in a way suitable to the dignity of him to whom she belongs. I will write to his highness an account of all that has passed, and you may rely on my representing to him the zeal of both for his service."

The amorous bashaws were not very well satisfied with this expedient, though each feigned a willing compliance, which indeed was the only path left them to pursue. Neither, however, abandoned the idea of one day possessing Leonisa. Hassan, who was aware of his power as viceroy of Cyprus, doubted not of being able to bribe the cadi to deliver her over to him, and invent some excuse to satisfy the sultan. Ali formed other designs, and both alike flattered themselves with hopes of succeeding, they were easily enabled to assume the appearance of approving the decision of the cadi. Thus, without the least suspicion, they left her in his possession, and each paid his 2000 pistoles. The Jew then said, "The slave is yours, but in selling her I have not sold her dress, which, with the jewels, are worth 2000 pistoles more." This was agreed to, and the cadi not wishing to appear [illegible] than the two bashaws, agreed to pay the sum in question, in order that the slave might be properly presented to the sultan: this he was permitted to do without dispute.

It is easy to imagine the alarm

and grief of Richard in seeing his dear Leonisa thus bargained away. At first, he could scarcely credit the evidence of his senses, considering it impossible, that she whom he imagined he had seen perish, should still be alive: yet when he had convinced himself that it was indeed herself that stood before him, the joy he felt in once again beholding her was quickly dispelled by the renewed certainty that she was lost to him. He turned towards his friend: "Do you know this slave?" said he.—"No," replied Mahomet.—"Alas!" exclaimed Richard, "it is the ungrateful, yet adorable Leonisa!"—"You need say no more," joyfully returned Mahomet "but do not betray her: fortune at length seems to smile on you, as she is now in the custody of my master"—"Do you not think," added Richard, "that I should place myself where she may observe me?"—"Certainly not," rejoined Mahomet; "for if any suspicion were to arise that you were acquainted with each other, the measures we must take to defeat the plans both of the bashaws and the cadi would be entirely frustrated."

(To be continued.)

ON CARICATURES.

(From the French, with Notes by the Editor.)

Some men of a severe taste have objected to the whole race of caricatures; they can see nothing in them but vulgar satire, equally injurious to public morals, which they attack, and to art, which they degrade. I am not of that opinion, and claim for painting that right which has been always conceded to poetry—to pass

"From grave to light, from pleasant to severe."

I think one may be allowed to laugh at the *Charges* of Leonardo da Vinci as one laughs at the farces of Moliere. It seems to me a mistake, supported by the authority of the etymology of the word caricature (*caricatura*), to attribute to the Italians the honour or the disgrace of a species of composition, of which many models have been found among the relics of antiquity which time has spared. The three figures of Anchises, Æneas, and Ascanius, represented with the heads of swine, which were found in Herculaneum, are nothing else but caricatures. Is not that a very good and humorous caricature, in which, upon a Greek vase published by Winkelman, Jupiter is represented carrying a ladder to introduce himself into the bed-room of Alcmena by the window, while Mercury officiously holds the lantern, which gives light to this nocturnal adventure?

True it is, that in modern times we are indebted for the revival of caricatures to no less persons than Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci, the restorers of the art of painting*. It was in one of those antics of the pencil, into which his flighty imagination often led him, that Michael Angelo painted for the Italian comedy the masks of Punch and Harlequin; an extravagant composition, in which, ne-

* In Italy it had flourished for some time previously, under Albert Durer and John of Bruges, in Germany and the Low Countries.—*Ed.*

vertheless, we are able to discover the author of *The Last Judgment*.

I do not believe that the Italians, in this department of the art, found any imitators in France before the end of the sixteenth century, the period at which the famous Procession of the League was published. The author of this ingenious and cruel raillery, which gave the last blow to the monster of the League, is not known.

The talent for caricature consists in discriminating and seizing with rapidity either the real or imaginary vice which may be found in any thing, and carrying it to that point of exaggeration at which, without ceasing to enable the original to be recognised, it is rendered ridiculous. What is most requisite in the designer of these little compositions is wit, but of that particular kind which is produced by malice and humour, and is always seasoned by a grain of absurdity. Caricature has this in common with parody (which it resembles in many other respects), that it is always most happy when it is exercised on objects that are exalted in the moral and physical scale, and when propriety is most offended by the ridicule.

There are very few great painters who have not indulged themselves in some eccentricities of this kind, but as they attached little importance to these trifles, they have not affixed their names to such ephemeral productions, the existence of which has been prolonged by their genius. Guichi and Callot have, nevertheless, discovered the secret of raising on this weak foundation a solid fame. Among the works of the latter are found a number of fantastic figures, of an expression so grotesque and original, that they have, if one may so say, been adopted as proverbs in painting. His Temptation of St. Anthony is a rich mine, from which some eminent artists have not disdained to draw ideas, which they have only had the trouble of exalting.

If the history of France were to be represented in caricatures, it could only be begun from the date of the regency. Some caricatures of this period have been preserved by amateurs, which are not less distinguished by the spirit and originality of the composition, than by the excessive licence of the subject. This circumstance certainly proves the irregularities of the prince, but at the same time it establishes more unquestionably his excessive good nature. The author of the *Philippics* in verse was imprisoned for a long time, and the author of the *Philippics* in caricature was not even inquired after. This difference in the manner of treating the same crime is to be explained by the character of the offended prince. The author of the poem had calumniated his heart, while the painter had only ridiculed his vices.

The reign of Louis XV. was fertile in caricatures. His mistresses, several of his generals, and some of his ministers, furnished too good a subject for malignity to be neglected. In one we see a fishwoman complimenting a fine lady in a court dress, on whose robe is written, "The barrel always smells of the herring ——." In another, the gentlemen of the long robe, mounted on asses, are taking the road for the courts of justice. The single song of the *Bourbonnaise* furnished

a subject for twenty caricatures, in which the favourite was severely handled. The Jesuits, the Insurgents, and the Anglomaniacs, were so many topics on which the authors of ballads, *vaudevilles*, and caricatures exhausted themselves.

A man of an amiable and ready talent, about thirty years ago, projected the collection, as if in the galleries and gardens of the Palais Royal, of the portraits of the most remarkable persons of the age, attempting to make the likeness depend principally upon an exaggeration of their dress, their manners, and their accustomed attitudes. These two designs by Dubescourt were very successful, and are still in estimation among amateurs.

The Revolution inundated France with a deluge of caricatures, in which every event of the day, every sitting of the National Assembly, every circumstance in the lives of the principal deputies, were one after another exposed to the public laughter. This leads us to observe the inferiority of the French in this species of political caricature to the English. The imperfect state of the art of design in England, and the general defectiveness of taste displayed by the nation*, has ever contributed to its excellence in this department—English caricaturists have never been restrained by any fear of infringing established rules of art, of offending against propriety, or of outraging good sense: they have, therefore, given their imaginations full scope, and have produced ridiculous monstrosities with a rapidity without example. The graver has been equally expeditious with the pencil, often remedying the imperfections of the original; so that amateurs of all kinds, at a very cheap rate, have been able to gratify their taste for burlesque representations.

The most complete collection of caricatures in Europe was in the possession of the late Queen of England. Her cabinet and portfolios were under the management of a special conservator, under whom were many inferior officers, who had each his particular department. It is worthy of observation, that among the innumerable portfolios, classed in their respective orders, several were filled with caricatures of which her Majesty was the subject.

It is perhaps not easy to explain the cause of the inferiority of the French, as compared with the English, in this display of wit and humour, for which the gaiety, liveliness, and the love of ridicule, which distinguish the French character, seem peculiarly to fit them. I would, if I could, attribute it to their politeness, to their natural good-nature, the disadvantage under which they labour with their neighbours—but why should I attempt to deceive? Our painters are not yet sufficiently rich to pay for flattery.

* Our readers will not imagine that we at all subscribe to the opinions here expressed; at the same time, it would occupy too much space to refute them: this is rendered the less necessary, because the conviction to the contrary is not only well founded, but universal in almost every other country in Europe. We, however, did not think it fair to mutilate this article, written by a modern Frenchman, by the omission of any part.—*Ed.*

During the last fifteen years, the shops of our print-sellers have not produced ten which deserve to be distinguished*. Buonaparte was not by nature humorous, and he knew that his authority was at an end the moment it was laughed at; and for this reason, many subjects of pleasantry were not afforded to the French. The graver was as much enslaved as the pen: and the Argus of a censurer, a wolf with the eyes of Argus, looked as carefully after prints as publications. The designers of France confined themselves to matters of costume: to this class belong the collection of *incroyables*, *merveilleuses*, and the *perfect bon ton*, and they are now sought for as records of the fashions; and they are the more valuable, since artists of celebrity did not disdain to lend them the seal of their talents.

I can never recollect without indignation, how, at a time when the police had the exclusive direction of the public taste, it blushed not to allow to be engraved, and sold at the corner of every street, a representation of the pretended suicide of General Pichegru, of the most disgusting and stupid description. This infamous contrivance, by which however even the lowest of the populace were not duped, was employed on many occasions. Did we not see, during the campaign of 1814, the print-sellers expose for sale, *by order*, the most offensive caricatures, in which the Parisians were exposed to all the horrors of war; houses on fire, women outraged, old men massacred, and all the varieties of murder and crime which it was possible for the Cossacks to commit?

A finer field for caricature was unquestionably never opened than was offered in the transactions of a few days, when the same man was seen filling the first throne of the world, and then banished to the Island of Elba, where his power, which he had boasted once *crouched all Europe*, was limited to the circumference of four or five leagues. Nevertheless, it must be admitted, that the French did not avail themselves of the opportunity, and that they were far more happy in political pamphlets than in caricatures. Some extravagant plates, from which the eye turned with disgust, for two months decorated the print-shops, but scarcely two or three can be mentioned in which even a spark of wit was displayed: *Coats*

* The arrival of the English after the battle of Waterloo, their dress, manners, and habits, afforded all fruitful subjects to French caricaturists; but most of our readers know how dull and lifeless they were: they had neither truth nor humour, so that their only merit was exaggeration—a faculty, by the bye, for which our neighbours in their conversation are somewhat remarkable. Besides, in these representations the same bad jokes were eternally repeated; and it really seemed as if one caricaturist felt no more shame in stealing from another, than a pick-pocket in the Palais Royal who robbed an Englishman of his watch. We say nothing of the illiberality of these attacks, and the more in which the English, with their admitted superiority of talent, returned the attack, speaks much in favour of the generosity of a nation which had much to pay and nothing to envy. It might be allowed to the French to feel a little sore; and if their wounded vanity vented it self in no other way, it was very harmless, and not far from very innocent.—*Ed.*

re-turned, Breakfast by Decree, and the *Mighty fallen*, were undoubtedly the best.

Caricature is an impost which malice levies upon ridicule: the *Promenade to the Palais Royal* (in the likeness of persons) perhaps does not go beyond the bounds. Yet some of the later French caricatures are not less objectionable, on account of the nature of the details, as of the choice of the subject. There are some kinds of ridicule so hatoful, that the slightest allusion to them is an affront to public morals and propriety*.

* The offensively indecorous [illegible] some of the most popular French [illegible], every person who has walked through the streets of Paris (or indeed of London, for many of them have been imported with other trash, both of art and manners), can testify. Yet these, properly speaking, are not in any sense of the word caricatures, but the grossest representations of the grossest objects. As well might we call a picture of the inside of a slaughter-house, or of an hospital, a caricature; and this is a distinction which the author of the preceding article does not appear to have understood. They are revolting in the highest degree; but what is there about them that is ludicrous, unless indeed (which we apprehend is but too much the case) "the gaiety, liveliness, and love of ridicule," which the writer attributes to the French, induce them, with a not very enviable facility, to turn to a joke all human sufferings, and to draw self-congratulation from the sight of the very excess of misery?—*Ed.*

POISONOUS CHEESE.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

Mr. Editor,

As a striking example of the extent to which adulterated articles of food may be unconsciously diffused, and of the consequent difficulty of detecting the real fabricators of them, it may not be uninteresting to relate to your readers the various steps by which the fraud of a poisonous adulteration of cheese was traced to its source.

Your readers ought here to be told, that several instances are on record, that Gloucester and other cheeses have been found contaminated with red lead, and that this contamination has produced serious consequences. In the instance now alluded to, and probably in all other cases, the deleterious mixture had been caused ignorantly by the adulteration of the annotto employed for colouring the cheese. This substance, in the instance I shall relate, was found to contain a portion of red lead, a species of adulteration which subsequent experiments have shewn to be by no means uncommon. Before I proceed further to trace this fraud to its source, I shall briefly relate the circumstance which gave rise to its detection.

A gentleman, who had occasion to reside for some time in a city in the west of England, was one night seized with a distressing but indescribable pain in the region of the abdomen and stomach, accompanied with a feeling of tension, which occasioned much restlessness, anxiety, and repugnance to food. He began to apprehend the access of an inflammatory disorder, but in twenty-four hours the symptoms entirely subsided. In four

days afterwards he experienced an attack precisely similar, and he then recollected, that having, on both occasions, arrived from the country late in the evening, he had ordered a plate of toasted Gloucester cheese, of which he had partaken heartily, a dish which, when at home, regularly served him for supper. He attributed his illness to the cheese. The circumstance was mentioned to the mistress of the inn, who expressed great surprise, as the cheese in question was not purchased from a country dealer, but from a highly respectable shop in London. He, therefore, ascribed the before-mentioned effects to some peculiarity in his constitution. A few days afterwards he partook of the same cheese, and he had scarcely retired to rest, when a most violent cholic seized him, which lasted the whole night and part of the ensuing day. The cook was now directed henceforth not to serve up any toasted cheese, and he never again experienced these distressing symptoms. Whilst this matter was a subject of conversation in the house, a servant-maid mentioned that a kitten had been violently sick after having eaten the rind cut off from the cheese prepared for the gentleman's supper. The landlady, in consequence of this statement, ordered the cheese to be examined by a chemist in the vicinity, who returned for answer, that the cheese was contaminated with lead! So unexpected an answer arrested general attention, and more particularly as the suspected cheese had been served up for several other customers.

Application was therefore made by the London dealer to the farmer who manufactured the cheese; he declared that he had bought the annotto of a mercantile traveller, who had supplied him and his neighbours for years with that commodity, without giving occasion to a single complaint. On subsequent inquiries, through a circuitous channel, unnecessary to be detailed here at length, on the part of the manufacturer of the cheese, it was found, that as the supplies of annotto had been defective and of inferior quality, recourse had been had to the expedient of colouring the commodity with vermilion. Even this admixture could not be considered deleterious. But on further application being made to the druggist who sold the article, the answer was, that the vermilion had been mixed with a portion of red lead; and the deception was held to be perfectly innocent, as frequently practised on the supposition, that the vermilion would be used only as a pigment for house-painting. Thus the druggist sold his vermilion in the regular way of trade, adulterated with red lead to increase his profit, without any suspicion of the use to which it would be applied; and the purchaser who adulterated the annotto, presuming that the vermilion was genuine, had no hesitation in heightening the colour of his spurious annotto with so harmless an adjunct. Thus, through the circuitous and diversified operations of commerce, a portion of deadly poison may find admission into the necessaries of life, in a way which can attach no criminality to the parties through whose hands it has successively passed.

J. W. WRIGHT.

CAMBRIDGE, Sept. 20, 1819.

THE HEART OF KING ROBERT BRUCE.

THE heart crowned and winged is the ancient crest of the Douglas family. The circumstances from which it took its rise, are narrated in a minute and entertaining manner by Froissart, and their insertion here, from the excellent translation of the late Mr. Johnes, can stand in need of no apology. "During this truce," says Froissart, "it happened that King Robert of Scotland, who had been a very valiant knight, waxed old, and was attacked with so severe an illness, that he saw his end was approaching. He therefore called to him the gallant Lord James Douglas, and said to him, 'My dear friend, Lord James Douglas, you know that I have had much to do, and have suffered many troubles during the time I have lived, to support the rights of my crown: at the time that I was the most occupied, I made a vow, the non-accomplishment of which gives me much uneasiness. I vowed that, if I could finish my wars in such a manner that I might have quiet to govern peaceably, I would go and make war against the enemies of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the adversaries of the Christian faith. To this point my heart has always leaned; but our Lord was not willing, and gave me so much to do in my lifetime, and this last expedition has lasted so long, followed by this heavy sickness, that, since my body cannot accomplish what my heart wishes, I will send my heart in the stead of my body, to fulfil my vow. And as I do not know any one knight so gallant or enterprising, or better formed to complete my intentions, than yourself, I beg and entreat of you, dear and special friend, as earnestly as I can, that you would have the goodness to undertake this expedition, for the love of me, and to acquit my soul to our Lord and Saviour; for I have that opinion of your nobleness and loyalty, that, if you undertake it, it cannot fail of success, and I shall die more contented: but it must be executed as follows:

"'I will that, as soon as I shall be dead, you take my heart from my body, and have it well embalmed; you will also take as much money from my treasury as will appear to you sufficient to perform your journey, as well as for all those whom you may choose to have accompany you, to deposit it at the Holy Sepulchre of our Lord, where he was buried, since my body cannot go there. You will not be sparing of expense, and provide yourself with such company and such things as are suitable to your rank; and wherever you pass, you will let it be known, that you bear the heart of King Robert of Scotland, which you are carrying beyond seas by his command, since his body cannot go thither.'

"All those present began bewailing bitterly; and when the Lord James could speak, he said, 'Gallant and noble king, I return you a hundred thousand thanks for the high honour you do me, and for the valuable and dear treasure with which you intrust me; and I will most willingly do all that you

command me with the utmost loyalty in my power: never doubt it, however I may feel myself unworthy of such a high distinction.'

"The king replied, 'Gallant knight, I thank you. You promise me then?'

"'Certainly, sir, most willingly,' answered the knight. He then gave his promise upon his knighthood.

"The king said, 'Thanks be to God! for I shall now die in peace, since I know that the most valiant and accomplished knight of my kingdom will perform that for me, which I am unable to do for myself.'

"Soon after, the valiant Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, departed this life, on the 7th of November, 1327. His heart was embalmed, and his body buried in the monastery of Dunfermline.

"This honourable mission, however, Douglas did not live to accomplish. After the necessary preparations, he set out with a splendid retinue, and hearing that Alphonso, King of Spain, was waging war against the Saracen King of Granada, he considered, that, if he should go thither, he should employ his time and journey according to the late king's wishes; and when he should have finished there, he would proceed further, to complete that with which he was charged. He made sail, therefore, towards Spain, and landed first at Valentia; thence he went straight to the King of Spain, who was with his army on the frontiers, very near the Saracen King of Granada.

"It happened, soon after his arrival, that the King of Spain issued forth into the field, to make his approaches nearer the enemy; the King of Granada did the same; and each king could easily distinguish the other's banners, and they both began to set their armies in array.

"The Lord James placed himself and his company on one side, to make better work and a more powerful effect.

"When he perceived that the battalions on each side were fully arranged, and that of the King of Spain in motion, he imagined they were about to begin the onset; and as he always wished to be among the first rather than the last on such occasions, he and all his company stuck their spurs into their horses, until they were in the midst of the King of Granada's battalion, and made a furious attack on the Saracens. They fled, and Douglas, with his companions, eagerly pursued them. Taking the casket from his neck, which contained the heart of Bruce, he threw it before him, and cried, 'Now pass thou onward as thou wast wont, and Douglas will follow thee, or die.' The fugitives rallied. Surrounded and overwhelmed by superior numbers, Douglas fell. His few surviving companions found his body in the field, together with the casket, and reverently conveyed them to Scotland. The remains of Douglas were interred in the sepulchre of his fathers in the church of Douglas, and the heart of Bruce was deposited at Melrose."

ACHMET: AN EASTERN TALE.

LISTEN, child of mortality, to the voice of him who, presumptuously seeking to penetrate the secret thoughts of others, plunged himself from the pinnacle of happiness into the depths of despair. Achmet, once the powerful sultan of India; Achmet, whose smile gladdened the hearts of thousands, and whose frown struck even the mighty with terror, now drawing near the close of a life, which his rash and vain curiosity has deprived of every social tie, implores his fellow-mortals to be warned by his example, and to let neither jealousy nor suspicion poison the springs of love and confidence, from which alone human happiness can flow.

The sultan my father closed, at an advanced age, a life which he had employed for the best purposes. His people mourned his loss; but they looked forward with the hope, that his virtues would survive in his successor; nor were their hopes disappointed. It had been my father's care to train my infancy and youth in the path of rectitude; and it was his last request, that I would make his people cease to regret his loss by practising his precepts. I endeavoured to comply with his wishes; I showered my bounties on those whom I thought he would have favoured; I followed his example in presiding over the administration of justice; I rewarded the learned; and I sought in the counsels of the wise how to render the condition of my people permanently happy.

It was in these pursuits that I sought to console myself for the death of my father; and for some time they engaged my mind so much, that I remained indifferent to female charms. One day, when I was about to leave the hall of justice, a female presented herself, and falling at my feet, besought me to restore her daughter. The maiden, she said, had just been torn from her by a merchant, to whom she owed a large sum, which she was unable to pay. I instantly sent to the house of the ravisher an order, that he should bring the maiden immediately into my presence; and he soon appeared with her at the foot of my throne. She was covered with a veil, but I could perceive that she wept and trembled. I demanded of the merchant how he dared to offer her such an outrage. He answered me submissively, that he sought only to make her his wife; that he had offered, on that condition, to cancel the debt her mother owed, but this proposal was refused; and he protested, that it was solely with a view to prevail upon the maiden to yield to his wishes that he had carried her away, for he never meant to have used force; nor would he have stolen the maiden, but that her mother refused to allow him to see her.

The mother was beginning to reply, but I ordered her to be silent, that I might hear from the lips of her daughter how far the merchant had told the truth. She owned that it was as he had said. I then demanded whether she was willing to become his wife, upon

which she burst into tears, and besought me not to compel her to marry him.

I was touched by her sorrow, and bidding her dry her tears, I addressed myself to the merchant, whom I ordered to pay the widow a thousand crowns as a portion for her daughter. I told him I acted thus leniently, because it did not appear that he meant to offer violence to the maid; but that if he ever again disturbed her tranquillity, his life should be the forfeit of his crime.

He retired abashed. I asked the widow, whether her daughter had been influenced to refuse him by any affection for another; but she assured me, the heart of the maiden was a stranger to love. Wishing to see those charms which had raised so violent a passion, I ordered her to take off her veil: she obeyed, and stood before me covered with the blushes of virgin modesty.

It seemed to me, that till that moment I had been a stranger to beauty, for never before did my eyes dwell with such wonder and delight upon the female form. My ardent gaze tinged the cheek of the lovely Zulma with a deeper crimson, and she timidly withdrew from me her beauteous countenance. I suffered her to leave me, but I found the impression she had made was not to be effaced; and I summoned her and her mother the next day into my presence.

I knew not the language of supplication. Accustomed to command, and believing the heart of Zulma free, I thought she could not but rejoice to become the bride of Achmet; and I imputed the silence with which she listened to the avowal of my love, to virgin timidity alone.

I ordered her mother to restore, as from herself, the portion which the merchant had paid into her hands, and to repair with her daughter to the apartments which I had destined for them in the seraglio. I heaped the most magnificent presents upon Zulma; and though I was obliged to defer the period of my marriage, I saw her every day, and every day she seemed more lovely in my eyes.

One doubt alone disturbed my happiness: Zulma met me with complaisance, she appeared to take pleasure in my society, but I vainly sought in her those symptoms of ardent passion which filled my own heart; and by degrees, the fear that I was not loved, took possession of my imagination and poisoned my tranquillity.

Omar, the chosen friend of my childhood, and the most attached of my servants, became the depositary of my secret uneasiness: he tried to remove it by suggesting, that the heart of Zulma was not perhaps capable of feeling that powerful passion with which I regarded her. "But wherefore," said he, "should this disquiet the mighty Achmet? Zulma, grateful for thy preference, and honoured in being the object of thy love, will become daily more sensible of thy tenderness, if thou wilt deign to use to her the language of affection; but by reproaching her for a feigned coldness, thou wilt blight the germ of love in her young heart, and she will see in thee only her master, not her lover."

"No," cried I, "Achmet will

not be indebted to his bounty, nor to his throne, for the possession of Zulma: if she cannot give me her heart, I will see her no more. Yet it may be that timidity alone restrains the expression of her feelings: thou, Omar, art better skilled than I am in the female heart; thou shalt accompany me when next I visit her, and be thyself a judge whether her heart responds to mine."

Omar strove to divert me from my purpose, but in vain; in an evil hour I commanded his obedience. He declared himself unable to fathom the heart of Zulma, and he begged to be excused from attending me to her apartments again; but I persisted in commanding his attendance.

The time approached for the celebration of my nuptials, but my doubts were strengthened, not removed. I fancied that the coldness of Zulma was increased; I even thought that at times her countenance wore traces of sorrow: often was I upon the point of dismissing her for ever from my sight, but the thought of parting with her was agony. One evening, while my mind was filled with these distracting thoughts, I uttered aloud, "Oh! that some good genius would enable me to read the heart of Zulma! I should then at least be freed from the torment of doubt."

At that moment a light breeze wafted a thousand odours into the chamber, and a form, whose refulgent brightness proved his celestial mission, stood before me. Unable to bear the piercing severity with which he regarded me, I prostrated myself at his feet. "Rash, rash and mistaken Achmet!" cried he: "know, that the power which thou so presumptuously desirest, belongeth only to the Most High; and were it bestowed upon his creatures, felicity would no more be found amongst them. Thy wish, if granted, would bring with it the severest punishment for thy rashness in having dared to form it: it is still in thy power to retract; renounce then thy vain desire, if thou valuest the repose of thy future life."

The awe which the presence of the genius inspired rendered me for a moment silent, but his mysterious threat, though it terrified, did not convince me, and I cried out, in the anguish of my soul, "Oh! that my wish could but be granted! No suffering which it can bring upon me, could be so dreadful as what I now endure."

"Receive, then," cried the genius, "the means of procuring thy desire: while thou wearest it, the hearts of all to whom thou speakest will be known to thee; but ere thou makest the fatal experiment, reflect how variable is the human heart, and tremble to judge it by a single trial." He put a ring upon my finger, and disappeared as he spoke; and I hastened to the apartments of Zulma, to end or to confirm my misery.

I found her bathed in tears. "Why weepest thou, Zulma?" cried I, as I approached her; "what cause can the beloved of Achmet have for grief?"

"Alas!" answered she, "it is sufficient cause for Zulma's grief that she is the beloved of Achmet. Oh! why had I not the good fortune to escape his notice? or rather, why did he himself present to me

the most lovely of mankind? Ah, Omar! dear Omar! if I had never seen thee, I should at least have enjoyed the tranquillity of indifference."

At these words the most furious rage took possession of my soul: I quitted her instantly, to summon to my presence the traitor who I thought had betrayed me. On returning to my apartment, I found that he waited my pleasure.—"Wretch," cried I, the instant I beheld him, "thou lovest Zulma!"

"It is true," said he, "I love her more than life."

"Traitor to thy sultan and thy friend, thou art unworthy of life!" cried I; and frantic with rage, I plunged my scimeter into his heart.

At that moment the genius stood before me. "Guilty and mistaken Achmet," cried he, "now learn how completely the grant of thy wish has blasted the happiness of thy life. Omar and Zulma loved, but neither had forfeited the faith they owed thee; each was ignorant of the passion of the other. Omar had struggled to subdue his love, and finding it in vain, he would have secretly quitted thy kingdom this very night. Removed from the presence of Zulma, his tranquillity would have returned; and in becoming thy wife, she would have forgotten her passion for Omar, in the smiles of an infant which she was to have borne thee. Twelve moons would scarcely have elapsed, when love and friendship would have joined to strew thy path with roses. Such was the fate allotted thee by Heaven, had not thy own rash and impious curiosity blasted it."

The genius ceased: he disappeared, but his words were engraven on my heart. I felt that I was no longer worthy to associate with mankind. I renounced for ever the possession of Zulma and of my throne. The virtues of my vizier rendered him worthy to reign over my people: I caused him to be proclaimed in my stead, and I retired to a solitude, where age has overtaken me while imploring pardon for my crime.

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

No. I.

LA FETE DIEU.

Ce ne sont point de pompeuses offrandes
Qui peuvent payer Dieu de ses dons immortels;
C'est par une humble foi, c'est par un amour tendre
Que l'homme peut pretendre
Honorer ses autels. ROUSSEAU.

I was fast asleep. A delightful dream once more brought before my view the joyous scenes of my youth. Health and felicity were again my own. The beloved companions of my younger days, now dispersed over distant parts of the globe, were assembled by my glowing imagination around me. The retrospect of those happy hours—fled, alas! for ever—filled my mind with the softest emotions, when the roll of a drum destroyed the enchantment. At the warlike sounds the gay vision fled, my unwilling eyes re-opened, and the light of

day restored to me at once reality and the weight of years.

I rang the bell for Andrew, and desired to know the reason of the noise which had awakened me so suddenly and disagreeably. He informed me, that the drums had been beating since daybreak, in order to collect by nine o'clock the Parisian city guard ordered on duty. "You surely have not forgotten, sir," added my faithful old servant, "that the celebration of the Fête Dieu, which was to have taken place last Tuesday, has been put off till to-day (Sunday)? and the national guard has been invited to attend the ceremony. Our neighbours have been piously employed the whole morning with the preparations for this affecting festival. I have already lent your boxes of flowers to ornament the avenue which leads into the rue * * *; and I have, besides this, promised in your name the loan of the alabaster vases which stand on the mantel-piece, and all the roses, pinks, carnations—in short, as many flowers as may be in bloom in our garden." I could not blame Andrew for having, without acquainting me, disposed of my *parterre* as if it had been his own; his motive was too laudable; and, besides, the old man has somehow or other gained so much influence over me, that whatever he does I cannot help approving. It is useless to be angry with him; I only vex myself to no purpose. He takes it so quietly, and excuses himself with such adroitness, that I am sure to pay for my ill-humour. I may even think myself fortunate if I am not compelled at last to change my reproaches into commendations.

After what Andrew had told me, you may imagine that my curiosity to see the preparations he spoke of quickened my usually tedious toilet. It was a most lovely morning, and it really seemed as if the heavens wore a festive dress for that day. I walked through several streets without remarking any particular bustle, and was soon convinced that the procession would not pass that way. Not far from the rue St. Honoré, I perceived some workmen employed in erecting a *reposoir**: their hasty manner had something of a religious cast in it, which arrested my attention. They spoke little, expressed themselves with decency, and suffered, without impatience or ill-humour, the observations of the lazy crowd which had gathered about them. Four pillars, twined round with flowers, supported a dome of verdure: three steps, covered with moss, led to the altar: the hangings, which were suspended at the sides, were delicately white, and adorned with garlands of beautiful flowers. Some vases, filled also with flowers, and a few pictures representing passages from the Holy Scriptures, were the sole ornaments of this little chapel, in which was placed a silver plate, destined for the receipt of the offerings of the charitable; a happy thought, by which even misery was enabled to share in the happiness and bless the solemnities of the day.

I hastened with all possible speed

* An altar erected at the side of the street through which this procession passes.

through the adjoining streets. The festival seemed to be the sole idea of every one I met; yet perhaps many who were, or appeared to be, exclusively occupied in the thoughts of the approaching solemnity, did not possess the most religious state of mind. Some carelessly hung carpets in the front of their houses; others, unable to repress a little pride, which peeped through in spite of disguise, had magnificently filled their windows with the richest and most splendid embroidery, and enjoyed the spite and envy of their neighbours.

The immense lines of buildings covered with tapestry of various patterns, arrested my attention. I was, however, vexed to see, that several of these by no means accorded with the sanctity of the day. I should never have expected to see the loves of Paris and Helen, the birth of Venus, and the death of Patroclus, among the ornaments of a Christian procession; but one of the most extraordinary proofs of negligence or ignorance was in one of the richest *reposoirs*, part of which was hung with portions of the history of Telemachus, while the rest displayed the sufferings of some of the first Christian martyrs.

Eight o'clock had just struck. The activity of the inhabitants was now at its height. Here you saw one hanging out the coloured curtains of his bed; there another bending under the weight of the Aubusson carpet, which but a few minutes before covered the floor of his room. It would be difficult to form an idea of the variety of these hangings, displaying the utmost magnificence of wealth close to the meanness of parsimony or indigence, mingling in the strangest manner the adventures of fabulous heroes with the noblest traits of religious fortitude; here representing the death of a Christian, there the triumphs of his pagan persecutors: indeed piety seemed to have had but little share in the arrangement of the motley groups.

An agreeable surprise diverted my attention. I perceived amid the tapestry and garlands which adorned the front of one of the most elegant houses of the rue Coq St. Honoré, the portraits of three monarchs dear to the heart of every Frenchman: Louis XIV. painted by Rigaud, Louis XV. by Amadeus Vanloo, and Louis XVI. by De la Save, divided the admiration of an immense crowd, who contemplated with delight the features of princes, whose names recal so many virtues and such varied misfortunes.

Disengaging myself from this crowd, I had already reached the entrance of the rue de * * *, when the increasing throng announced the approach of the procession. In a moment the street was strewed over with leaves and flowers, and every window crowded with spectators. Some, doubtless, were influenced by religious veneration, and it was not difficult to observe, by their modest and retiring manner, that no vain thoughts induced them to join in the commemoration of the festival of their Redeemer; but by far the greater number, unconscious spectators of the affecting ceremony, displayed a gaiety at least misplaced, and seemed to

rank this august solemnity among the frivolities which formed their chief amusement.

The procession at length appeared, and I acknowledge I experienced a degree of painful emotion at observing in the front a body of gens-d'armes, who were clearing the way. I wish these troops were employed less frequently; they would certainly be stationed better any where than in a religious ceremony.

One hundred and fifty young girls, clothed in white, and covered with long veils, fastened to their hair by beautiful little nosegays, emblems of purity and innocence, formed a striking contrast to the military which preceded them. They walked in silence, their eyes modestly fixed on the ground, or raised with devotion to heaven. Some were accompanied by their parents, whose attention appeared chiefly directed to the preservation of regularity and order among them, frequently reproving those who presumed to leave their ranks, and compelling them to rejoin the procession. In the midst of this first band was a group of young girls carrying baskets filled with rose-leaves, and singing hymns. The melodious tones of their voices seemed to harmonize even with the accompaniment of fifes and drums, which rent the air with their harsh and shrill notes.

These were followed by a troop of little boys, under the guidance of the *freres ignorantins*. Many of them wore on their breasts the honourable rewards of merit and application. A chastened mirth glowed in every countenance. Too young to appreciate the sanctity of the festival in the celebration of which they bore a part, their gravity was but assumed, their apparent piety, obedience; yet, at least, the propriety of their demeanour promised well for their future conduct.

I shall say nothing of the musicians, who, dispensing with the execution of religious pieces, were satisfied with enlivening the scene by performing some Italian marches. I will not even reproach M^me^. * * *, the celebrated schoolmistress, for having altered the words of many of the sacred hymns, and for the accommodation of her scholars, adapted them to the gaiest airs of the comic opera; but I cannot refrain from blaming the impropriety of permitting any females of doubtful character to assist in the ceremony, to wear the holy vestments, and disguise themselves in the garb of an assumed sanctity.

The procession halted just opposite to the spot where I stood. A priest ascended the *reposoir* prepared for the purpose, and the populace, struck with a feeling of devotion, knelt respectfully: the movement was unanimous among the spectators below, and many of those at the windows hastily retired. I perceived through a lattice on the fourth story, an old lady apparently past her seventieth year; she had ornamented the window of her little apartment with two vases of flowers, under which hung a small carpet: her hands were joined together, and in the fervour of prayer, she was wholly unconscious that she was at once the object of the veneration of the elder and wiser portion of the observing crowd, and the subject of many a joke from

the more frivolous and youthful. "She is," said one of my neighbours, "a respectable widow, formerly in possession of a considerable fortune, which has been dissipated by the extravagance of her children. It is now seven years since she has been confined to her bed by a paralytic affection, quitting it only on this day." I looked up again, and saw behind her an old man, who was assisting her to rise. "That man," added my communicative friend, "is her ancient servant, who, commiserating the misfortunes of his beloved mistress, resolved never to forsake her, and actually now supports her on a small annuity purchased with the savings of his youth."

The procession again moved onward: officers in full uniform, wealthy merchants, and magistrates, who made it a point of conscience to be present on this occasion, augmented the train. Some of the Grey sisters followed on foot the holy sacrament, and I was not a little surprised at the interest they appeared to excite among the spectators.

Returning home, I was amused by the haste with which the houses were stripped of their unusual drapery. In an instant the hangings and garlands disappeared, as if the whole had been magic. I walked leisurely along, reflecting on the ceremony I had just witnessed, when I was accosted by a little girl with "Remember the chapel," uttered in a sweet tone, which she was trying in vain to render shrill and harsh, at the same time holding out a small gilt china saucer. Her dress and language announced the child of respectable parents: I was sorry to see her tutored, if I might so term it, to ask charity, and without considering, was about to enter on a long exhortation, when she prevented me, finding I was only inclined to bestow advice, by running across the way to repeat her petition to a lady, who proved more liberal. Further on, I heard a little boy, who had just finished counting the money which his infantine importunity had extorted from passengers, cry out, rubbing his hands with joy, "I have got three francs to-day!" He was the son of a merchant, residing on the first floor of the house in front of which the chapel was erected; and I must confess, that this pious mendicity, authorized by the weakness of parents, awakened in me a train of thoughts, which may easily be surmised by my readers.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WOULD-BE AUTHOR.

CHAP. VII.

MODERN BOOK-MAKING—CANDIDATES FOR FAME—LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

I CONGRATULATED my newly acquired friend Vampum on his faculty of second sight, and informed him, that as I was but a young author, just embarking for a literary port, I should be obliged to him for any hint he would be good enough to give me for a literary voyage. "Ah!" cried he, rubbing his hands, "I see what you are—one of the host of gentlemen who write with ease, as Dindar says. I know

you all; the plague (excuse me) of us booksellers, the terror of compositors, and the bugbear of printers' devils. Why, sir, *nobody never* in the world gives more trouble than your gentleman author such *copy*! so illegible! Why, sir, the last work I printed by a gentleman author cost me more for alterations and cancelling, than all Bob Quilldrive's pamphlets on the Conversion of the Jews. God forbid any of you should ever be obliged to write for bread, for you would never get any!"

"Indeed, sir!" I replied; "and have you so inferior an opinion of an amateur author?"

"Yes, sir; and dread them as much as I should to be driven by an amateur coachman. Depend upon it, there is a *tact* in every thing, which cannot be acquired at once; and I shall take care for the future how I take a MS. from any other person than from one of the profession."—"Have you then," exclaimed I, "no idea of my capability? I assure you, sir, as far as industry——"—"Industry! my grandmother!" interrupted the modern Lintot; "why here, now, can you write me a life, a good one now, for two or three volumes?—If you can, in your mind, I wager what shall we say—the Memoirs of Alderman Gourdy. Come, I'll give you two for such a work in [illegible] two months; and [illegible] two months; and [illegible] Documents! Stop! [illegible] here's a book."

So saying, he produced a large volume full of scraps, with an index. "Take these, string them together with paste and scissars; connect them with a few lines of new matter. I'll be at the expense of getting a copy of the head of some ill-looking republican rascal, which we'll dub Sydney; clap for a motto on the title-page, "The cause for which thing a Hampden died and Sydney bled," and there is a fine work for you!—But walk in," added he; "my little back parlour has received the Addisons and the Swifts of our day, and success to their labours, say I. Here, let us finish the pint of wine I ordered on the table. You may recommend me; those who buy your works, will perhaps have them of me. Come, and I'll let you into a secret or two."

Having nothing else to do, I followed my expected patron, and taking a chair, he began as follows, not, however, before he had pledged my health in a little port that stood at the bottom of a broken decanter, and of which he obliged me to partake (although it was very early in the day). It was his *wet*, which he said he always took on his return from *parade*.

"Perhaps," said he, looking, or attempting to look, dignified, "there is not a man in all the Row (the trade I mean) more hated than I am; the rascals envy me because I am too sharp for them." If any body [illegible] secret anecdote, I'm their man; a delicate investigation, I'll undertake to print as a [illegible] affair, if it is quite to my taste, a libel, or a lampoon, and [illegible] alone to escape the clutches of the law. Nothing comes

amiss to me; religion, law, politics, nay, even medicine. But as I know these works are never offered to me until every body else has refused them, why, I get them on my own terms. Besides, I have all kinds of hands; you saw those I had in my pay, and they will turn you up any work to order at a moment's notice. That little crooked lady you saw, in whose hand I put some money, was once an actress on the Edinburgh stage; but having rendered her pronunciation hideous from the quantity of Nodum with which she filled her nose, she became useless, and she was obliged to leave. She is now writing a work on "The Mischief of bad Habits." The lady with the bright green pelisse is the mistress of an excise officer: her *forte* is moral tales, at per page; besides this, she is no bad hand at a MS. sermon, a parcel of which, written by her, sold uncommonly well, and relieved her from the Fleet, in which she was imprisoned for a debt owing at a gin-shop. The elderly looking damsel in spectacles was formerly kept by an officer in the Guards, but he leaving her, she opened a lady's school for a limited number of pupils, "where particular attention is paid to morals and conduct;" she paid particular attention to the former, that making them as bad could be, an indictment was preferred against her for being concerned in promoting an abortment for one of his pupils. She is the rest, and now rails at the depravity of the times in certain sets of the Calvinistical order. The half-starved looking lady (now we must finish with the fair sex first,) is the shabby genteel who writes essays for children; and never having any serious thoughts for herself, she is the more fit to instil into the minds of others the necessity of that quality. Besides these damsels, I have many others in pay, particularly single ladies, who, never having had children, write theories on the best methods of education.

"Now to the men. The tall slender gentleman with sunken cheeks is writing me a cookery-book. The fat porpoise in a great-coat is finishing "Self-denial," a novel. He with large holes in his stockings is editing a work on fashionable dress. The little man who went out last, and who dubs himself *esquire*, never puts on a clean shirt above once a month; and he who talks so *loftily* of his study, lives in the attic of a green-grocer near Carnaby market."

Tired at length with the recital of so much vanity, and shocked at the appearance of so much wretchedness, I now commenced taking leave. The tag-beard was about to seize my hand, and make his useless offers of service, when I shrunk involuntarily from his embrace, and [illegible] his shop. I recollect [illegible] a dejected mood. "What!" exclaimed my [illegible] "are romance writers have [illegible] the finest gift of [illegible] the abuse [illegible] as Vauxhall and [illegible] liberty of the [illegible] Englishmen, [illegible] such wretches [illegible] such figures in form [illegible] not to come [illegible] the [illegible] dampers for the [illegible] of [illegible] to be the piece-meal of our children!"

I was thus proceeding, and had already arranged heads for an essay on the degeneracy of the press, forgetting the many respectable houses to whom merit in an author is his only passport, when I arrived at my lodging, highly indignant, as I pretended, at the immorality of such authors as Vampum's conclave; but, in fact, no little pleased that I had a subject to work on, in which I should no doubt please myself, and, of course, instruct my country. I flew to my desk; I arranged my paper, nibbed my pen, placed various books, doubled down for quotations, before me; but, alas! having named the title of my essay, chosen a motto, and commenced with, "The liberty of the press, the greatest benefit which a monarch can confer on his people," lo and behold! I could proceed no further; notwithstanding Dr. Johnson says, a man may write at any time if he chooses. I endeavoured to log myself up to a pitch of composition, but all would not do. I rose, paced the room, sat down again, then "gnawed my pen, and dashed it on the ground," but finding that nothing would come, I took up a pocket *Junius*: yet, like the maid of Marlivale, it "came not yet," till at length I found myself altogether unfit for the subject.

I then strolled out, and returned to dinner; and finding that this was not one of my happy days, I spent the evening with my landlady and her daughter, who had called in the aid of some milliners' apprentices for a game of Pope Joan: how unworthy the dignity of one who had set up as an instructor of others! Shocked on the following day at having passed so unliterary an evening, I again returned to my labours. "An Essay on the present depressed State of the British Press" grew under my hand. It was finished to *my* great approbation, and gaining courage to proceed, I found myself, at the end of the week, in possession not only of this work, but of "An Essay on Duelling," a *nouvellette*, a short romance, and a theatrical critique. All these I posted to the proprietor of a magazine dedicated to the fair sex, and in a note stated the terms on which I wished to be retained as a regular contributor.

PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

(Continued from page 206.)

BRIDGE OF THE CHERASCA.

The traveller in ascending [illegible] may so express [illegible] approaches the smiling [illegible] Devedro. He experiences something of the same feeling which persuades a man, who, on awaking from a pleasing dream, sees the light of the opera his eyes, objects that dissipate the gloomy impression, and in a short time, and by degrees almost insensibly, establish in his breast a perfect calm, instead of the tumultuous confusion of distracted thoughts. In fact, this beautiful district presents as delightful and tranquil a prospect as that of the valley of Gondo is savage and boisterous.

The [illegible] is by a stone

bridge, of simple and elegant architecture, beneath which, after passing over a pavement constructed for the better security of the bridge, the Cherasca hastens to unite its waters with those of the Doveria.

Immediately every object in the view inspires repose in the traveller: his eyes wander with pleasure over the meadows, over gentle hills clothed with chesnuts, and over the mountains that rise behind and crown them. Here the vine begins to display itself on a verdant carpet, and it has already begun to wind itself into festoons. In various situations he beholds villages glittering in whiteness; and the difference in the forms of the buildings, the elegance of the steeples ascending above them, the freshness of the shade that surrounds them, and a clear and smiling sky, all indicate a new and happy climate.

REMONSTRANCE AGAINST LARGE BONNETS.

I AM sure that there is no man in the three kingdoms who is a more ardent admirer of the fair sex, and especially of the ladies of Great Britain, than I am. I have travelled a good deal at various times in early life in foreign countries, I have been a close observer of modes and manners, and I can safely say, that however I may have been pleased by the graceful dignity of the Spanish, the agreeable sprightliness of the French, the winning sentiment of the Italian, or the strong sense of the German ladies, I have always returned to England with a confirmed conviction, that none were so graceful, so sprightly, so winning, or so sensible as my countrywomen.

This opinion I took up some fifteen or twenty years ago, and in this opinion I remained until about the year 1815, or soon after the peace of Paris. Happy indeed should I have been had it continued unaltered; but at the date I mentioned, or soon afterwards, so sudden and so awful a change took place in the appearance and habits of English ladies, and particularly of those who had "taken a trip to Paris," that I was reluctantly compelled to admit, that though the majority might yet possess all or many of the good qualities I at first attributed to them, yet that there was a considerable number who were as vain, giddy, and fond of finery, frippery, and folly, as any of their neighbours. I need not dwell on the instant and singular change that took place in 1815 in the dress of the ladies of Great Britain, the pages and plates of your Miscellany are a lasting evidence of it: those who had been to France imitated the ladies of Paris, and such who had not been, copied from such as had.

I do not dwell on the amazing flounces and frills that were piled upon the formerly graceful figures of my countrywomen, nor upon the pains they took to make their waists appear to the full as broad as their shoulders; I pass these over with the more willingness, because I am told, that in this respect an amelioration has lately taken place, and that ladies are beginning to be persuaded, that there is something

attractive in a fine figure. But the most monstrous evil of all yet remains, and for aught I know is likely to continue—I mean the huge bonnets carried by our ladies, which appear to be so increasing in size every day, that a fashionably dressed female will soon appear like nothing so much as a walking Brobdignag mushroom. The crowns of these edifices are also of enormous height, and surmounted with flowers and feathers, like a tower crowned with ivy, or a hillock with trees. A humorous acquaintance of mine the other day made the following epigram on this subject, which is worth printing here, as it is very applicable and well pointed:

Epigram on a Lady in a huge Bonnet.

Each bonnet's a Tower of Babel;
And the wearer exhausting her lungs
In talking as fast as she's able,
Makes the real confusion of tongues.

But, sir, joking apart, this is certainly a serious evil—an evil requiring a remedy, for it may now truly be asserted to have *grown to a head.* I am a frequenter of the play-houses, and like many others of my old-fashioned acquaintances, I always go into the pit, because in the boxes one pays more and hears less. Of late, however, my pleasure has been greatly diminished by the obstruction both to eyes and ears afforded by the structures ladies carry on their heads, which put to shame the old sign of the Elephant and Castle. Instead of having a full view of the stage, and an opportunity of hearing distinctly all that is said, I now think myself lucky if, by the contrivance of sitting on one side or on the other, in an uneasy posture, or by bobbing my head first on this side and then on that, I can now and then catch a glimpse of the actor, and am content to take the words he utters through the medium of mountains of straw, muslin, and Leghorn. Thus my innocent pleasures are greatly abridged, and I am sure that the ladies themselves must be often greatly annoyed by what is now the subject of my complaint and remonstrance. It is not to be expected, that the proprietors of the theatres will, by raising the back of the pit, give the auditors a better chance of hearing and seeing; that would occasion a heavy expense, and after all might not be effectual, for as bonnets increase in magnitude every day, it is impossible to say, that ere long they will not interfere with the chandaliers, and even run the risk of being consumed by the gas in the centre.

This nuisance you will readily perceive is not confined to places of amusement, but is found even in our churches: though the clergyman is raised so far above his congregation, it is difficult for many of them to ascertain the mode in which he delivers his discourses.

I and my play-going friends having suffered patiently under this growing evil for some time, have determined at length to do our utmost to put an end to it; and as a first effort, I have been instructed, at a meeting held for the purpose, to write this letter for your *Repository*, knowing that its pages are open to such topics, and that whatever appears in them usually meets with considerable attention on the part of those to whom I particularly address myself. I am the more emboldened to resort to this ex-

pedient, because the inconvenience is felt both in town and country; as I find not only by letters from several friends, but from the following paragraph, extracted from the advertisement issued by the stewards of the Derby musical meeting for the present year:

"N. B. It is particularly requested by the stewards, that ladies will not attend the meeting in large bonnets, or that if worn, the wearers will remove them during the performances."

A similar notice was annexed to the bills of a concert at Brighton last season, and happy I am to say that it produced some effect. If gentlemen in courtesy are bound to remove their hats, ladies, I think, are doubly bound to take off their bonnets. I remain, &c.

P's & Q's.

WESTMINSTER, Sept. 22.

THE PORCELAIN PAGODA.

WE mentioned some time ago, that a correspondent had furnished us with a translation of the description of the wonderful Porcelain Pagoda at Nankin, which is the admiration of the whole Chinese nation, and is considered the most astonishing erection in the universe. It is called the Temple of Boudah, one of the gods of the Chinese, and being constructed entirely of earthen-ware, is certainly a singular erection. The description and history which follow are given to all persons who visit the building.

The Dwelling of Security, Tranquillity, and Peace.

The representation of the precious glazed Tower of the Temple of Gratitude, in the province of Kiang-Nan.

This work was commenced, at noon, on the fifteenth day of the sixth moon of the tenth year of the Emperor Yong Lo*, of the dynasty of Ming, and was completed on the first day of the eighth moon of the sixth year of the Emperor Siuen Té, of the same dynasty, being, altogether, a period of nineteen years in building.

The sum of money expended in completing the precious glazed tower, was two millions four hundred and eighty-five thousand four hundred and eighty-four ounces of silver. In the construction of the ornamental globe on the pinnacle of the roof of the tower, forty-eight kin* in weight of gold (sixty-four pounds), and one thousand four hundred kin in weight of copper, were consumed. The circumference of this globe is thirty-six che†, or forty-two feet. Each round or story is eighteen che high. In that part of the tower called the Quang were consumed four thousand eight hundred and seventy kin weight of brass. The iron hoops or rings on the pinnacle of the roof, are nine in number, and sixty-three che each in circumference. The smaller hoops are twenty-four che in circumference, and their total weight is three thousand six hundred kin‡.

* 1413 of the Christian era.

* A kin is one pound and one third.

† A che is about fourteen inches.

‡ This part is obscure, and will be better understood from Le Compte's de-

On different parts of the tower are suspended eighty-one iron bells, each bell weighing twelve kin, or sixteen pounds. There are also nine iron chains, each of which weighs one hundred and fifty kin, and is eighty che long. The copper pan with two mouths to it, on the roof, is estimated to weigh nine hundred kin, and is sixty che in circumference. There is also a celestial plate on the top, weighing four hundred and sixty kin, and is twenty che in circumference.* In the upper part of the tower are preserved the following articles: Of night-illuminating pearls, one string; of water-repelling pearls, one string; of fire-repelling pearls, one string; of dust-repelling pearls, one string; and over all these is a string of the relics of Foe. Also an ingot of solid gold, weighing forty leang (ounces), and one hundred kin weight of tea; of silver, one thousand leang weight; of the bright buing, two pieces, weighing one hundred kin; of precious stones, one string; of the everlasting physic-money, one thousand strings; of yellow satin, two pieces; of the book hidden in the earth, one copy; of the book of Omito Foe, one copy; of the book of She Kia Foe, one copy; of the book of Tsie Yin Foe, one copy; all wrapped up together, and preserved in the temple.

The tower has eight sides or faces, and its circumference is two hundred and forty che. The nine stories taken together are two hundred and twenty-eight and a half che high. From the highest story to the extreme point of the pinnacle of the roof, are one hundred and twenty che. The lamps within the tower are seven times seven in number, in all forty-nine lamp-dishes; and on the outside, there are one hundred and twenty-eight lamp-dishes. Each night they are supplied with fifty kin weight of oil. Their splendour penetrates upwards to the thirty-third heaven; midway, they shed a lustre over the people, the good and the bad together; downwards, they illuminate the earth as far as the city of Tse Kee Hien, in the province of Che Kiang.

The official title of the high priest of the temple is Chao Sieu. His disciples are called Yue. The total number of priests on the establishment is eight hundred and fifty. The family name of the head mason of the building was Yao, his personal name Sieu, and his native town Tsing Kiang Foo. The family name of the head carpenter was Hoo, his personal name Chung, and his native province Kiang See.

The extent of the whole inclosure of the temple is seven hun-

* scription, imperfect as it is. "The top of the edifice is not the least beautiful part of the tower; it is a massy pillar, that stands upon the floor of the eighth story, and reaches more than thirty feet above the roof; it seems to be wrapped in a large iron hoop of the same height, in the form of a screw or spiral line, extending several feet from the pillar, so as to appear like a hollow cone, suspended in the air, with spaces to let in light. On the top of this pillar is placed a golden ball, of extraordinary magnitude." Extraordinary indeed! for, if the Chinese account is to be believed, its dimensions are more than twice, and, of course, its magnitude more than four times that of the ball of St. Paul's cathedral. It would seem to be of copper, and plated with gold.

dred and seventy meu* and eight tenths. To the southward, towards Chin Van San, are two hundred and twenty-six meu. Eastward, to the boundary of Chin Sien Seng, are two hundred and thirty-four meu and eight tenths. In the centre is the ground of Hoo Kin Te. Westward, as far as the land of She Hou Hoa, are one hundred and twenty meu; and northward, to the land of Lieu Sien Song, are one hundred and eighty meu

Viewing, therefore, this History of the Glazed Tower, may it not be considered as the work of a divinity? Who shall perform the like?

Lately, on the fifteenth day of the fifth moon of the fifth year of Kia-King, at four in the morning, the god of thunder, in his pursuit of a monstrous dragon†, followed it into this temple, struck three of the sides of the fabric, and materially damaged the ninth story, but the strength and majesty of the god of the temple are most potent, and the laws of Foe are not subject to change: the tower, by his influence, was therefore saved from entire destruction. The vicerey and the fooyen reported the circumstance to his imperial majesty; and on the sixth day of the second moon of the seventh year, the restoration of the damaged parts was commenced, and on the nineteenth day of the fifth moon the repairs were completed.

On the twenty-ninth day of the sixth moon of the twelfth year of his present majesty, at four in the afternoon, on a sudden there fell a heavy shower of rain, and the god of thunder again rushed forth in front of the tower, and penetrating the roof, pursued the great dragon from the top to the bottom. The glazed porcelain tiles of the sixth story were much damaged, and, where the god of thunder issued out at the great gate, several of the boards taken from the wood of the heavenly flower-tree were broken: thus the god of thunder having finally driven away the monstrous dragon, returned to his place in the heavens.

The priests of the temple reported the event to the local authorities, and the officer Heu submitted the report to his imperial majesty, and awaited the issue of the sums required to defray the charge of the repairs. The gates of the tower have been closed for a year, while the interior has been repairing.

Deny not the presence of a God—a God there is;
He scatters his dread thunder, and all the world trembles.

* A meu is somewhat less than an English acre

† By the personification of the dragon the forked lightning would seem to be represented, and that of the Deity under the sound of thunder.

EMPLOYMENT OF THE POOR.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, accompanied by the Rev. H. Gurney, rector of St. Clement Danes, the Rev. S. Bennett of the Penitentiary, and Messrs. Grimes and Stringer, parish officers of St. Mary-le Strand, recently visited the School of Rural Economy in Dukes-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, of which we gave some account in a preceding number

This institution has lately been

formed, at the request of several noblemen and others, who have long distinguished themselves by their zeal and liberality in devising means for bettering the condition of the lower classes of society, and who were impressed with the utility of encouraging the cultivation and manufacture of many articles for which we are now beholden to the better husbandry and industry of other countries.

Liquorice, saffron, madder, and a variety of similar products, once formed a considerable part of the usual crops of our farms; the greater portion of them is now grown on the Continent; while the same places supply us with numerous articles manufactured for domestic purposes, such as matting, baskets, toys, and many others, for which we ourselves possess the proper materials in the greatest abundance. One very prominent instance is to be seen in the article of flax: it is well known, that this plant is partially grown in some places in England, and the production is often found superior to that imported: yet, the quantity brought into this country last year was to the amount of 1,700,000*l.* sterling, as will be found in the late report of parliament.

The difficult process, as well as the well known annoyance, which the preparation of flax occasioned, might heretofore have, in a great measure, prevented its culture from increasing. Such, however, is not the case at present, as by a newly improved method, this business is performed in a way requiring much less time, and may be accomplished in all its various branches by any persons capable of the least degree of labour; it is withal so simple, that a few weeks' instruction is alone necessary to teach any person so as to enable them to make better kinds of sewing thread, cordage, or linen of all descriptions, than could be accomplished by the old, expensive, destructive, and noxious process.

It will, therefore, be readily conjectured, that little more was wanting to introduce such a system for the occupation of the poor at this time, than to have persons taught the best methods, who might be able to put it in practice whenever it might be required. This was lately represented to the Right Hon. Lords Redesdale, Chichester, Hardwicke, and the Bishop of Durham, who, conceiving the benefit likely to arise from such an establishment, offered the projector, Mr. Salisbury, the honour of their patronage, in order to set such a laudable plan on foot, and which has since been followed by subscriptions from many other eminent characters. It was resolved, that a number of the parish paupers should, in the first instance, be set to work, and kept in constant employment in the various occupations above-mentioned. For this purpose, the poor of the parish of St. Clement have been thus engaged; and the examination of them, in order to estimate the value of the project in a national point of view, was the object of the royal visitor's attention.

The first thing that claimed his notice was a quantity of flax grown by Mr. Hervey, an intelligent farmer at Tooting, whose land has produced three tons per acre, together with upwards of ten bush-

els of very excellent seeds: some paupers were employed in threshing the seeds from the plant.

The next operation was the clearing the fibre from the stem or wood of the plant; this was accomplished by a small, simple, and cheap implement, worked by a single person. Upwards of twenty paupers of different ages, from ten years to eighty, were thus employed, and at once rendered the fibre fit for hackling or combing, by which means it is made ready for the spinning-wheel. A large number of these domestic utensils, of various kinds and sizes, have been collected together, on which were an equal number of women and children at work, who produced many samples of excellent sewing thread and yarn of different degrees of fineness, which is immediately taken to the loom, and at once converted into linen. Several women were also employed in making sheets, bedticks, and shirting, the whole of which had previously been prepared and manufactured by their fellow-labourers in the school. Many specimens of excellent matting and baskets were also seen, which were made of the reed-mace, vulgarly called bulrush, equal in goodness to things of the same kind made from foreign materials.

It being the professed object to take pupils from parishes, &c. we saw several who were employed in the different branches.

After a strict examination into the whole, his royal highness and his friends were pleased to draw, and record, the following conclusions:

That the various operations of these manufactures are calculated to give employment to persons of all ages and capacities from infancy to old age, by which employment great savings may be made either for parishes, or for the benefit of the cottager's family when not more advantageously at work.

That the preparation of flax, as practised in the establishment, and the different processes of making cloth, are productive of great saving in the material, as well as producing cloth, &c of very superior quality; and that the establishing such an employment for the poor of large towns, &c. will add much to the increase of cultivation of the land, and the consequent employment of agricultural labourers.

That collecting for use the different kinds of spinning-wheels and other machines for assisting manual labour, will be the means of ascertaining their respective merits, and enabling persons who may be desirous of setting the poor to work, to procure the best information as to any improvement that can be made from time to time in any of the operations of those implements.

That considerable advantage will arise from the facility with which persons may be made acquainted with the different kinds of labour necessary to form a similar establishment.

This was proved by Mr Stringer, who having lately sent four persons to the school, they have, after two weeks' practice, returned to their poor-house in the country, and by their means the whole of the people at that establishment have been trained, and are now ac-

tively, and profitably employed. Specimens of very fine flax and yarn were shewn by this gentleman to his royal highness, who expressed great satisfaction at the advantage which the parish at large had already experienced. Several sturdy paupers had already left the house, and found work for themselves, since they discovered that they must work if they any longer remained. It also appeared, that several others, who were heretofore too refractory to be suffered among the more peaceable and deserving, and who were not kept at the workhouse, but at farm-houses appointed for them, had been taken home, and that since the work was introduced, many had become better subjects; while the more deserving part of the people, from being allowed a portion of their earnings, were rendered more comfortable, and were highly gratified.

Mr. Salisbury having been previously employed in introducing his system into the gaols in London, and the Penitentiary-House, the Rev. S. Bennett stated, that he had witnessed with much satisfaction the utility of the flax-machine, and would strongly recommend its introduction, not only into all prisons, but also as claiming the attention of persons concerned in the management of village schools, where manual employment may be introduced in connection with moral and religious instruction.

His royal highness expressed great satisfaction, and his resolution to promote the objects of this institution with all his endeavours. He was pleased to recommend that a corresponding establishment should be formed at a short distance in the country, where land might be obtained, so as to put the rural department of the plan into active operation. His royal highness added, that he should take into his consideration, what will be the most appropriate means of fulfilling this object.

N. B. From the number of visitors who are applying to view the establishment, Mr. Salisbury has been under the necessity of fixing Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, from ten to three, as days for seeing the operations.

THE FAMILY COMPACT, OR THE HUSBAND'S AUTHORITY REASSERTED.

THERE is now living in London an old barrister, whom I shall call Mr. Malleable. When we were both very young we became acquainted in Oxfordshire, and within the last year we again met, and renewed our former friendship.

My friend is a man of the strictest probity, but he possesses an originality of character, and a fertility of imagination, which often induce him to adopt a singular and whimsical mode of conduct. His peculiar fancy has always been to imagine himself profoundly skilful in the art of government; and at the time that he was in expectation of succeeding to a large fortune, I have frequently heard him say, that he would one day sacrifice all his property and estates for the possession of some island, of which the complete sovereignty should be yielded to him, and in which he

would realize the fable of the Troglodytes! The failure of a banking-house destroyed his dream, but not his passion for reigning: I am sorry for his subjects, whom I have no doubt he would have rendered happy.

Malleable had a spirit for dominion, but was possessed of such an easy yielding temper, that when he married, he was governed by his wife, to whom he abandoned the care of his finances. Disorder invariably accompanies an unrestrained taste for luxury and pleasure. He was aware of the derangement of his affairs, was fully sensible of the cause, but did not dare endeavour to remedy the evil, and contented himself with calling his wife his *supreme directress*.

Very fortunately, just at this period he came into possession of some other estates, which relieved him from all his embarrassments; but his wife, assisted by his four children, who were born during his earlier troubles, endeavoured by every means in her power again to unsettle his fortune: she was successful.

His difficulties increased every day, but Malleable comforted himself with reflecting, that as his wife was at this time forty years of age, she must soon overcome the follies of youth, and that her future conduct would be governed by more prudence than she had formerly displayed. His ideal improvement was but ideal; she still devoted herself entirely to her usual practices. A friend of her own had access to the house: he assumed in a short time the supreme command; he ruled every thing, and set every body at variance.

To complete the perplexities of poor Malleable, his uncle, an old general officer, arrived from the north of Scotland, where he had lived retired for thirty years, and who fancied he had some authority over Malleable, on account of lands and houses with which he had presented his nephew. He commenced by establishing himself in my friend's house (of which he seemed to consider himself the joint proprietor), and grumbled at all the alterations which had been made during his long absence, without even approving of those which time had rendered absolutely necessary. General Odling, when he quitted England, was afflicted with a variety of prejudices, none of which had decreased during his residence in Scotland: he was not contented with being subject to them himself, but he expected every one around him to conform to his singular and antiquated opinions. He was constantly quarreling with the father, mother, and children, who he was very anxious should adopt the good old customs of his youth. The young people laughed at him; Malleable, endeavouring to mediate between them and their great-uncle, gave offence to both parties, and anarchy and confusion reigned in the hopeful family.

Such was the state of things about a month ago, when Malleable came to see me, and communicated to me his firm resolution to re-establish order in his house.—"Weakness," said he, "has been the cause of all my misery, and energy shall remedy it. I have too long given up to my wife, and she has abused my confidence: I shall dispossess her of all her power, and

dismiss her friend. I shall request my uncle to provide himself with another habitation. I shall send my eldest son to the college; my second I shall pack off to school; my third shall live at home while he behaves well; and I shall reduce my daughter's allowance for her dress and pocket-money to 30*l.* a year. In short, I am determined to be master of my own house; my will shall be the law."

"My dear Malleable," I replied, "it appears to me that your system of reform is too violent, and I much doubt whether it be possible to carry your plan into execution. Your wife, who for twenty years has been accustomed to control you, will never submit to such passive obedience; you love her, and you would not wish to render her miserable. Your eldest son is a sprightly clever fellow, whose errors, which are occasioned by a defect in his education, are amply compensated by the most estimable qualities: such very rigorous measures are not advisable with such a character. In respect to your uncle, respectable from his age and from the rank which he holds in your family, though he certainly has many peculiarities of opinion which you may wish to conquer, yet why should you publish them to the world, which would possibly be well disposed to consider you equally to blame? Take my advice: resume proper authority without violence, and without risking your own happiness and that of your family. What I recommend to you is according to your own principles and professions. You have experienced the miserable effects of anarchy; you feel the inconvenience of absolute power; adopt then a medium, which will conciliate every body. You are by birth the head of your family; endeavour to become so by their consent. You have before your eyes a bright examp——"

"I understand you," said he, without allowing me to finish; "you wish to make me a constitutional father: this idea pleases me, and the execution of it appears to me to be the more practicable, if my father-in-law would come to live with us. He is a venerable old man, who is respected and feared by his daughter; his rank of baronet will impose some degree of reverence upon my son.—I have a project to form *a family charter*," added he, rising; "a compact between me and the members of my family for its regulation. Good bye: you will hear from me again in a few days on the success of my scheme."

Accordingly, in about a week I received an invitation to dinner at Malleable's. The lady's father was there in all his imposing dignity. Malleable had given orders that dinner should be ready precisely at five o'clock. The uncle wished to dine at three as formerly; the lady and her children thought six quite early enough. For the first time, the master of the house would be obeyed.

During dinner we were dull enough. Every one spoke low, and half grumbled; they seemed to anticipate some great event. When the dessert was on table, the servants were dismissed, and Malleable commenced speaking.

"We are now assembled a family party," said he, "for I do not consider my friend here a stran-

ger, and I am now about to declare my irrevocable determination. It is time to establish some order and regularity in my house——"

At these words, which Mrs. M. seemed to think tyrannical, she began a vehement invective upon oppression. A look from her father silenced her, and her husband continued.

"For the last two and twenty years I have had no share in the government of my house; excepting myself, every one in their turn has assumed some power. To begin with you, madam: your expensive taste and caprices nearly reduced us to ruin; your reign was succeeded by that of your children, who have no less abused my confidence. The fancies of your eldest son have made a billiard-room of my drawing-room, to which all his acquaintances have had admission. I can, however, scarcely regret the sacrifices which I have made for him, when I reflect upon the reputation he has acquired, and the honourable distinctions he has obtained at college."

At these words, Charles haughtily stroked his chin; and looking at his father with an assured air, would probably have interrupted him, had he not cast his eyes upon his grandfather and the epaulettes of his uncle, which reminded him, that the distinctions of which he was so proud, were with him only the commencement of those which had celebrated his family.

"I do not," continued Malleable, "reproach my daughter with her fondness for balls, parties, and dress; it is very natural at her age; but it is necessary for her to devote some part of her time to instruction, instead of occupying every moment of her life at the toilette, or in the pursuit of pleasure.

"The unsteadiness of my son Edward has hitherto prevented his selecting a profession for himself; he has been by turns a financier, a lawyer, a mathematician, and a literary man. I wish he would at length decide, that at a future period he may take a rank in society. I consider those men who have no profession are its greatest enemies.

"My uncle sometimes forgets in the number of years which have elapsed, that, during his absence, different laws, different principles, and different customs to those of his youth, have sprung up: for the future, I trust he will endeavour to accommodate himself to the circumstances which govern us, and make up his mind to take the world as it goes.

"Being now thoroughly convinced, that nothing is more injurious to a state than indecision and frequent change of measures, I have determined, after mature deliberation, to govern my family upon a regular and unalterable system, like the constitution of our kingdom. I shall reserve to myself the supreme authority; it undoubtedly belongs to me, but I will in some degree divide it with my family. My wife shall certainly participate; I shall communicate all my plans to her; she shall decide upon them; she shall still have the arrangement of our finances, with this restriction, that the power of executing any of her plans remains with me alone: my wife shall represent the House of Commons.

"I have, besides, established an intermediate authority between her

and me, in order to balance our respective rights. My father-in-law and my uncle will compose the House of Lords, and no law can be put in force without their sanction. My son Charles shall still receive the same allowance as formerly: he is an honour to his family, and he deserves to be well treated; but he must remember, that the family mansion is not a gaming-house, and that he is no longer to play here whatever game pleases his fancy. My son Edward is intelligent and active; he shall be my steward; he shall receive my rents, and settle all my affairs with my tenants: he shall be Chancellor of the Exchequer. His sister shall have the charge of the privy purse.

"You have all of you heard my resolution. Do you understand and submit to it?"

This declaration was made with so firm a voice, and in so solemn a tone, that the grandfather and uncle immediately agreed to it; and the mother and children, after a few remonstrances, to which I was authorized to reply, gave their entire consent to this domestic compact, of which they requested me to draw up a copy in writing.

From this time the family of Mr. Malleable has been a model of the most perfect harmony. Order and economy are attended to, without excluding pleasure. The chief of this little government sets a good example of the religious respect which he has for the constitution he has given to his family; and all its members observe and defend it with so much zeal, that they find the blessing of a prosperity, which they at length know how to estimate.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XLVII.

The better part will set before 'em
A grace, a manner, a decorum. PRIOR.

I HAVE received a letter from a female correspondent, who, I presume, is of that age when a matrimonial establishment is a natural wish, as it is a reasonable expectation. She appears, from the tenor of her communication, to have suffered a disappointment in this important object; and as she unfolds the causes of it without reserve, and with great good sense, I cannot offer a more essential service to my young female readers, than by offering the following letter to their serious consideration. The wish to please has its rules as well as every other branch of human conduct; and even that amiable disposition may fail, if not duly shaped and adapted to the circumstances which particular views and occasions demand. A natural desire to please will never fail of its general effect; but a wish to please a particular object must be attended with management and precaution, which I think will be sufficiently explained by the failure of the fair writer of the following communications. There is a certain decorum that should ever be maintained by females, the violation of which, though it is neither offensive to morals nor good manners, may deviate from that delicate propriety which steals secret-

ly and, as it were, unconsciously into the approving favour of all who witness it. Carelessness and inattention on the one hand, or too great anxiety and forwardness to please on the other, may produce an impropriety or indecorum, which, though innocent in itself, may disappoint the expectation of affording pleasure.

I have just thrown out these preparatory hints, and proceed to give the example which suggested them.

TO THE FEMALE TATTLER.

BROOM-HALL, Oct. 17, 1819.

MADAM,

The admirable Essay on Delicacy which formed your last paper, might have been of essential service to your present correspondent if she had received the advantage of its instructions at an earlier period. It is not, however, too late, as I am inclined to flatter myself, to render them serviceable to me; for though my case is hopeless in one instance, I am too young to despair of other circumstances, in which, by adhering to a more considerate conduct, under the influence of your good counsels, I may fairly hope to succeed in an object, where, from the want of them, I have completely failed. At all events, my narrative, which cannot but be interesting to those of my sex, age, and situation, may offer a lesson which may prove beneficial to them in their social conduct, and preserve some of them at least from such a disappointment, and it must be rather an uncomfortable one to most young ladies, as I have experienced.

My story is as follows:

I have a short time escaped from my teens, and am the daughter, the only daughter of a gentleman, of respectable family and good estate, who resides principally in the country. Though I have three brothers, my marriage portion will be such as to give me a right, in point of fortune, to expect a match of figure and family character. It may be an awkward situation for me to speak personally of myself, but the occasion requires it. I shall not, however, derive my authority from my own looking-glass, the chatter of a *femme de chambre*, the glances of *beaux* in a ball-room, the speeches of occasional admirers, or the unfavourable looks of young women and misses; but I have reason to know, without describing my features or figure, that I am universally considered as a fine, nay, I shall out with it, as a very fine young woman. I passed the winter before last at Bath, and the last winter in London; and at both those places I had every reason to suppose, that my personal attractions were not over-rated by the description which I have ventured to give. My education has been an anxious care of the fondest parents, and they are satisfied with the fruits of it. I am a good musician, nor are my performances confined to one instrument; my voice has power, and my singing is acknowledged to have a very pleasing expression. I speak and write French nearly as well as my native tongue, and Italian is familiar to me. As I have a good ear, know music, and have had the best masters, it may be naturally expected that I am not an ungraceful dancer. I certainly am not an artist, but my landscapes have been admired by those who are; and to

conclude the whole, I am not considered as assuming. The poor bless me as I pass their cottages, and all the servants say I am the best-natured young lady that ever was.

What the real contrast to this fine account is I cannot tell, for till the circumstance took place which occasioned the trouble I am now giving you, I was too happy to shew any folly, or to draw aside the veil which hides my defects. But the time was arriving when I was to experience, that when the season for playing the fool came, I had not thought and reflection enough to prevent my being as foolish, as a want of judgment and an inattention to reason could possibly make me.

I beg, however, you will not do me the injustice to suppose, that I consider being in love—that is, preferring one man to all the rest of his sex, for his superior virtues, manners, understanding, and accomplishments—to be a folly. Love is a natural and primary feeling in a young heart; and when rightly directed, is the honour, the pride, the mortal heaven of life. It is the conduct under the powerful impression of this passion that too often produces folly, and sometimes of a kind the most fatal to happiness.

From the character which I have given of myself, it may be naturally supposed, that I should not have been without offers of marriage; but the fact is, that such an offer has never yet been made me. There were two gentlemen who I believe had designs of that nature, but neither of them were pleasing to me; and without acting improperly, I contrived to discourage them from making the attempt.

At length, however, I felt the power of that deity which none escape; and the cause of that disappointment which followed, will form the remaining, and not least interesting, part of this letter.

A gentleman, who was no very distant neighbour of my father's, and occasionally visited us, possessed all the qualities of mind, all the graces of person, and all the social virtues, which might render him an object of danger to the misses whose families he frequented: at all events, he not only appeared, but actually became so to me. The country people had generally propagated an opinion, that we were suited to each other; and reports soon followed, that we were to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony. Other circumstances seemed to justify this opinion, as he paid more frequent visits to us than to any of the neighbouring families; at the public balls and assemblies, he danced oftener with me than any other of the country *belles*, toasted me at convivial meetings, and never failed to speak of me in a decided tone of preference and admiration. In short, whatever influence I might have obtained over his heart, I began to feel that he made very considerable advances towards the possession of mine. He continued his visits; indeed he rather increased than diminished his attentions to me; but though his conduct was such as charmed me, no words ever escaped him upon which I could ground a solid expectation that the matrimonial proposal would follow. I certainly was very cautious in my

behaviour, and the more I found my inclinations for him increase, the more anxious I was to thicken the veil, that he might not perceive them. I felt, as all who knew him thought, that he was a superior young man in the general attainments of his station and fortune; but I did not know, till it was too late, that a very refined delicacy of sentiment was a predominant feature in his character. Here my observation failed; my want of judgment has been proved; and with all my bright qualities and qualifications, I could not discover the real virtues of the man whom I preferred before all others. He happened to be fond of field sports; and I had adopted a foolish fancy, from the general character of sportsmen, as I had observed them, that fox-hunters were not characters in whose minds delicacy of sentiment was to be expected, and of whom your highest hope, in their tender connections, must be, that they may

"Love you best of all things but their horse."

This notion, though generally well founded, is not without its exceptions; and here was the source of my error. I had observed, that sportsmen are fond of talking to the ladies of their prowess in the field, of the birds which they have bagged and winged, the hedges and ditches they have cleared, the five-bar gates they have surmounted, the deaths of foxes which, by their bold horsemanship, they have witnessed, &c. &c. &c.; and I could not conceive, that gentlemen who attempted to entertain ladies of delicacy and elegance with these rude, and in some degree brutal, subjects, possessed the art of discriminating how to please in conversation with the more tender sex. Such gentlemen appeared to me either to be ignorant of other subjects, or were governed by their vanity to display themselves in detailing the boisterous exercises in which they were conscious of an acquired excellence.

Now it so happened that my hero was a sportsman, and as I found that his advances were too slow for my expectations, I thought it would be a proper policy to encourage him by advancing a little myself. As my natural character and habitual attractions had not had their expected effect, I was determined to appear in a new light, to ape the Diana of the woods, to appear to interest myself in what related to horses and hounds, and to be elevated by the glories of the chase. But here was my error. Sportsman as he was, I never remember to have heard him introduce a sporting subject into his conversation; he could speak upon other and better topics, and he had too much respect for women to suppose, that horses and dogs, and the apparatus of field sports, were subjects suited to that delicacy of sentiment which forms the most delightful part of the female character. But I was anxious to please, and inconsiderately took the worst means I could have pursued. I talked about my sportsman's horses; I obtained the names of his hounds, and presented them to him in the embroidery of a pocket-handkerchief; I inquired the positions of covers; interrogated him as to the length and dangers, &c. of particular chases. When he asked me to sing, I had a hunting song prepared for him.

At first he laughed at my change of character, but it soon began to have another effect; his visits by degrees lessened. I have seen him but once for these last three months, and he has since said, that he was absolutely in love with me till I had transformed myself from the sweetest character in the world, to the affectation of manners and conversation that were absolutely disgusting.

The object of us young women is, more or less, to please the men; and it is never successfully obtained by an affectation of character which does not belong to us. The female virtues are loved and admired by men of the most profligate characters; and the delicacy of female manners will never fail to have a commanding influence over those of the other sex, who seem to have but a moderate sense of it in their own conduct. I am now aware, when I used sporting phrases for the purpose of giving pleasure, that I sometimes strayed into the adoption of terms of an equivocal meaning, which were worse than ridiculous. I did not know then, as I have since discovered, how the men laugh at our innocent mistakes in expression, and how they torture and twist our incautious words into meanings to which we are strangers; and while we are piquing ourselves upon our obliging dispositions, and our kind coincidence in complying with the conversation upon topics with which we are not adequately acquainted, we are preparing jokes and ridicule for the amusement of those who appear to listen to us with a condescending civility. I ought to have known better, and never to have endangered the natural delicacy of my character, by attempting to employ a silly coquetry, unworthy of a woman of common sense, generous feeling, or real delicacy, in order to please a boasting, though perhaps well-looking fool, and which can never fail to risk the approbation, to say no worse, of men of understanding. I am, madam, with great respect, your obliged, humble servant,

C—— C——.

I must beg leave to decline publishing the letter which a correspondent, with the signature of "Mary-Ann Toogood," has sent me, on what she styles an *unfortunate subject*, or "The Lamentation of an Old Maid:" it is illiberally abusive against *men*. The manners of men, influenced by fashion, or folly, or vicious habits, &c. may be a proper subject of reprobation; but when women are heard to decry men merely as men, there can be but one opinion—that the men have neglected them. The paper in question shall be returned to Miss Toogood, if she will transmit her address for that purpose.

PLATE 28.—A LIGHT PHAETON WITH ACKERMANN'S PATENT MOVEABLE AXLES.

THE accompanying plate represents a very elegant carriage of the phaeton kind, built by Mr. Dodd of Crawford-street, with the addition of Ackermann's patent moveable axles. It was constructed for

a gentleman of fortune in Jamaica, and is not only well calculated in all respects for the climate for which it is intended, but also for home use, particularly at a country gentleman's residence.

The utility of this invention is gradually gaining ground in public estimation. It has always happened, that discoveries of most value have met with most opposition; but it gives us proportionate pleasure to find, that the resistance which we stated a few numbers since was made by the great body of the coachmakers to this important improvement upon the old axles, is gradually subsiding, and that it is now much more generally applied, not merely to newly built four-wheeled carriages of all descriptions, but to others, the owners of which have compelled their coachmakers to adapt the moveable axles to vehicles already in work. Some few coachmakers, the most violent in their opposition to this invention, have actually lost customers, because they chose to persevere in a resistance that must ultimately be fruitless.

Mr. Dodd, the builder of the phaeton represented in our plate, is one of the warmest and most active supporters of the invention, and has constructed many other carriages, which have invariably given satisfaction. We mention it to the honour of the impartial and unprejudiced portion of the trade, that not a few vehicles have been constructed by other coachmakers on the new and approved principle.

On the Continent, the adoption of the patent moveable axles has been much more general, and the advantages we have previously pointed out are admitted by all who have examined the subject. As one proof among many, we may mention, that some German-built carriages have recently found their way into this country, having been employed with the utmost success by travellers on roads otherwise almost impassable.

EMIGRATION TO THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

The following is a sensible and clear statement of some of the disadvantages attending a settlement at the Cape of Good Hope. We insert it, not with a view so much to deter colonists, as to lead them to pause before they embark, and prepare for the inconveniences to which they may be exposed. After all, we are of opinion that the inducements overbalance the objections.

The features of less agreeable appearance which the intended *English* settler should contemplate, before he resolves on departure for the Cape, and especially before he enters into any engagements to that end, are not few, and shall here, in part, be severally, though briefly, pointed out.

1. *The Voyage.*—The dangers of a passage, in a crowded ship, across the equator, and to the southward of it, in the summer season, November, December, and January, must not be overlooked.

2. *Climate.*—Something too much has probably been generally said concerning the excellence of the

climate of the Cape of Good Hope, especially in reference to the bodily and mental exertions of Europeans placed under its influence.

3. *Labbur.*—All the labour at present performed in the colony proceeds from persons of colour, either Hottentot servants, or Malay or African slaves. This fact is of importance in an infinity of views.

4. *White Labourers.*—It is by no means certain that European constitutions are physically competent to the performance of bodily labour at the Cape; but, independently on this doubt, there exists more than one moral difficulty in the way. In all agricultural settlements, in all countries where the quantity of land and spontaneous products of nature overbalance the population, bodily labour is in disrepute; in all countries where slavery subsists, bodily labour is in peculiar contempt; at the Cape of Good Hope it is known to be undeniably so. The whites do nothing. Every white man, however poor, and however wretched, prefers the endurance of those evils to labour, and especially to servitude. Thus, a labouring man in England continuing to be a labouring man at the Cape, will find the hardship of his lot considerably aggravated.

5. *Capital.*—The price of labour at the Cape, whether performed by slaves or by free persons, is exceedingly high; a consideration of great importance to the capitalist. If such an one should attempt to remedy the evil, by carrying indented labourers from this country, the circumstances referred to in the preceding paragraph will involve him in endless trouble. The labourers will find, at or soon after their arrival, that they have agreed to what they in no respect understood; they will aspire to be masters; they will despise restraint, and they will prefer living with the Hottentots or Caffres in a state of independence, to living with their brother Europeans in a state of servitude.

6. *Lands.*—Many difficulties will present themselves to capitalists in the obtaining of lands suitable in point of situation, and sufficient in point of extent; difficulties for which the state of the service, and the character of the climate, in England, can in nowise have prepared them: but when, as it is said to be the case, unfortunate and ignorant persons suffer themselves to be indented, in this country, for three or four years' service, at the price of receiving *twenty-five* acres of land at the end of the term, no words can express with sufficient strength the grossness of the imposition. Twenty-five acres of land, in the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, must, in almost every case, be worth nothing at all.

7. *Want of Markets.*—Want of markets, and of means of conveyance to market, form another subject for the serious consideration of the capitalist; and these evils, to whatever cause they may be owing, are confessed to prevail at the Cape of Good Hope. Here, too, it seems proper to observe, that this and other sources of the inaction, and other consequent causes of the addiction to vices, for which the present colonists are so loudly

blamed, will, there is too much reason to fear, be found equally to oppress Englishmen, and ultimately to produce a large share of similarity in the character and conduct of all the settlers, of whatever nation. Let it be added, that, in all similar speculations, the natural fertility of a soil or climate, or the treasures, of any kind, which nature may offer, ought to be accounted for very little, except where they are accompanied by a demand or market.

8. *Language and Manners of the present Colonists.*—The new settlers cannot expect to find their happiness, nor even their undertakings, independent of the present colonists. These are foreigners, who speak their own language, possess their own manners, and profess, with zeal, their own religion. They have overspread the country, tho' thinly; their numbers are fast increasing; they are looking out for lands for their sons and daughters; their interests are opposite to those of the new settlers; they have brought down upon the colony the animosity of two uncivilized nations, and this situation of things enters into the whole composition of their affairs.

9. *Hostility of the Natives.*—That part of the colony of the Cape of Good Hope which, in other respects, must be most eligible for the reception of the English settlers, and to which the views of his Majesty's government (influenced, it is probable, as well by local policy, as by home humanity,) are reported to be turned, is exposed to the ravages of the Caffres on the east, and of the Bosjesmans, or wild Hottentots, on the north.

10. *Government and Laws.*—The Cape has no house of assembly, no freedom of the press, nor any trial by jury; no consent of the governed to laws either of police or of revenue. Though swayed by the British sceptre, it participates neither in the British constitution, nor in the British laws. Some of its laws, the diversity of which from the British is here spoken of, come home to the most ordinary incidents of life, and press for the examination of every individual. The laws of marriage and divorce are of this number. Divorces are obtainable for causes unheard of in this country; and it is open to unprincipled emigrant husbands, having first removed their wives to the Cape, to obtain divorces upon the most unexpected grounds. Thus, in all our views of the Cape—of the construction of its society, as well as of the quality of its soil and climate; of its language, manners, religion, government, and laws; it is a foreign country, and not merely a distant portion of English territory—an English colony, such as the uninformed will doubtlessly esteem it; and, to crown all, this foreign country is the actual theatre of foreign and ferocious wars; wars in the origin of which Englishmen have neither given nor received offence, and in the conclusion of which their hearts are without interest.

11. *Time and Departure from this Country.*—It remains only to take notice of a part of the arrangements of his Majesty's government, concerning which it seems difficult to offer an explanation, and the importance of which, nevertheless, is of the highest order; for if the

Cape really possessed every allurement, and were accompanied by no subject for hesitation, still the proper season of embarkation for it would be entitled to the most serious regard. In a postscript to the printed letter which appears to have been the first circulated from Downing-street, it is said, that, "in order to insure the arrival of the settlers at the Cape at *the beginning of the planting season*, the transports will not leave this country till the month of *November*." Now, the seasons of the year are, at the Cape of Good Hope, the exact opposite of those in England. The English autumn is the Cape spring. The voyage to the Cape is estimated at three months; and ships sailing from this country in the beginning of November, are therefore to be expected to reach the Cape in the beginning of February; that is, at the season of droughts and barrenness, and not at the *planting season*.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Sacred Music. XXV Psalms and Hymns, in Score, with the Voice Parts in their proper Cleffs, and a separate Part for the Organ or Piano-forte immediately under them, composed by William Mather, late Organist of St. Paul's and St. James's Churches, Sheffield. Pr. 7s. 6d.

We have derived no small degree of gratification from this volume of sacred music. The melodies are, with few exceptions, of a superior cast; they combine chaste simplicity with impressive feeling, and frequently exhibit a character of pious solemnity, which shews that the author's pen was guided by zeal and deep emotion. As instances, we might quote safely the greater portion of the psalms contained in Mr. M.'s book, but it will be sufficient to advert to a few that more particularly engrossed our critical notice. The 23d psalm (p. 30), in E major, with its second strain in C♯ minor, possesses features of decided merit; psalm 39 (p. 9), in G minor, psalm 5 (p. 8), and psalm 103 (p. 23), equally claim our favour, and, indeed, many more in the collection. The last hymn (p. 36) we could wish to have been excluded; it is indifferent in more than one respect.

The vocal parts, which consist of soprano, alt, tenor, and bass, are well set in general; their respective melodies flow with ease. The same is the case with the organ-accompaniment, except that the thirds of the fundamental bass appear very frequently doubled in the chords, a practice which a nice ear bears very reluctantly. The price of this work is very moderate, considering its bulk and merit.

"*For thee alone, my Mona dear*," *a favourite Song, sung by Mr. Cogan at the London Concerts; written by Francis Wyman, jun. Esq.; composed, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte*, by G. F. Harris. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Although the ideas of which this song is constituted may not appear of undisputable originality—and how few can boast of that rare dis-

practical—we must do Mr. H. the justice to state, that he has succeeded in devising a very pretty and sweet melody to the text of his poet, and has arranged it in a manner highly satisfactory. The accompaniment, throughout proper and effective, exhibits occasionally features of peculiar taste and neatness; and the symphony, save perhaps the [illegible], which is a little awkward, [illegible] our approbation. In short, the song altogether does [illegible] credit.

"*Oh! how they were the Summer Hours*" *an admired Ballad, sung by Mr. Collyer at the London Concerts, &c.; written by Mr. J. R Planche; composed* by G. F. Harris. Pr. 1s. 6d.

An agreeable ballad, of short compass, perhaps not, in all respect, equal to its companion above noticed, but certainly entitled to our commendation. The melody proceeds in a well-connected flow of ideas, by no means stale or unmeaning; and the accompaniment is set with considerable ingenuity, so as to support the voice adequately, and with varied effect.

Castle Forbes, a favourite Sonata for the Piano-forte, composed by J. Ross, Organist of St. Paul's, Aberdeen. Op. 54. Pr. 3s.

We have frequently had occasion to draw the attention of our readers to the productions of Mr. Ross's Muse: his style is neither original nor lofty, but there is a pleasing vein of unassuming sobriety and correctness in his labour, a well-digested propriety of plan and execution, which make amends for the absence of elevated expression, and profound musical feeling.

In the sonata before us, these observations are fully confirmed. The allegro, in C, is agreeable, quite in the regular sonata style; every thing breathes order; the harmony is pure, the passages are well imagined, and the whole texture is such as to fall within the sphere of very moderate abilities on the piano-forte, especially as the modulations are confined within the range of the dominant, subdominant, seventh, and extreme sixth in one instance. The theme of the andante, in G, has our entire approbation; and equally well are we satisfied with the part in the relative minor key. The rondo, in C major, without exhibiting great pretensions, will be found attractive, and perfectly proper in point of arrangement.

Beauty and the Flower," a Ballad, composed for the Piano-forte and Flute, and most respectfully dedicated (by permission) to her Grace the Duchess of Newcastle, by her very obliged, humble servant, John Crotch. Pr. 1s. 6d.

This ballad presents but scanty claims to critical notice. It is of that neutral, inoffensive kind, which leaves little room for praise or censure. The melody is made up of phrases familiar to every ear, and the harmony puts us in mind of the meagre piano-forte scores to be met with in old Lady's Magazines published in the earlier part of last century.

THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS *from* NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

A LADY OF LIMA.

(From *Letters from Buenos-Ayres and Chili*, just published.)

I WILL give, as well as I am able, a slight sketch of a lady to whom I had the honour of an introduction yesterday: she is a near relation of Cardinal ——, at St. Jago, on a visit from Lima.

She is about the middle size, neither fair nor brown, with black hair, black eyes, and good teeth: her face and features were not striking, but very well for a great lady, who always has it in her power to supply by art the deficiencies of nature. To begin then with her *chemise* (for all the component parts of her dress were distinctly visible): it was of the finest cambric, the bottom of which was trimmed with very broad point lace, of about twenty guineas a yard, but the cambric reached no further than the top of the knee. Silk stockings, of a pale blush, embroidered with small rose-buds of silver: her slippers, or rather sandals, were of silver tissue, embroidered with red rose-buds, banded round the instep and ancle after the Indian manner; but instead of ribbon, they were of pearl and emeralds, and served to display, to the greatest advantage, a beautifully formed foot and ancle. The stockings were fastened at the top with the celebrated Indian garters, which contained a talisman, the value of which is highly rated, as it is supposed to warn the wearers of every good or evil that is to befal them; and no lady, I am told, would be seen in company without them, being considered as the most essential part of their dress. They may be worn either round the leg or the upper part of the arm, and are invariably of one shape; that of a flat garter with springs, but covered with the most costly materials, according to the fortune or caprice of the wearer. The lady's in question were of satin, set on each side with alternate pearls and emeralds: in the centre of each garter was an opening in the form of a lozenge, which contains the talisman. This also was set round with the same costly materials; and it clasped on the outside of the leg with an emerald, from which depended two tassels of Oriental pearls. I must own that this part of the dress pleased me much, as there appeared to be so much real taste displayed in the arrangement of it. A close vest of silver tissue formed the shape, to which was fastened, with pearls, a drapery of point lace, reaching as low as where the cambric ended. This drapery was bordered at the bottom with a fringe about three inches deep, of the same intermixture of jewellery as the sandals. The neck, bosom, and arms were decorated in the same manner with a profusion of pearls; but they had no covering, except a fall of fine point lace from the sleeve of the *chemise*. The hair,

of which the ladies here have a great quantity, was banded and looped with pearls; and on one side was a large bunch of white roses, composed of pearls, with leaves of emeralds. These, together with the happy arrangement of the hair, formed one of the most simple, and at the same time the most pleasing, head-dresses I had ever seen; so that the lady was altogether the most interesting figure I had seen since my arrival in Chili. Besides the soft tone of her voice, with her mild and gentle manners, all bespoke a mind perfectly in unison with the simplicity, yet grandeur and magnificence, of her exterior appearance.

So much for a description of a lady's dress. As it is my first essay, I assure you it will be the last, for I knew not by what names I should describe the different parts: indeed I was obliged to have recourse to the lady's nurse, who has been most kindly communicative, for an explanation. She readily answered all my questions, and entered into a detail of the change of fashions for the last twenty years. With every new ship that arrives at Lima direct from Europe, the dresses of the ladies and gentlemen undergo a revolution, which quickly extends to all the distant provinces; so that the ancient costume of the different states is altogether done away with, or confined to those of the lower order. She said the dresses of both sexes are still carried to an unbounded excess when they assemble in the Grand Place to witness a bull-fight, a procession, or any public spectacle. They are often attended by two or three or more servants, habited in the most costly liveries, one of them charged with the care of a large nosegay, another with an embroidered handkerchief, a third with a parasol, and so on. The latter article is here one of the most expensive of a lady's dress: it is not unusual to have them made of the finest, and most expensive French lace, lined with silk, and edged with gold or silver fringe of prodigious depth; the stick of ivory, mounted with gold or silver, and the ribs not unfrequently set with jewels of great value.

PRICES OF CATTLE, AND THE POWERS OF THE BEZOAR-STONE.

(From *the same*)

For some time after the first settlement of the Spaniards in Chili, a horse was commonly sold for 1000 pieces of eight, and sometimes more. Garcellosa says, so high a value was set upon them in Peru, that a horse could not be had for any price, unless on the death of the owner, or upon his returning to Spain; when horses were sold for 4, 5, and 6000 pieces of eight each. He says, he knew himself a soldier that had an excellent horse and a Negro, going by with him; a gentleman who saw them, sent to offer the soldier 10,000 pieces of eight for the horse and the Negro, which he refused with contempt. But since that time horses have multiplied so prodigiously, that there is not people enough to feed and tend them; therefore many of

them run wild. The cows have also increased so as to cover the fields; and in the vast plains of Tucuman and Buenos-Ayres they are in immense herds feeding without any owner, but those who choose to catch them. I have seen in Chili, in the territory of St. Jago, horses already dressed for war, sold for two crowns apiece, to supply the army; and yet for shape, courage, and good qualities, they yield to no Neapolitan or Andalusian horses I ever saw, from which indeed they are descended, and there is no reason why they should degenerate on such good land.

The cows, which at first were out of all price, I have seen sold for a crown apiece, and the calves for half-a-crown. The sheep are bought in flocks in Cuyo and Tucuman for three-pence and three half-pence a piece. Among the animals proper to the country of Chili, may be considered the sheep, so called by the natives; they are of the shape of camels, but not so big, and without the hunch on the back; they are black, brown, and white, and some grey. Formerly they used to plough the land with them in many places instead of oxen, but they only make use of them now to carry wine, wheat, maize, and other provisions. About thirty years ago, they used to carry water in St. Jago from the fountains or rivers to the houses, but now they are not at all employed in this kind of labour, there being so many mules and asses for all domestic uses. These sheep have their mouths like those with which they spit as it were at those that meet them; and the children, who used to do it, commonly find to their cost when they see they are about to eject their saliva, for wherever it falls on the skin it causes an inflammation; and their neck being nearly three feet long, they can use this kind of arms with considerable effect. Their wool is very highly valued for its delicacy and softness; the handsomest cloaks and mantles that can be imagined are made of it. The drivers regulate their motions by a kind of bridle, passed through holes made in their ears, which, by pulling the reins, governs their movements: they kneel down to be loaded, and when it is well fastened, they rise without bidding, and move on in a very grave, steady pace.

There are likewise natural to Chili, little animals of the rabbit kind, which the Indians call Pegus, and of them they make a very nice kind of soup, of which they are extremely fond: they are wild, and the taking of them affords very good sport. There is another sort of little rabbits, which the Indians call Cuyes, and are tame: they are delicate little creatures, very prettily spotted with various colours, and are seen in great plenty in the houses or yards; sometimes indeed they live in the gardens. The animals called Guanacos (chamois or wild goats) are very like the country sheep, as well in their shape as motions; but they are of a different colour, being of a clear red; and so very wild, that they never can be tamed. They herd in large flocks on the plains of Tucuman and Cuyo, have very long legs, and are so swift of foot, that the best horse cannot overtake them: yet it is easy to kill the young ones, or those that have not been hunted;

because, being so tall, and their bones not yet well set, they are easily tired: so, by following a flock of them on horseback with dogs, the young, unable to keep up with their dams, are easily taken, as they have nothing but their speed to depend upon. These creatures breed, in a bag they have under the belly, the bezoar-stones, so much celebrated for their virtue and admirable qualities in all cases of poison, malignant fevers, and nervous affections. These the animals eat from instinct to cure themselves when bit by any venomous creature, or have eaten of any poisonous herb. These stones are found in the oldest guanacos, and the reason is, that their natural heat not being so strong as that of the young ones, they cannot convert into their substance all the strength of the herb they take to remedy their complaint: nature, therefore, has provided, that what remains shall be deposited in the bag, and there be converted into a substance, capable of administering to the human frame the same cures it does to the animal. The stone is composed of several coats, some thicker, some thinner, according to the quantity of the herbs taken by the animal at a time. It has been constantly observed, that where there are most vipers and other poisonous creatures, these stones are most plentiful; and the cause is manifest, because these animals, and the deer kind, in feeding, traverse over a great space of ground; therefore are the more exposed to the attacks of poisonous animals, which, when trod upon or disturbed, sting severely. When they find themselves hurt by a reptile, they make directly to the remedy, which they never fail to find; and as they have more frequently occasion to seek relief in these herbs, by being more often hurt in the plains of Cuyo and Tucuman than in Chili, it is easily accounted for why these stones should be found in greater quantities there than in any other part where they are accustomed to herd. Another consideration is, that the guanacos delight more in plains than high land; and there are by far more poisonous creatures and herbs in these two provinces, by being so very extensive, and having in summer such very great heats, in which all reptiles delight: but Nature, in her gracious bounty, has scattered every where, with a liberal hand, an immediate antidote for every poison. Were it not, indeed, for such instinct implanted in the animal world, the whole race might become extinct, by the poisons, either animal or vegetable, which they are constantly encountering.

The bigness of these stones is in proportion to the animal that breeds them. The most certain rule is, that if they are small, there are many in the bag, and few if large; and at times, when very large, there is but one. I carried with me to Italy one that weighed thirty-two ounces; but it was not the size that rendered it the more valuable, but its virtues and shape, for it was a perfect oval, as if it had been formed by a turner. The Indian who found it received 70 pieces of eight. When a large stone is found, it is not sold by weight, but according to general estimation, and the bigger they are the greater the price. People of quality will buy

them at any price, for they not only use them in cases of sickness, but make use of them as preventives.

The way of using them is, to put them whole into a vase of wine or water, or into the glass out of which you constantly drink, and the longer they remain in it the more virtue they communicate. This is the general way of using them by those in health; but when attacked by any violent sickness, you should grate off about a small spoonful, and take it in any kind of liquid that may be most agreeable, when it never fails to relieve the patient in all cases of poison in a very short time.

INFLUENCE OF AN INDIAN LADY.

(From *the same*)

HISTORIANS say, that an Indian lady, named Ruloma, was the principal means of procuring for Valdivia a quiet possession of this rich territory. The story is thus related: The Spaniards had advanced as conquerors thus far into the fertile land of Chili, but when arrived at this river, they found a most formidable army of Indians in battle array, covering the opposite shore with their numbers, and determined to oppose the passage of the river. The Spaniards had made several unsuccessful attempts, in all which they had been driven back with great loss, and any other than Valdivia would have relinquished the attempt; but he ordered his men to renew their efforts, when, as they were about to execute them, an Indian lady, of considerable power, came to the governor, and requested him not to think of again forcing the passage: "Stay here," she said, "and go no further; I will put all this province into thy hands, and make thee lord of all thy eyes can discover. I shall go, but stay for my return here, and go not a step farther, nor suffer any of thy soldiers to pass on." The governor promised to obey her command, and pledged himself to shew the kindest treatment to all the Indians that would submit to his God and his king. Thus being assured of peace, the lady alone threw herself into the river, and swam to the opposite shore, which, having reached, she assembled all the chiefs around her, to whom she made a long and very animated speech; which so affected the Indians, that they, one and all, declared themselves ready to accept any terms the Spaniards might think most advisable to propose. With this answer, the famous Ruloma returned to the governor, assuring him of the most peaceable possession he could desire; and all the Indians immediately submitted to him. He accordingly crossed the river in safety, and took possession of the richest country in the world. Here Valdivia immediately founded the city, the Indians aiding him in all things, and giving every thing he desired for its establishment: but this good understanding did not continue long. The governor, however, began to seek for gold, instead of peaceably establishing his city; all his care being to procure the precious metal for Spain, to prove to his majesty the rich country which he had conquered.

THE FATE OF PIZARRO.

(From *the same.*)

ABOUT the time that General Pastene reached Peru, to demand the succours requisite for gaining possession of Chili, he found the whole country in confusion, caused by the ungovernable spirit of Gonçalo Pizarro; so that the parent government wanted relief itself, instead of sending it to the aid of others. It was a serious disappointment to Pastene to find the standard of revolt set up by the man who should of all others have been the last to throw off his allegiance. Pastene was too loyal a subject to join Pizarro's faction: he, therefore, determined to return immediately to Chili, and bring from thence all the force the governor could spare; which intention coming to the knowledge of Pizarro, he, by stratagem, got possession of the ship in which Pastene was to return, and his person into his power, in the hope, that either by promises or threats he might be able to prevail upon him to join his party. But Pizarro quickly found that Pastene was not to be wrought upon either by flattery or threats; and while he was deliberating in what manner to dispose of him now he was in his power, Pastene found means to make his escape, and to recover his ship, when he immediately sailed for Chili, not doubting but that the governor and his principal officers would march directly for Peru, and join the king's forces that had not been seduced by Pizarro. On his arrival at St Jago with this unwelcome news, the governor resolved to go thither in person to assist the king's forces, and take with him the flower of his own. As his lieutenant during his absence, he appointed Captain Francisco de Villagia, a gentleman every way qualified for such an important post, to govern and protect what they had already in that kingdom. He got together what gold he could, and hastened on board with his officers and men, in the same ship, commanded by General Pastene. When they arrived, they found Pizarro's force very considerable, and that he had put to death the Viceroy Blasco Nunes Vela. The arrival of Valdivia, with the force and gold that he brought with him, soon changed the face of affairs, and recalled numbers to the royal standard; so that in a very short time Valdivia's army was in a condition to force Pizarro to battle in the valley of Quiraguana, where he fell, together with the greater part of his associates; when peace and good order were restored, and Valdivia, with a considerable reinforcement, returned to Chili, with a determination of following up his former intended enterprise; but all the troops he brought with him, and the several reinforcements he afterwards received, proved inadequate to enable him to make head against the determined bravery of the Indians, who not only kept them from advancing, but, for six years together, reduced the Spaniards to the greatest extremities of hunger, cold, and nakedness; indeed to every kind of want and

privation: their principal food for a considerable time being rats and mice, and the herbs or roots that grew wild, so that many died for want of adequate sustenance. But still the brave heart of the governor remained invincible; he endured all the hardships in common with his men, still hoping he should finally, succeed. Influenced by these hopes, his ardent mind did not relax from its pursuit while any means were in his power to maintain him in it.

DEGENERATENESS OF THE SPANIARDS.

(From *the same.*)

The acquisition of so much wealth soon made the Spaniards forget the blood which had been spilt to obtain it: they grew proud, arrogant, and tyrannical; they affected to despise the men that were labouring in the mines to procure the treasure for them, and without whom they never could have obtained it. But whilst these poor Indians were busy in searching the bowels of the earth for gold, to gratify the inordinate avarice of their enslavers, they were also employed in thinking how they should recover their lost liberty, and free themselves from the yoke of a subjection which they had never felt before. The Auracanos were unceasingly plotting how they might most securely compass their designs; and at length, after much debate among themselves, they resolved unanimously to rise against the Spaniards, and take their revenge. But before they put this grand design into practice, they began to talk haughtily, like masters of the land (as they truly were), and not like slaves: they quarrelled with one another, and throwing off all respect, went so far as to kill some Spaniards in one of their contests, which was not resented as it ought by the governor, but rather winked at: thus they quickly saw that they might proceed to greater lengths with impunity. They accordingly every day became more insolent, and shortly determined to put in practice what they had long meditated: for which purpose, the Auracanos were every where engaged in calling together their assemblies, to arrange the plans necessary to be adopted effectually to throw off the yoke of slavery in which they were held, and to recover for their children the country of which they had been dispossessed. The grand assembly of the Indians was summoned in a very private and dexterous manner to meet in a plain in the district of the Auracanos, who, at that time, were at peace with the Spaniards. This nation is always regarded as the most penetrating and sagacious of all the Indians, and are accordingly distinguished by the name of Eagles.

They met, according to their custom, to eat and drink at the appointed rendezvous, where, after long debates, it was finally decided unanimously to rise against the Spaniards. This point being settled, the next was to fix on a general in chief, in the choice of which they were long divided, at

[illegible]s, Caupolicon, the bravest soldier and the ablest chief, was unanimously elected: this settled, they all swore obedience to his orders. They then examined each chief in turn, to see what force he could bring into the field, when the following caciques presented their reports: The first in age and experience, and a most violent enemy of the Spaniards, could bring 3000 soldiers, nearly all veterans; his name was Tucapel. Angol, the next chief, a brave man, could bring 4000; Cayocupil 3000, whom he led from the Cordilleras, as hardy as the rocks they came from, and capable of enduring any fatigue. Millarapue, an old man of great wisdom, brought 5000; Purcara 3000; Lemolmo 6000; Maraguanno, Guelemo, and Leucasie, each 3000. The robust Eduira, considered as one of the strongest men, brought 6000; Ongolmo 4000; Pueren 6000; Lincoyen, who was of the stature of a giant, 7000; Beteguelen, lord of the valley of Arauco, from whence the whole took their name, 6000; and the ancient and chief of all with as many more. The troops of Caupolicon, Thome, and Andresico were to remain to [illegible] as occasion might require. This [illegible]ing business being over, they found by their general muster, that their force was more than sufficient, in their opinion, to effect all upon they desired, and therefore they determined to commence hostilities without delay.

The Spaniards had three castles for their security between the city of the Conception and Valdivia, and one of them was near the post where the Indian assembly was held. This castle the Indians proposed to attack immediately, but their general forbade it, in order to do it with more dexterity and safety. He commanded Pelco, who performed the place of adjutant-general, to pick him out fourscore soldiers of the most reputed bravery, and such as were least known to the Spaniards and the Indians their friends: these he put under the conduct of two very brave men, Cayaguano and Alcatipay. The Araucans, though in peace with the Spaniards, were not permitted to enter the castle, except such as served the Spaniards; these daily entered with loads of grass, wood, and other necessaries for the garrison. Caupolicon ordered the fourscore men to feign themselves to be servants in the garrison, and to take with them the usual loads to the castle, and to conceal their arms in the grass or other burdens. On their entrance, they were not to answer if spoke to by the guard, each was to counterfeit lameness, weariness, and overfatigue. These men performed their parts to admiration, and were all let in without the smallest suspicion, which was no sooner accomplished, than, agreeably to the instructions they had received, they threw down their loads, took their arms, and fell upon the guard with all the fury of enraged lovers, and before the garrison could recover from their surprise at such a daring assault, several of the Spaniards were killed or wounded. But the moment the Spaniards recovered themselves, a smart conflict ensued: in return, some of the Indian party were killed. The others, as was concerted, immediately retreated, in order to draw out the

garrison in pursuit, that Caupolicon, with his army, might cut them off. The Spaniards, as expected, followed, and were met at no great distance by the advance of the Indian army. When the Spaniards saw them, they precipitately retreated to their fort, to which Caupolicon immediately laid siege, and during two days' close engagement, he killed the greater part of the garrison: the few that remained alive, on the third night effected their escape, and fled to the town of Paren. The news of this invasion soon reached the Conception, where the governor then was, and he was instantly informed of the revolt; but instead of immediately sending troops to the assistance of Paren, he staid to erect a [illegible] mines, in which Herrera [illegible] had not less than 50,000 [illegible] digging for gold for him.

[We shall next month supply some further specimens of this very amusing work.]

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 29.—WALKING DRESS.

A LEMON-COLOURED pelisse of shagreen *gros de Naples*, or double twilled sarsnet. This pelisse is of a peculiarly novel and elegant fashion, being trimmed round the border with two narrow fanton full flounces, headed by a [illegible] of white satin, which gives a splendid finish to the dress, and renders it more adapted to the carriage or public promenade: the collar and wrists of the sleeves are trimmed to correspond with the border. Large bonnet of white plaited gossamer satin, edged with two rows of blond, of a new pattern, and ornamented with a half-wreath of [illegible]. Double morning ruff of [illegible] Mechlin lace. Marian [illegible] ridicule, and [illegible] gloves.

PLATE 30.—PRIVATE CONCERT COSTUME.

Round dress of white [illegible] over white satin, with full short sleeves of the same materials. The dress is most superbly finished at the border by a rich embossment of satin and chenille. The bust is elegantly displayed with a beautiful falling tucker of fine broad lace; round the shoulders, less exposed than for these several months past, are interlaced by a double Valois [illegible]. Fancy diadem head-dress of [illegible] forming a *coeffure* of the most elegant and novel kind, [illegible] ornaments of which the [illegible] fronds or [illegible] of the [illegible] and a beau[illegible]-tinted roses. [illegible] shape of a cross, [illegible] *Grecque*, and [illegible] are the proper appendages to this costume. The shoes are of white satin, or of shagreen *gros de Naples*, and the gloves of white kid.

For both these dresses we are indebted to Miss Pierpoint, No. 9, Henrietta-street, Covent-Garden, inventor of the *corset à la Grecque*.



MR. EDITOR,

SIR,

A SHORT time since we distributed specimens of our celebrated LACE, for which we have obtained his MAJESTY'S ROYAL LETTERS PATENT From its intrinsic merits, it met with the most distinguished personal encouragement from her late MAJESTY, who, on the 23d July, 1817, affixed her royal signature to a special warrant, entering us as Lace-Manufacturers to her Majesty upon the list of the Household: other branches of the Royal Family, and a great number of the most distinguished Nobility, have given us marks as unequivocal of their approbation and patronage. From this liberal encouragement, we presume now to inclose you specimens of our PATENT THREAD, of which our Lace is fabricated, for comparison with the rough and fibrous Cotton Thread used in manufacturing every other description of British Lace, and to state, that we have OPENED the House as below for the RETAIL Disposal of our Manufactures, of which we have a most elegant and extensive Assortment, comprising *Figured and Plain Nets, Quillings, Dresses, Scarfs, Veils, Handkerchiefs, Laces, Honiton Flowers, Brussels Sprigs*, and every other description of Lace whatsoever

It is scarcely necessary here to descant upon the peculiar beauties and excellences of our Manufacture (in some points rising superior to the most valuable Foreign Lace), as its exquisite clearness and transparency, its beautiful colour and durability (all of which it retains after repeated washing), are well known and justly appreciated by all who have worn the Genuine Article: the difference in the inclosed washed specimens will be very perceptible on holding them up to the light. But we feel it a duty we owe to our numerous Friends and the Public, and to our own reputation, to depart from our original intention of vending our Lace by Wholesale only; for it is notorious, that the Retailers have acted towards us in a most unworthy manner, by imposing upon Purchasers the common, tough, and fibrous kinds of Lace (concealing their defects, and making them appear tolerably clear before they are washed, by starching, &c) as URLING's Real Manufacture; and have even descended so far, as to take the seals off our Laces to affix to those spurious and inferior articles.

As numerous Ladies, of the first rank and fashion, who have honoured us with calls at our late Wholesale Warehouse, 143 Cheapside (from whence they were universally referred to the Retail Houses), have been thus unhandsomely treated, they will see the necessity of applying to the Patentees direct, that they may depend upon having the article genuine, and of course much cheaper from the Manufactory than if subjected to the Retailer's profit, as we have determined upon charging the Wholesale Prices, for immediate payment, to all who may favour us with their commands; at once rendering our House the most distinguished in Town in point of ch[illegible] the superiority of its productions.

[illegible] have the honour to be, Sir,

Your respectful and obedient Servants,

RETAIL LACE-HOUSE, GEO. FRED. URLING & Co

392, STRAND, *opposite Cecil-street*, Patentees.

(From 143, Cheapside,)

Oct. 20, 1819.

N B. Ladies may view the highly curious and interesting process of preparing Lace-Thread by our Patent Machinery, from five o'clock in the evening till nine Parties leaving their cards in the morning will avoid disappointment.

As many Ladies of distinction have been much pleased with the effect of the patent operation upon parcels of old and discoloured Lace sent by them to be bleached and improved, we shall be happy to accommodate any of our friends by receiving Lace of every description, whether Foreign or British, which they may wish to have made a beautiful colour, and rendered perfectly clear and transparent.

The Patent Sewing Thread, &c. may also be obtained

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Winter now having given notice of asserting his dominion, after a summer of peculiar brilliancy, and indeed of prolonged duration, we find the British fair beginning to cast aside the silken scarf, worn more for drapery than warmth, for the closely folding spencer, and yet more enveloping pelisse. The twilled sarsnet gives place to the *gros de Naples;* an article adapted either to summer or winter wear, but certainly warmer than sarsnet, particularly the improved figured *gros de Naples*, called the shagreen, which is richly spotted in figures as small as the skin from whence it takes its name.

We have noticed some pelisses made of the new Glasgow silk, but we do not much admire them; the material is of too hard a nature for out-door costume in the present season: yet, for dresses for matronly ladies during the months of December and January, they will, no doubt, be very prevalent. At present, the beautiful tabinet triumphs [illegible] for the [illegible] long [illegible]

The [illegible] pelisse given in our print for [illegible] dress, is both *unique* and elegant, and promises to be much in favour as a carriage or out-door covering. Fine kerseymere or Merino cloth it is expected will be more general for this promenade; and the furriers are preparing some costly and novel furs for these envelopes, rendering them at the same time both ornamental and comfortable. Spencers of *gros de Naples* or satin are at present very prevalent; and the cachemire shawl begins to be closely wrapped round the female form. Opera cloaks we imagine will now be confined to the theatres, or as mere wraps on departing from the crowded evening rout. They were so very common last winter, that they are not likely to appear again as a promenade dress on any of those ladies who rank amongst the members composing the fashionable world.

Muffs have already made their appearance: they are, at present, of swansdown; they, therefore, do not affright us by their wintry appearance. The grey squirrel, the sable, and the ounce, as the cold sets in, will, no doubt, succeed to the delicate cygnet.

Bonnets are still worn enormously large; many attempts have been made to curtail their size, but in vain; even the hat *à la bergère*, simple, elegant, and becoming to every youthful face, has lost much of its attraction by its increased size, which gives to it the slouch-like appearance of the white hat of Pierrot the clown. Yet every elegance is adopted in the ornaments of these large head-coverings, and much depends on the manner of putting the bonnets on, to render them becoming. Every auxiliary of fine blond, beautiful plumage, and variegated flowers, adorns them: the bonnets themselves are chiefly of satin, white or coloured, *gros de Naples*, fine Leghorn, and cotton straw. Those that are ornamented with plumes of feathers are entirely confined to the carriage. Highland caps, it is expected, will be much worn this winter.

Dresses of white muslin are on the decline, except that cambric

yet prevails as a *déjeuné* dress, and clear India muslin continues to be worn by very youthful ladies for half dress: but figured poplins, *gros de Naples*, both plain and figured, with a light gossamer kind of satin, are most in requisition for evening parties; while for the concert or ball, the younger votaries of fashion adopt the full-trimmed frock of fine net or gauze over sarsnet, *gros de Naples*, or satin slips.

The favourite morning head-dress is the Mary Stuart cap, of white net and satin, without any ornament. For half-dress, the Indian turban claims a pre-eminent rank: it is reckoned most elegant when formed of the white Bengal silk, in a beautiful pattern of squares of white satin on a delicate Indian ground; a superb border of the Persian full-blown rose runs round it; and this turban, when pinned up by the hands of a tasteful priestess of the toilette, appears, by the ingenious disposal of the border, as if encircled by wreaths of roses with their verdant foliage. When the head is full-dressed, the fancy open coronet turbans are most in favour, which partially discover the exuberance of a fine head of hair, and give at the same time the most finished appearance to grand costume.

Pearls form a favourite article in jewellery, and though pale colours yet continue in favour, we expect to see them soon succeeded by the more rich, as well as the more sombre, hues of winter.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

EARLY in December will be published, superbly printed in atlas 4to. *An Essay on Man*, by Alexander Pope: illustrated with designs by Uwins, which are engraved in the first style of the art, and in the line manner, by Charles Heath, Rhodes, Scott, and Warren; and a full-length portrait of the author, engraved by Robinson, from the original by Jervas, in the possession of George Watson Taylor, Esq. M. P. The illustrations of this edition, which is necessarily limited to 200 copies, are all on India paper, and are the only proofs taken off previous to the insertion of the writing; the subsequent impressions of the plates being intended as embellishments to a foreign translation of the work.

The admirers of Shakspeare will be glad to learn, that the very scarce and admirable *Essay on the Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff*, by the late Maurice Morgann, Esq. formerly Under-Secretary of State, is reprinting in 8vo. with a biographical and critical preface.

In a few days will be published, *A Letter on Superstition*, by the Right Hon. W. Pitt (afterwards Earl of Chatham), first printed in 1733: addressed to the multifarious sects of the British empire.

The Emigrant's True Guide to the British Settlements in Upper Canada is nearly ready: it contains the best advice and directions respecting the voyage to Montreal, and mode of travelling and conveyance

up the country; with an itinerary of the distances, and an account of the Falls of Niagara: to which is added, an account of the settlement on the banks of the Lake Erie, called London, with some original letters by a Lancastrian farmer now resident there: with prefatory remarks on emigration, proving the superiority of the British Canadas to the Cape of Good Hope, &c.

The author of Affection's Gift, &c. &c. has nearly ready, *Letters on History*, part II. Profane.

A Systematic Analysis of Universal History, from the Creation to the present Time, is in the press. It presents a compendium of History, Chronology, Geography, and Genealogy: wherein is exhibited a general view of every country, kingdom, empire, and state, of which any records remain, under the various heads of geographical situation, extent, boundaries, and divisions; natural history and curiosities; original inhabitants and modern population; manners, customs, laws, and government; sovereigns and distinguished characters; religion, language, literature, arts, and commerce: methodically arranged, and illustrated with explanatory and critical remarks; tables of comparative chronology, and geographical maps, ancient and modern; historical charts and engravings, and accurate genealogical tables of all the illustrious families of ancient and modern times. To it is prefixed, an introductory essay on the nature, definitions, and classifications of history and chronology, and the systems of various writers. By Jehoshaphat Aspin, professor of history, &c. To be comprised in four or five 4to. volumes, the first of which is now printed, and the remainder of the work is in a great degree of forwardness. No other work on universal history will be found equal to the above, combining at once brevity and perspicuity: yet it embraces a complete course of political, military, and ecclesiastical history; where every one may discover somewhat to amuse and instruct, whatever may be the peculiar bias of his genius, or the nature of his pursuits.

Historical, Military, and Picturesque Observations on Portugal is in the press. It comprises the military and political account of that country, from the earliest period down to the present time; with many curious documents and French papers, never hitherto published; also the author's military reconnoissance, the local history, and picturesque observations: embellished with views, selected for the purpose of conveying as much military information as possible. By George Landmann, lieutenant-colonel in the corps of royal engineers, lieutenant-colonel in the same corps in the service of Spain, with brevet rank of colonel. Elegantly printed in two volumes imperial 4to. illustrated by numerous coloured views, and authentic plans of all the sieges and battles fought in the Peninsula during the late war.

An Elementary Treatise on Astronomy, or *an easy Introduction to a Knowledge of the Heavens*; intended for the use of those who are not much conversant in mathematical studies, by the Rev. A. Mylne, A. M. minister of Dollar; with plates, in one volume 8vo. will appear without delay.

Poetry.

THE WANDERER.

By I M Lacey

'Mid weary wilds the wand'rer rov'd,
Through scenes unknown his footsteps bending,
Far off was she he truly lov'd,
That spot alone his fond fears ending

Fatigue and danger daunted not,
Onward he sped through pain or pleasure,
Till fortune kindly shew'd the spot
Where liv'd his love—his dearest treasure

Then rests the wand'rer from his toil,
He soon forgets his ev'ry trouble,
One true affection breathing smile
Dispels each doubt, makes pleasure double

With satisfaction on his brow,
And peace within his placid bosom,
He finds delight's best comforts now—
Oh! may the wand'rer never lose 'em!

LINES

Addressed to Mrs H--cc--t, *at* B--nt--n, *near* F——

"The poet's lay to beauty due,"
Formerly address'd to you
Ray Ackermann's Repository,
Where ye the Fashions have before ye,
I now for your perusal send,
A present from your faithful friend.
In this gay Magazine of Arts
Ye have from France and foreign parts,
Adventures strange and stories tragic,
Astonishing like feats of magic,
Ye've also Sentimental Travels,
And Eastern tales which Love unravels
In Poesy ye've there a tale
Descriptive of sweet Lurga's vale:
In that sweet vale in youth ye sported,
By all the Loves and Graces courted,
In that sweet vale, though not fifteen,
Ye were admir'd like beauty's queen;
And when to years maturer grown,
Each beauty more refulgent shone;
Each beauty, both of form and mind,
Grace, wit, and sense, and taste refin'd
Then all admir'd, and those who knew
How to appreciate, felt for you
The glow of friendship thrill the heart,
Which such charms only could impart
Then many a captive lovelorn swain,
Oh, lady! gloried in your chain;
One out of forty-nine am I,
Your faithful friend,

Glascow — John Carne-gy

On seeing a Monument by Chantrey *to the Memory of two Sisters, intended for erection in Litchfield Cathedral*

Who would not have a heart to pity true,
That says to sorrow, "I've a tear for you?"
Oh! who would lose the charm, when, hear-revealing,
The sigh comes up in ecstasy of feeling?
I would not Let the Stoic boast his soul
Hard as the hidden rocks o'er which the tempests roll,
But far more pleased am I, that mine should be
Link'd in the tender chain of sympathy
Thus, Chantrey, as I gaze upon the bed
Where youth'ful charms in death's cold arms are laid,
Such is the grace that art like thine can give,
That the young beauties almost seem to live,
And as they look just breathing into bliss,
Like beings of a better world than this,
I feel the gladsome grief, the tender woe,
The charm that vulgar mirth can ne'er bestow,
And as the warm blood gushes round my heart,
I turn aside, but cannot dare to part,
But look once more with rapture-glistening eye,
And then "No sooner blown than blasted" sigh.
And how does art such magic influence hold,
That when the tale of sympathy is told
The warm heart thrills?—'Tis that, with feeling twined,
It owns an echo in the musing mind,
Which glancing back to scenes awhile gone by,
Demands a treasur'd tear from memory

J Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.

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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. VIII. DECEMBER 1, 1819. No. XLVIII.

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L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, *will be acceptable.*

We are sorry that want of room in the present Number, obliges us to omit some curious extracts from Mr. Curtis's valuable work on the Physiology and Diseases of the Ear. *They shall not fail to appear in our next.*

The Tale from the German is received, and will be commenced in our next Number.

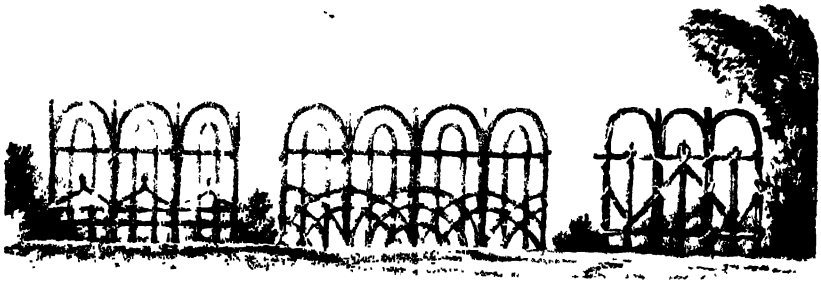
The Correspondence of the Adviser, *and other articles from the same source, are requested as early as convenient.*

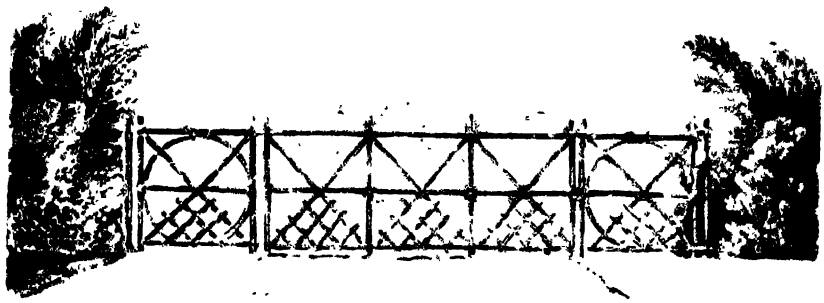
We thank D. W—— r *for his obliging favour.* Antiquarius *probably in our next.*

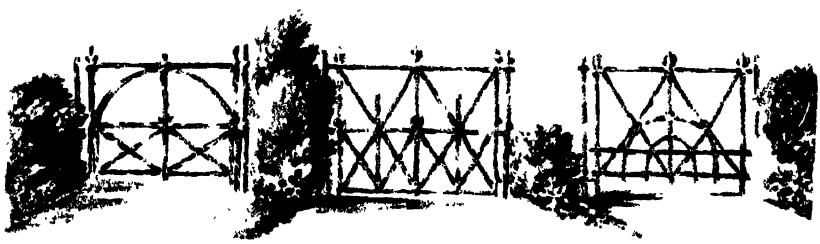
We have inserted the article On good and bad Fairies; *but we request the author, if he have any further remarks to offer, not to make them so exclusively local to North Britain.*

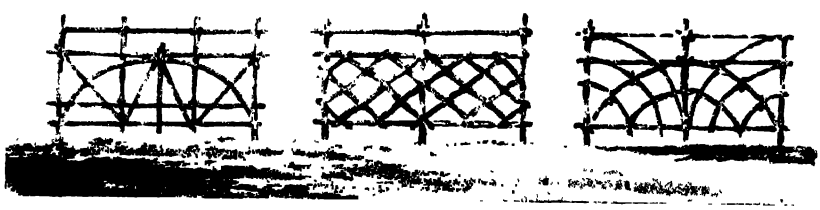
P. S. *and* Sir Henry H——, *with several other articles, are under consideration.*

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 16s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No 21, Sherborne-Lane, to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 10s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.









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HINTS ON ORNAMENTAL GARDENING.

(Continued from p. 249.)

PLATE 33.—COPPICE-WOOD FENCES, GATES, AND HURDLES.

THE uses to which the produce of coppices is applicable, and by which they become valuable property, make a part of the present subject, no further than they are subservient to garden-embellishments: to this purpose, the common thinnings of coppices, and even of our plantations, may be applied.

The annexed designs exhibit the forms in which the hazel, the sallow, and the ash could be tastefully used.

The first design represents three fences of unbarked wood, fastened together by thongs stripped from other branches, and the uprights made firm by insertion into the ground.

The second design is also for a fence, of the same materials, with a gate at each extremity: the forms may be infinitely varied, without difficulty, by any tasteful imagination.

The third line consists of three designs for garden-fence gates, and the fourth line of hurdles, or short and portable fences, which, when many are put together in the manner of sheepfolds, sufficiently protect from ordinary injuries.

Fences of this description may be made by the gardener, in which he may also construct alcoves, avenues, espaliers, and garden-seats of corresponding character.

It will be understood that these means are not proper as exterior inclosures, unless for small ornamental cottages, which have also the protection of an embankment and hollow in the manner of a sunk fence: in this way they become very ornamental. Similar materials may be used as basket-work fences to shrubberies, and upon a smaller scale, to flower-beds and borders.

MISCELLANIES.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

Mr. ADVISER,

ALTHOUGH I neither like your name nor your occupation (for I hate to be advised by any body), yet from what I have seen of your writings, I am inclined to think I shall find you a good-natured, sensible man, without much of the severity which your name and occupation would indicate: I therefore take the liberty of soliciting your directions in a case of peculiar hardship. I doubt if any of your numerous correspondents have laid before you so strong a claim as that which I shall now endeavour to enforce.

I am between sixteen and seventeen years old, and (would you believe it?) my parents still keep me under the trammels of a schoolmistress. I have arrived at the age of womanhood, have reached that period at which many of my sex have been married, and yet I am compelled to submit to the discipline and dictation of an old maid, who has taken upon herself the instruction of "a limited number of young ladies." And here, Mr. Adviser, let me ask, for what reason it is, that while young men of an age corresponding with my own are sent to college, and allowed to do just as they please—to hunt, to shoot, to gamble, and, in short, to do any thing but read, our poor sex, by an invidious and useless distinction, is made to endure the very opposite of their condition? This is a question I dare say often asked, but I am sure never satisfactorily answered. Not that I wish female colleges to be established; that might not be possible; but the school where I am placed is much more like a monastery, surrounded with high walls, and without a single window looking out into the public road. True it is, we are allowed the recreation of going to church every Sunday; but we are always marched like a file of deserters, guarded before and behind, for the teachers lead the van, and Miss Tabbycat brings up the rear.

Why, I again ask, is this invidious distinction kept up? Have women no sense, no understanding, no discretion, no knowledge of the world, no prudence, no foresight—in short, none of the common attributes of men? I have been taught Italian, Mr. Adviser; and though they are very particular about the books we read, I have now and then stolen a peep into Ariosto at a friend's, and the last time I opened *Orlando Furioso*, I met with the following lines:

"Se un medesimo ardor, se un desir pare
Inchina, e sforsa l'uno e l'altro sesso
A quel soave fin d'amor, che pare
All' ignorante volgo un grave eccesso
Perche si de' punir donna, o biasmare."

I will not set down the rest of the stanza, though I have it on my memory, because I believe it is not quite proper; but I know that, in another place, the same Italian poet praises women for their talent and ingenuity, as well as for their considerate prudence.

But the principal part of my

grief, and indeed the reason why I lay my case before you, is hinted at in the quotation I have made. You must be informed, Mr. Adviser, that round our pew at church is a high green damask curtain, which is intended to screen us from the observation of the young men; but age and the moth have so vigorously attacked it in some places, that holes have been made in it as large as nearly half a face, and through them we have now and then got a peep at some of the congregation.

One Sunday it was my fate to catch the eye of a young man of very genteel appearance, and I am sure you would admit him to be handsome. We blushed at the same moment, and held down our heads, but only to raise them again to renew the look and the mutual suffusion. On the next Sunday he was there again, and had obtained a seat so close to that where we were deposited by Miss Tabbycat, that his breathing almost waved the heavy moth-eaten curtain, and we had a full opportunity of more narrowly surveying each other. In the course of the service, while my hand was carelessly resting on the top of the pew, he slipped a small billet into it, signed with his name, and expressing the most ardent and constant attachment. He turned out to be the son of one of the wealthiest gentlemen in the neighbourhood. Whether this circumstance was seen by Miss Tabbycat, or by any of her myrmidons, through other holes in the curtain, I do not know; but on the following Sunday I was not allowed to sit in the same seat, or at least I saw that Miss Tabbycat studiously took it herself; while my *Orlando Innamorato* occupied the place he had filled in the preceding Sunday, and in his unwillingness to appear too curious as to where I was placed, did not seem to perceive the alteration. To complete my misfortune, Miss Tabbycat wore gloves of precisely the same colour as those I had on the Sunday before. I should also mention, that she took some pains to draw the curtain on the wire from which it is suspended, so that the hole through which we previously had peeped at each other was removed to a distance.

During service she also leaned her hand upon the edge of the pew, and as I kept my eye upon her, I saw her withdraw it, and slip something white into her pocket. It went to my heart, for I guessed what it was, and I was so near fainting that I was obliged to leave the church.

When Miss Tabbycat returned home, I, who expected nothing but frowns and punishment, was surprised at the extreme complacency and self-satisfaction of her countenance. She really smiled, as if she thought her smile engaging, and immediately went up to her dressing-room. In about an hour she returned, and, what was extremely unusual, went out alone, and dressed in the finest clothes she could put on. We were all thunderstruck, but at last a sort of foreboding came across me of what was the real fact.

She had taken the note which my Orlando had put into her hand, and without looking at the outside, read all the fine compliments which were intended for me, and which

she appropriated to herself, without being at all aware, that she was no more like a beauty, than the rattle of an old tin kettle is like music. The billet asked an interview, which she accepted at the time when we saw her go out dressed in all her finery. She was not long gone, and the change in her appearance was awful. I never shall forget the look with which she ordered me to my chamber, where I have been kept ever since. Indeed, I have been even debarred the use of pen, ink, and paper; and it is only by stealth, and by the aid of a treacherous domestic, that I have been able to obtain them, to make you acquainted with the foregoing particulars.

The worst part of the story, however, is, that my lover is not yet aware that his note has fallen into the hands of the enemy, and I much fear he suspects that I have betrayed him, and sent out the dragon of our Hesperides to encounter him, and drive him away. All this occurred three weeks ago, and I have not been allowed to stir out since, even to go to church. My parents have been written to, and they perfectly approve of the conduct Miss Tabbycat has pursued; and for aught I know, I am condemned to perpetual imprisonment for one of the most venial offences ever committed, or indeed, if Ariosto and many others are believed, no offence at all.

What then am I to do? That is a question I wish you very much to answer, and I assure you that I will implicitly obey your directions. I have heard my papa talk a great deal of the *habeas corpus act*, to prevent persons from being unjustly confined; and may not that be applicable to my distressing condition? Do give me some consoling advice under these circumstances, and assist me all you can, and depend upon it, if you say my conduct has been imprudent towards my *Orlando Innamorato*, who may by this time have become *Furioso*, I will never be guilty of it in future.

Yours very anxiously,

CAROLINE C——.

P. S. My father's address is, Edward C——, Esq. ——; so that if you think proper, you may write to him upon the subject.

I shall take time to consider how far it will be fit for me to comply with the young lady's suggestion about writing to her father. I think her case a hard one, and at the same time one which cannot easily be relieved without parental interference. Most likely Miss Tabbycat, enraged at her own disappointment, has represented the case in the worst possible light, and for this reason I am rather inclined to give the real facts in their true colours to Mr. Edward C——. At the same time, he may not choose to answer my letter, and may call it an impertinent interference; and then the situation of his daughter will be perhaps still more deplorable. I received the preceding letter only late last night, so that I really have not had time to make up my mind on so important a subject. In the mean while, I recommend my fair correspondent to be patient, and to endeavour to make herself contented. I presume she is not debarred the use of books, but Ariosto is not an author I should recommend.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

No. II.

LE MONT DE PIÉTÉ.

The task I have imposed upon myself, of offering to my readers a sketch of the manners of the Parisians, has induced me to frequent most of the public edifices of this vast capital, the finest city in Europe, perhaps in the world. I cannot now pass by the most insignificant monument without endeavouring to become acquainted with the reasons for its erection, the history of which is told by every one in his own way, and which he considers as alone worthy of credit. The ignorance of the greater proportion of the Parisians in this respect is really astonishing. A provincial never thinks of returning to his native place, without having seen every thing remarkable or curious in the capital, without having visited our theatres and public walks, and taken memoranda of those great men to whom his good fortune has introduced him; whilst, on the contrary, many a rich Parisian citizen, devoted to his mercantile affairs and daily occupations, knows little more of Paris than the quarter where his warehouses are situated, and the street leading to the barrier nearest his residence.

I met last winter at the house of one of the foreign ambassadors a young man from the suburbs of Nantes, who was spending some months at Paris. Rich, amiable, and endowed with excellent abilities, he amused himself in a singular way during his stay in the capital: with the aid of his pencil, he had laid up an ample store to assist his memory, and had sketched not only such buildings as excited his admiration, but also the portraits of those men who were distinguished beyond their fellow-citizens by a celebrity, nobly or infamously acquired. That very evening he had taken likenesses of many who were little aware of his occupation, and enriched his collection with half a dozen heads, which would have done credit to Callot.

Many of my readers, doubtless, are only acquainted by hearsay with the existence of such a place as Le Mont de Piété; at any rate, they know only that this useful establishment is one of those imperishable monuments of the beneficent spirit of the unfortunate Louis XVI. which still remain. During his reign he erected, in the street Des Blancs Manteaux, not far from the convent the name of which it bears, a spacious building, destined to the purpose of receiving pledges for the loan of small sums of money. Even I was ignorant of the details of this institution. Chance furnished me with that information which necessity has forced upon so many others.

Passing through the street Des Blancs Manteaux, I stopped opposite the Mont de Piété, and was busily examining that immense edifice, the resource of so many unfortunate wretches, when, on turning round, some one ran against me. It was Dorneval. He appeared surprised at meeting me, and

his embarrassment increased when, casting my eyes on a box which he carried under his arm, I asked him, almost mechanically, whither he was bending his course. "With any one else," replied he, colouring a little, "I should elude that question. There are some secrets which we are all willing should remain such; but with you, my dear sir, I shall not use any disguise. I want money, and I am going to procure some."—"I understand."—"A lawsuit to follow up, unavoidable delays in the receipt of my rents, the bankruptcy of ——, by which I have lost considerably, have caused me a temporary embarrassment."—"Why do you not have recourse to your friends?"—"Because I have no wish to lose them. I am convinced, from experience, that it is difficult enough to keep those we have; and applications for money made out of season, are often inevitably the cause of dissatisfaction and enmity. Money is so scarce, that those friends who are most liberal in their offers of service, are frequently so unfortunate as to be without any on the unlucky day when you take them at their word, and I do not wish to expose mine to the dilemma of refusing me. I always, thank God, have in reserve at home some pieces of plate and a few old diamonds, which were part of my mother's fortune, and to which I can always have recourse on critical occasions like the present. They save me too the unpleasant necessity of revealing my distresses, and of making confidants. I take my little store under my arm, deposit it incognito at Le Mont de Piété; no one is the wiser; no one has acquired a knowledge of my affairs, and a right to offer impertinent reproaches or unseasonable advice. My friends, ignorant of the state of my pocket, receive me with pleasure as one who is in no need of their assistance. Nothing impugns the friendship they have so often vowed to me; and, thanks to this wise precaution, I have the double advantage of instantly providing myself with the sum of which I stand in need, and of retaining the friendship I might otherwise have lost."

I gave Dorneval all due praise for his prudence; and chance having thus made me his confidant, I requested permission to accompany him, in order to initiate myself perfectly into the details of an establishment I had hitherto known only by name.

We stopped to speak with the *concierge*, who was giving audience to several people desirous of avoiding the trouble of appearing at the office for the receipt of the pledges. He received their thanks, expressed in a substantial manner, and requested their attendance the next day to receive their redeemed articles. His wife was busied in delivering those which had been redeemed the day before. The small voluntary remuneration given by those who have recourse to the intermission of the *concierge*, forms no small addition to his salary; indeed the situation of the assistant is far better than that of his principals.

Whilst he carried the box of Dorneval to the first division appropriated to the reception of diamonds and other jewels, my friend proposed to take a walk over the interior. After passing through some long passages, we entered a

large hall, in which about two hundred persons were waiting their turns. The greater number were the wives of workmen or artisans, who, previously informed of, or perhaps already *au fait* to the custom of the house, had brought their work with them: one was sewing, another knitting, all talking till their numbers were respectively called out. A woman, selling biscuits, cakes, and fruit, was, by permission of the administrators, walking through the different apartments, offering her commodities, and endeavouring to restrain their impatience by tempting their appetites. A young woman, suckling her child, attracted our attention: her dress did not denote poverty, but her whole appearance bore the marks of misfortune and grief. A small packet of white linen was by her side. Dorneval, moved by her youth, approached her, and in a tone which expressed compassion, inquired what misfortune had compelled her to have recourse to the Mont de Piété. Her husband had been run over some days before by a carriage, which had broken his leg, and he had been ever since confined to his bed, without receiving the least assistance from the unfeeling authors of his accident. His young wife, unable to endure the thought of her husband going to the hospital, had, by degrees, disposed of all her scanty wardrobe for his support. Dorneval gave me a supplicating look, and, as if to set me the example, he took from his pocket a five-franc piece, and put it into the poor creature's hand. I followed his example. She could only thank us with her tears.

"Oh, gemini!" loudly exclaimed a fat old woman in a large bonnet, "if that is not the kind-hearted M. Dorneval—always the same." The exclamation proceeded from Mrs. Jamin, Dorneval's housekeeper, a very respectable old lady. My friend was quite astonished to meet her there. "Don't be surprised," continued she, lowering her voice; "I am certain that Nos. 14, 17, 40, 51, and 84, will come up prizes in the Lyons lottery. I would rather go without bread than let those numbers escape me; but if you see my good man, don't tell him you found me here, because he does not know that I have taken his best great-coat to put in pledge." We quitted the hall, and the first person who presented himself to our observation in the next room was M. Jamin himself. Dorneval beckoned to him, and the good husband informed us, under a promise of secrecy, that the day after to-morrow was St. Helena's day, the patroness-saint of Mrs. Jamin, and that he never omitted to celebrate that day by a little entertainment. To defray the expenses of this *fête*, he had stolen his wife's cloak and velvet pelisse out of her drawers, and brought them in person to the Mont de Piété.

How impatient every body seemed! They were all complaining bitterly of the loss of time to which they were subjected, and which actually made an enormous increase to the interest they paid for their little loans. I peeped through a side door, which stood ajar, and saw that it opened into a private room, in the middle of which, round a table, were seated several gentlemen, whom Dorneval sup-

posed to be the commissioners for the pledges. They were solacing themselves from the fatigues of their situations with a superb breakfast, given to a new colleague.—Bourdeaux and champagne were employed plentifully in moistening their parched throats; the carpet was strewed with oyster-shells, and the table covered with remnants of fowls, game, &c. Time passes so rapidly at table, that these gentlemen had doubtless forgotten that above five hundred persons, the greater portion of whom had probably not yet breakfasted, were waiting for them in the adjoining rooms. At length they rose from table—to take coffee. Patience!

I thought, if I was not mistaken, I perceived my watchmaker in the middle of one of the groups. "What can he want here?"—"Perhaps to redeem the watch you have given him to mend."—"Indeed!"—"It is thus that many tradesmen act in pressing emergencies; they pledge the articles entrusted to them. Look at that tailor, covering with a handkerchief those two pieces of blue cloth, which he has just taken out of pawn, or rather exchanged for two other pieces of grey cloth, for which his last customer is not in a hurry. A little further on you see that young milliner rolling up an embroidered robe, and endeavouring to smooth the creases. Le Mont de Piété would have remained in possession of it, if the lady to whom it belongs had not positively insisted on having it home this day. It is always on a Saturday, the day when these persons pay their work-people, that they are pressed for money, which they are obliged to procure in this way. There are also people here who, not content with their usual business, find means of trading in the articles left in pledge with this establishment. If at the period appointed for their redemption, the unfortunate owners are unable to pay the accumulated interest and principal, they apply to these *soi-disant* factors, who, for a trifling sum in addition to what the administration has lent upon the property, become the purchasers of the pawned articles.

"This establishment, the profits of which are appropriated to the maintenance of various hospitals, was, at the period of its foundation, designed for the assistance of the unfortunate poor. It still doubtless partly fulfils the intention of its founder, but more frequently serves to nourish dissipation, folly, and vice. It is for the purpose of *dashing* at a ball to which she has just been invited, that that pretty woman is going to pawn her best garments. For one more throw of the dice, that young man is depositing here the family time-piece, the last article of value in his possession. It is for the more magnificent reception of a patron, from whom he has as yet received nothing but promises, that yonder poor clerk pledges his watch and part of his clothes. It is———" The porter, who had been looking for Dorneval nearly a quarter of an hour, perceiving him, ran to us, and put into my friend's hand some bank-notes, which the latter, confident in his honesty, received, and thrust into his pocket without counting.

We then left the Mont de Piété, and in our way home, Dorneval ex-

erted all his eloquence in praise of an institution which offered the three grand advantages to a man of business—of safety, secrecy, and despatch; and which, moreover, precluded the necessity of quarrelling with one's friends.

STATE OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

THE progress of the settlements in New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land has been so rapid, that they now possess, of their own growth, all the necessaries of life, and are even enabled to make exportation of a surplus produce. They have lately sent horses to Batavia, cattle and salted meat to the Isle of France, and flour to the Cape of Good Hope, to assist in meeting the distresses the inhabitants of that territory have lately experienced for the want of grain. Nor do these colonies less contribute to the wants of the mother country, which they supply with sperm, black oil, seal-skins of a superior description, and wools of a quality vieing with the best Saxon and Spanish. The ship Surry is on her way to England, freighted with these valuable articles. The exertions of the colonists have hitherto been much retarded by the duties imposed on their exports, but there is reason to hope these impediments will be removed, as a petition for that purpose, signed by the principal colonists, has been transmitted to the legislature by the governor. We are now enabled to annex an abstract of the last public muster, concluded in the different settlements in November last, when the following results were ascertained:

Total of the population of the territory, 25,050 souls, being an increase, in one year, of nearly 5000 inhabitants.

Acres of wheat in cultivation	20,100
Ditto of ground ready for maize	8,400
Ditto of barley, oats, peas, and beans, in cultivation	1,900
Ditto of potatoes	730
Ditto of gardens and orchards	900
Ditto of cleared ground	49,600
Total quantity of acres held by individuals	220,600
Live Stock	
Total number of horned cattle in the territory	57,150
Ditto of sheep	203,240
Ditto of swine	22,600
Ditto of horses	3,600

The settlers are supplying the government stores with fresh beef, mutton, and pork, at 6d. per pound. The average market price of wheat in May and June last was 8s. 6d. per bushel; and other necessaries of life equally reasonable.

As a criterion of the luxuries enjoyed by the inhabitants in fruit, one garden belonging to a gentleman a few miles from Sydney, contains the following extensive variety, and which are generally dispersed over the whole of New South Wales: viz. oranges, citrons, lemons, pomegranates, loquatts, guavas, the olive, grapes of every species, pine-apples, peaches, nectarines, apricots, apples, pears, plums, figs; English, Cape, and China mulberries; walnuts, Spanish chesnuts, almonds, medlars, raspberries, strawberries, melons, quinces, and the caper, with others of minor value: and such is the abundance of peaches, that the swine of the settlers are fed with them. In Van Dieman's Land

the currant and gooseberry are particularly fine.

It has at last been ascertained that the colonists can furnish their mills with stones from their own soil, for which they have hitherto been compelled to resort to French burrs; but J. Blaxland, Esq. gives notice in the last Gazette, that his mill grinds wheat with stones of colonial produce, at 1s. per bushel. The steam-engine erected at Sydney by Mr. Dixon has proved of much service.

The governor has again permitted the inhabitants to indulge themselves with annual races, for which purpose there is a most capital race-course adjoining Sydney; and on the 4th of June a silver cup, a silver bowl, cover, and ladle, were spiritedly contested for.

As a singular proof of the intercourse already existing with Otaheite and New Zealand, we see the following inhabitants of these fine islands giving notice in a Gazette of May last, of their departure from Port Jackson as sailors in colonial vessels; viz. Roni, Pautu, Popoti, Tiapoa, Moai, Topa, Fiew, Aiyong, Howhoe; and similar notices frequently occur.

A new schooner, of 40 tons, built in the Crown dock-yard at Sydney, by command of the Prince Regent, as a present to the king of the Sandwich Islands, was launched in April, and was to be despatched immediately, properly equipped.

At an annual examination of the public schools at Paramatta, a black native girl, belonging to the orphan school founded by Mrs. King, bore away the second prize: thus proving the aborigines are susceptible of sufficient mental improvement to adapt them to the purposes of civilized association.

The inhabitants of New South Wales were accommodated with a newspaper within a few years of its establishment; and we see announced in one of its last numbers, that a literary periodical publication was to make its first appearance the 1st of last month, under the title of *The Australasian Magazine and Quarterly Register of Agricultural and Commercial Information, the Fine Arts, &c.*

From the best information that has been conveyed concerning the progress of the settlements in New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land, it certainly seems preferable that government, instead of aiding emigrations to the unsettled parts of the Cape of Good Hope, should divert them to these colonies, already established at so considerable an expense; that they should rather encourage our overflowing population to adventure in an established community, where their fellow-countrymen are already experienced in the climate and soil, and in the peculiar cultivation adapted to them; and where the natives, too, are harmless; than subject them to the difficulties of first operations in a new country, exposed on either side to inroads from the Caffres and Bosjesmans; where they will be viewed with jealousy by all their neighbours, and be governed by laws (the Anglo-Dutch) uncongenial to their habits.

It is certainly most desirable that those who, from whatever causes, are anxious to expatriate, should under all probabilities adventure to the most eligible situations; and

looking to what has already been accomplished in the territory we are speaking of, and to the results which may rationally be expected from the capabilities known to exist there, and in despite of the distaste that may in some minds attach to a society which has originated from the outcasts of the mother country, we are inclined to view them as among the most eligible asylums that can be offered.

The report of the committee of the House of Commons, which sat last session, in review of the state of our settlements in this part of the world, is daily expected to appear, and we look for some further information that may cause us again to return to the subject. We understand it was represented to the members of that committee, by a gentleman of many years' experience in these colonies, that a vessel of 460 tons could be chartered to take out fifty families, consisting on an average of a man, his wife, and two children, at the small expense of 100*l.* each family, including their provisions on the passage, and allowing them sufficient tonnage for their baggage and stores Settlers, on arrival in New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land, have a grant of land allotted them proportionate to their powers of making proper use of it, with a certain number of labourers, who with their families are victualled from the public stores for six months.

ON THE CHARACTER OF JAQUES.

JAQUES, in *As you Like it*, is exhibited to us in extraordinary circumstances, and in a situation very romantic.

Lord. To-day my lord of Amiens, and myself,
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish, and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.
Duke. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?
Lord. O yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream;
Poor deer, quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much. Then, being there alone,
Left and abandoned of his velvet friends,
'Tis right, quoth he, thus misery doth part
The flux of company. Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him. Ay, quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?

The most striking character in the mind of Jaques, according to this description, is extreme sensibility. He discovers a heart strongly disposed to compassion, and susceptible of the most tender impressions of friendship: for he who can so feelingly deplore the absence of kindness and humanity, must be capable of relishing the delight annexed to their exercise. But sensibility is the soil where na-

ture has planted social and sweet affections: by sensibility they are cherished and matured. Social dispositions produce all those amiable and endearing connections that alleviate the sorrows of human life, adorn our nature, and render us happy. Now Jaques, avoiding society, and burying himself in the lonely forest, seems to act inconsistently with his constitution. He possesses sensibility; sensibility begets affection; and affection begets the love of society. But Jaques is unsocial. Can these inconsistent qualities be reconciled? or has Shakspeare exhibited a character of which the parts are incongruous and discordant? In other words, how happens it that a temper disposed to beneficence, and addicted to social enjoyment, becomes solitary and morose? Changes of this kind are not unfrequent; and, if researches into the origin or cause of a distemper can direct us in the discovery of an antidote, or of a remedy, our present inquiry is of importance. Perhaps, the excess and luxuriancy of benevolent dispositions, blighted by unkindness or ingratitude, is the cause that, instead of yielding us fruits of complacency and friendship, they shed bitter drops of misanthropy.

Aversion from society proceeds from dislike to mankind, and from an opinion of the inefficacy and uncertainty of external pleasure. Let us consider each of these apart: let us trace the progress by which they established themselves in the mind of Jaques, and gave his temper an unnatural colour.

I. The gratification of our social affections supposes friendship and esteem for others, and these dispositions suppose in their object virtues of a corresponding character: for every one values his own opinion, and fancies the person to whom he testifies esteem actually deserves it. If beneficent affections, ardent and undisciplined, predominate in our constitution, and govern our opinions, we enter into life strongly prepossessed in favour of mankind, and endeavour, by a generous and disinterested conduct, to render ourselves worthy of their regard. That spirit of diffusive goodness, which eloquent and benign philosophy recommends, but without success, to men engaged in the commerce of the world, operates uncontrouled. The heart throbs with astonishment and indignation at every act of injustice, and our bowels yearn to relieve the afflicted. Our beneficence is unlimited: we are free from suspicion: our friendships are eagerly adopted; they are ardent and sincere. This conduct may, for a time, be flattered; our fond imaginations may heighten every trivial act of complacency into a testimony of unfeigned esteem; and thus, deceived by delusive appearances, we become still more credulous and profuse. But the fairy vision will soon vanish; and the novice who vainly trusted to the benevolence of mankind, will suddenly find himself alone and desolate, in the midst of a selfish and deceitful world: like an enchanted traveller, who imagines he is journeying through a region of delight, till he drinks of some bitter fountain, and instantly, instead of flowery fields and meadows, he finds himself destitute

and forlorn, amid the horrors of a dreary desert.

It seems an invariable law in the conduct of our passions, that, independent of the object they pursue, they should yield us pleasure, merely by their exercise and operation. It is known by experience, that the pain of disappointed passion is not solely occasioned by our being deprived of some desirable object, but by having the current of the mind opposed; so that the excited passion recoils exasperated upon the heart. The anguish of this situation is strongly expressed by Seneca: "In angusto inclusæ cupiditates sine exitu seipsas strangulant." There can be no doubt, that anger, malice, and all the malevolent and irregular passions, independent of their fatal consequences, leave the mind in a state of anxiety and disorder One should therefore imagine, that satisfaction would arise from their being repulsed, and that men would felicitate themselves for a recovery so essential to their repose. Reason and self-love may consider it in this view, and our sense of propriety may hinder us from complaining; but the heart is secretly dejected, and the unbidden sigh betrays us. The gloom, however, is soon dispersed: yet it proves that the mind suffers more when its operations are suddenly suspended, than when it languishes in a state of listless inactivity. Thus, our benevolent affections, considered merely as principles of action, partaking of the same common nature with other passions and affections, if their tenor be interrupted, occasion pain.

But the peculiar character of these dispositions renders the anguish occasioned by their suspension more exquisitely painful. They are of a soft exhilarating nature, they elevate and enlarge our conceptions, they refine our feelings, they quicken our sensibility, and stimulate our love of pleasure: they diffuse joy and serenity through the soul, and, by a delightful illusion, give every thing around us a smiling aspect. To a mild and benevolent temper, even inanimate objects, the beauties of nature, the skies, the groves, and the fountains, communicate unusual pleasure, and of a quality too refined to be relished by malignant spirits. But, proportioned to the delight annexed to the exercise of social affections, is the pain arising from their suspension.

Social affections confer happiness, not only by the feelings they excite in us, but by procuring us the friendship and esteem of others. Adequate returns of tenderness are essential to their existence. By disdain and indifference they languish; they render us anxious and desponding.

Other advantages less immediate, and which concern our fortune and external circumstances, often depend on the benevolence and sincerity of our friends: for, though it be contrary to the rules of prudence, and the maxims of the world, to repose such entire confidence in the virtue of mankind as to render it possible for them to injure or ruin us; yet there are cases of strong necessity that mock reserve; and there are instances of men so unsuspecting, or so improvident, as to allow themselves, by excessive facility, to be overreached and undone.

The disappointments of social

affection may give us uneasiness of another kind: they may offend against the good opinion we are apt to entertain of ourselves; a principle riveted in our constitution, useful and necessary in itself, but, by disposing us to overweening conceit, liable to be perverted.

Pain and uneasiness give rise to sorrow; and sorrow varies according to the sources from which it flows: it is either gentle and languishing, or imbittered with rancour and animosity.

When the uneasiness arises from the sudden and untoward suspension of our emotions, or from the disappointment of some ardent affection, it is of a mild and dejected nature. It may dispose us to remonstrate, but not to inveigh. It is modest and unassuming. It even induces us to think indifferently of ourselves, and, by laying the blame on our own unworthyness, to excuse the inattention or disdain of others.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
That a nymph so complete would be sought
By a swain more engaging than me.

Sorrow of this tender complexion, leading us to complain, but not to accuse, and finding remonstrances and complaint ineffectual, retires from society, and ponders its woe in secret.

Ye woods, spread your branches apace,
To your deepest recesses I fly;
I would hide with the beasts of the chase,
I would vanish from every eye.

The state of mind produced by these emotions, is exhibited to us with uncommon tenderness and simplicity by Orlando.

If I'm foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament: the world no injury, for in it I have nothing: only in the world I fill up a place which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

But, when ambition, avarice, or vanity, are concerned, our sorrow is acrimonious, and mixed with anger. If, by trusting to the integrity and beneficence of others, our fortune be diminished, or not augmented as we expected; or if we be not advanced and honoured agreeably to our desires, and the idea we had formed of our own desert, we conceive ourselves injured. Injury provokes resentment, and resentment moves us to retaliate. Accordingly, we retaliate: we inveigh against mankind: we accuse them of envy, perfidy, and injustice. We fancy ourselves the apostles or champions of virtue, and go forth to combat and confound her opponents. The celebrated Swift, possessing uncommon abilities, and actuated by ambition, flattered his imagination with hopes of preferment and distinguished honour, was disappointed, and wrote satires on human nature. Many who declaim with solemn sorrow and prolixity against the depravity and degeneracy of mankind, and overcharge the picture of human frailty with shades of the gloomiest tincture, imagine themselves the elected heroes of true religion, while they are merely indulging a splenetic humour.

On comparing the sorrow excited by repulsed and languishing affection, with that arising from the disappointment of selfish appetites, melancholy appears to be the temper produced by the one, misanthropy by the other. Both render us unsocial; but melancholy disposes us to complain, misan-

thropy to inveigh. The one remonstrates and retires: the other abuses, retires, and still abuses. The one is softened with regret: the other virulent and fierce with rancour. Melancholy is amiable and benevolent, and wishes mankind would reform: misanthropy is malignant, and breathes revenge. The one is an object of compassion; the other of pity.

Though melancholy rules the mind of Jaques, he partakes of the leaven of human nature, and, moved by a sense of injury and disappointment,

> Most invectively he pierceth through
> The body of the country, city, court.

Instigated by sentiments of self-respect, if not of pride, he treats the condition of humanity, and the pursuits of mankind, as insignificant and uncertain. His invectives, therefore, are mingled with con empt, and expressed with humour. At the same time, he shews evident symptoms of a benevolent nature: he is interested in the improvement of mankind, and inveighs, not entirely to indulge resentment, but with a desire to correct their depravity.—RICHARDSON.

ACCOUNT

OF A FEMALE OF THE WHITE RACE OF MANKIND,

Part of whose Skin resembles that of a Negro.

HANNAH WEST, now in the twenty-third year of her age, was born of English parents in a village in Sussex, about three miles from the sea. Her parents had nothing peculiar. Her mother is still alive, and has black hair, hazel eyes, and a fair skin, without any mark. Hannah was her only child by her first husband, but her mother has had eleven children by a second marriage, all without any blackness of the skin. The young woman is rather above the middle size, of full habit, and has always enjoyed good health. Her hair is light brown, and very soft; her eyes faint blue; her nose prominent, and a little aquiline; her lips thin; the skin of her face, neck, and right hand, very fair. In every respect, indeed, she is very unlike a negro: it is consequently very singular, that the whole of her left shoulder, arm, forearm, and hand, should be of the genuine negro colour, except a small stripe of white skin, about two inches broad, which commences a little below the elbow, and runs up to the armpit, joining the white skin of the trunk of the body. Dr. Wells adds a great many other circumstances respecting this singular female, and gives, in his philosophizing manner, several ingenious reasonings concerning the difference in colour among the human species, to which, as we cannot spare room for detailing them, we refer those who are curious about such speculations.

PRESAGES, &c. REGARDING KING CHARLES I.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

THE favour you have shewn some preceding articles of mine, induces me to send you a few extracts from an old scarce pamphlet, which was lent me for the purpose by a friend a few weeks ago. It was published in the year 1655, and purports to be "A true Relation of some Passages which passed at Madrid in the year 1623, by Prince Charles, being then in Spain prosecuting the match with the Lady Infanta; as also several observations of eleven ominous Presages, some of them happening in the same year whilst the Prince was in Spain." This tract is curious, not only in an historical point of view, but as it shews the silly impositions attempted by the "republican government of Cromwell" (as it is often called, though, in truth, *an absolute despotism*), to persuade the people, that had King Charles lived, Popery would have been introduced; and that Heaven, by various omens and presages, warned him of the death it was decreed that he should suffer. Such publications as these let one more into the real history of by-gone times, and into the actual state of the people, than all the labours of industrious historians, who often arrive at wrong conclusions from particular facts.

The first extract I shall make relates to the conduct of Charles when in Spain in 1623, soliciting the hand of the infanta. It is obvious from it, that the object of it was to prove, that Popery was not only hatching at home, but that intrigues were carried on with the pope, in order to render it the established religion of the country. This I take to be nothing else but a most despicable libel.

"And after the wars began, Bishop Wren's house being searched, there was found in it a new set of massing plate: it was as neat a set of plate as the pope hath any in his chapel. And Dr. Peerce, the then Bishop of Bath and Wells (as it was confidently spoken of, and likewise written), did send word to the then Archbishop of Canterbury (Laud), and in his letter to him did thank God that he had not left a lecture in all his diocese (a thing very fit to thank God for); but I pray take notice, that all these things were acted after the king came from Spain, by the bishops; for the late king, being in the year 1623 but prince, was sent into Spain by King James, accompanied with George Duke of Buckingham and Sir Francis Cotington, where, after some treaty with the King of Spain concerning the infanta (who he conceived should have been his wife), the divines of Spain opposing the match, did put many rubs in the way; but the chiefest of them was, the unlawfulness of matching the daughter of Spain with a heretic, and one that they could have no assurance of; that she should have the free exercise of her religion for herself and her retinue, without good caution given for the same, and no other caution would be accepted on but the two port-towns of Plymouth and Dartmouth; neither did

they conceive it fit to have any further treaty on the premises, until approbation thereof were first had and obtained from the pope's holiness.

"And to that end the prince writes his letter to his holiness, wherein he gives him the style of Most Holy Father; and after compliments used suitable to the dignity of his holiness, he makes known unto him the cause of his so sudden coming into Spain, which, as he said, was to gain the Lady Infanta to be his wife; and, withal, related to his holiness what a dangerous consequence it would be to the Catholics of England, if the divines of Spain should make any further scruple in opposing the match; and he did also profess, upon the faith of a Christian prince, that he would hazard his life and all his kingdoms for the propagating of the Roman Catholic religion, with other circumstances of the like nature.

"His holiness answered his highness's letter with the like compliments, laying before him the valour of his noble ancestors, who hazarded their lives and all their fortunes, and all that was dear unto them, in defending the Catholic faith; and did not only merit unto themselves eternal glory and happiness in heaven, but gained unto themselves also, and to their posterity, everlasting fame and renown here upon earth; and then exciting him, as his ancestors had done, to go forward in promoting the Catholic faith, and so with his holiness's benediction he bequeathed his highness to the protection of the Almighty."

The death of Sir Thomas Overbury, and the punishment of Mrs. Turner and Sir Jervis Elway, were mentioned, your readers may recollect, in the quotations I made from Howel's Letters. This transaction; and the pardon of Somerset and his lady, are considered by this pamphleteer as the foundation of the ruin of Charles I. The subject is thus treated:

"But the first foundation of his ruin, and all their posterity, was laid by his father, King James; for in the matter of Sir Thomas Overbury's death, he did send for the judges, and gave them a strict charge to examine the matter thoroughly concerning the death of Sir Thomas Overbury, and did imprecate God's curse upon them if they did not discover it to the full; and did upon his knees call for a curse from God, and desired that God would never prosper him nor any of his posterity, if he did spare any guilty person that had a hand in that poisonous murder: and the judges having prosecuted the business so far, that they found Somerset and his lady to be the chief actors in this murder, for they found that Somerset did write a friendly letter to Sir Thomas Overbury, that he would use all the ways and means to get his enlargement that possibly he could; and in that letter he sent him a paper of powder for him to take, as being the best thing that himself took in his sickness (Sir Thomas being then sick of poison sent him before); but this powder which was sent in this letter was a poison of a lingering nature, whereof (with some other poison which Mrs. Turner had sent him of the like nature) he died: and after it was

found out, there was justice done upon many of the actors, whereof Weston was the first, then Sir Jarvis Elway, the then lieutenant of the Tower, was the next that suffered, and after him Mrs. Turner was also hanged, besides others; and when it was punctually proved that Somerset and his lady were found to be the chief actors of this murder, and that he himself had sent the poison aforesaid, the king, contrary to the curse which he had formerly called from Heaven upon himself and all his posterity, did pardon both him and her, after the Lord Coke had passed sentence of death upon them; and the Lord Coke was ever after in disgrace with the king for passing this sentence against them, and for some other small matter which he crossed the king's humour in: and so this noble gentleman was poisoned, for no other cause but for opposing Somerset in the marriage of Essex's wife. But the Lord did shew a great example upon them both, but especially upon her, for she died a more loathsome death then any woman ever died; but, for civility's sake, I will forbear the particulars thereof."

We now come to the "ominous presages," as they are called upon the title-page; and it really is quite ludicrous to read the trash that was intended to, and did in fact to a certain extent, impose upon the people of England, at that time under the domination of superstitious Puritans. Your readers will scarcely believe, that the subsequent story of a pulpit-struck tailor is meant for a serious narrative, which ought, as is contended, to have impressed Charles I. with a conviction that his fate was at hand, for being instrumental in introducing the Roman Catholic religion, and other supposed offences of a different kind.

"In the same year, 1623, while the prince was in Spain (for then he was but prince), promising to promote the Roman Catholic religion, both to the pope and likewise to the King of Spain, there was a Buckinghamshire man, a tailor by trade, and, as he said, dwelt in Aylesbury: he was near upon forty years of age, and a very sober man; he could not contain himself at his work in his house, but must of force, in the same year while the prince was in Spain, making those promises to propagate the Romish religion in England aforesaid, he did, in all, or most part of all, the eminent streets in London, in that very same year curse the Romish religion, pronouncing woe to Rome, woe to the Pope, woe to all Papists, and God confound the Pope and all Papists, and all that did adhere to Popery, by what name or title soever they were called, whether dukes, marquises, earls, lords, viscounts, or of what degree soever: he did constantly three or four days in the week, all or most part of the time the prince was in Spain, come to Whitehall gate, King James being then at Whitehall for the most part, and did there make a prayer of three quarters of an hour long; it was as effectual a prayer as any divine in England could make. In that prayer he prayed that the gospel of Jesus Christ might still continue and flourish in this nation; and after praying for the gospel, he again cried these woes as formerly; and

when he had made his prayer at Whitehall gate, with his hat under his arm all the time of his praying and journey (for so he called it his journey, as you shall see by and by), he then betook himself to march through the city, praying this prayer, and crying these woes and cursings against Popery as aforesaid. He began his journey at Whitehall gate, and marched as far as there was any house in Whitechapel, East Smithfield, Shoreditch, Islington, St. Giles in the Fields, the borough of Southwark, and many other walks; and in this manner he passed through all, or the most part of all, the streets in London: and although he made the most part of his prayers at Whitehall gate, King James being then there, yet no man reproved him for it, or asked why he did so, till one day Sir Harry Spiller saw him crying these woes at the upper end of Holborn, did send him to the new bridewell near Clerkenwell, where he remained three weeks; and then being charged, as Peter and John were by the Jewish rabbins, that he should teach no more in that name, he was let go; but he, regarding not their threats, did cry these woes a long time after. At length he went to his house in Buckinghamshire, thinking to cry these woes no more, but went to fall to work at his trade; yet when he was at his work he had not the power to finish it, but threw it aside, and came up to London the second time to cry these woes, which he did a long time after.

"I did once meet him near Bishopsgate-street as he was coming back from crying these woes, where a man of his acquaintance met him, and asked him if he would drink a cup of beer. He said he would; "for," said he, "I have done my journey:" therefore it is evident he was sent of God to cry these woes against the Papists, as the Lord sent that man to Jerusalem many years before it was destroyed, and at last cried, 'Woe, woe to himself,' and immediately was struck dead by a clap of thunder. It is much about thirty-two years since this man did cry these woes in London; and who knows but the Lord may very speedily purge this nation of all those blasphemous opinions which do now swarm in it, and of all those that do seek to uphold Popery, or any other false opinions, which this nation is now overrun with?"

Notwithstanding these puerile absurdities, there is every reason to believe that this pamphlet was very popular, and produced a strong effect upon the minds of the numerous readers, who were as credulous as they were zealous, and as ignorant as they were credulous; for ignorance and credulity generally go together, and in this instance were accompanied by a fervent zeal. I will just quote one more passage of the same kind, and that I apprehend will be sufficient.

"There was an ancient gentlewoman who came from Bristol, a widow, and had been the wife of one Mr. Cary, a woollen-draper on the back of Bristol: this woman had seen many strange apparitions of the late king at several times, as his crown all bloody, himself in black, and his head off, with many other such visions; she could not be quiet until she came to London

to acquaint himself with those visions which she had seen of him; and after two years spent in soliciting this nobleman and that nobleman, and others, to bring her to the king, at length the Earl of Dorset (after much importunity) brought her to the king, where she told his majesty all that she had seen of him. He gave her the hearing of it, but would give no credit to what she had said, but bid take her away, she was a merry woman. Then, when she had told him all that she had seen of him, she returned to Bristol, again thinking there to rest herself in peace: she had not been there many days, but those visions appeared to her as at the first; whereupon she could not contain herself, but must of force come up to London a second time, to acquaint his majesty with what she had seen of him since her last being with him at Whitehall; but before she could get to London, his majesty was gone to York; yet though she was in years and a weakly woman, and the journey long and tedious for such a one as herself to undertake, yet she must of necessity go after him to York, and was conveyed to York in a coach by means of a lady, who, at the writing hereof, is living near London, who can justify the same if any should scruple the truth hereof; and being come to York, she had admittance to his presence, where she once again related to him all that she had seen of him since her last being with him at Whitehall, with much praying and beseeching him to consider what she had seen and said of him; but he would not harken to her, nor give credit to what she had said unto him, for certainly the Lord had hid these things from him, and would not let him understand them, because he would destroy him."

The superstition of the times extended from the highest to the lowest; even the Lord Protector himself was not exempt from it; or supposing it were merely assumed, which I do not believe, he knew how to make use of it to his own advantage and the people's ruin. I remain, &c.

D. W——R.

ON GOOD AND BAD FAIRIES.

It was by no means a determined case, that all fairies were sentenced to perdition. There were, indeed, two classes or orders of these freakish beings, the Gude Fairies, otherwise called the Seelie Court, and the Wicked Wichts, or Unseelie Court. The numbers of the former were augmented chiefly by infants, whose parents or guardians were harsh and cruel; by such as fell insensate through wounds, but not dead in the day of just battle; by persons, otherwise worthy, who sometimes repined at the hardness of their lot; and, in short, by such whose lives were in general good, but in a moment of unguardedness fell into deep sin, and especially allowed themselves peevishly to repine against the just awards of Providence. Thus, in the beautiful romance of Orfee and Heurodiis, quoted in the notes to the *Lady of the Lake*, Orfee

"—gan behold about all,
And seigh full liggand within the wall
Of folk that thither were ybrought,
And thought dead, and nè were nought:

Some stood withoutten had,
And some none armes n'ad,
And some through the body had wound,
And some lay wod y-bound,
And some armed on horse sate,
And some astrangled as they ate,
And some were in water adrient,
And some with fire all for-shreint.
Wives there lay on childbed,
Some dead and some awed;
And wonder fele there lay besides,
Right as they sleep their undertides.
Each was thus in this warld y-nome,
With fairy thither y-come."

The numbers of the Unseelie Court were recruited, for this was the only one that paid teind to hell by the abstraction of such persons as deservedly fell wounded in wicked war, of such as splenetically commended themselves to evil beings, and of unmarried mothers stolen from childbed. But by far the greater number of recruits, however, were obtained from amongst unbaptized infants; and tender and affectionate parents never failed unceasingly to watch their offspring till it was *sained* with the holy name of God in baptism. This cruel superstition appears the legitimate offspring of the uncharitable judgment of Papists concerning unbaptized children.

To pronounce any of the names of the Deity never failed to dissolve a charm, or at least to prevent the fulfilment of the charmer's intentions. It is related of Sir Michael Scott of Balwearie, that, being once about to go on an expedition to France, he conjured up a fiend in the shape of a powerful black horse, to bear him on his journey. While they were crossing the Channel, Sir Michael's cunning steed asked his rider, what it was that the auld wives of Embro said afore they gaid to bed. The sagacious magician immediately retorted,

"What is that to thee?
Mount, diablet, an' flee"

Had he blundered out, according to the devil's expectation, with the Lord's prayer, Scott would that moment have been precipitated from the back of his infernal charger into the bottom of the sea, and the fiend, with all his brethren, would have been for ever released from the tyranny of their irresistible and imperious master.

No evil spirit could ever endure to be touched with any thing on which the holy name of God was written; and if a fiend commissioned for an evil purpose was commanded in the name of the Trinity, by the person whom he was sent to afflict, to become his servant, and turn his powers against his sender, he was compelled to obey. A very curious passage in the romance of Richard Cœur de Lion, turns entirely upon this notion. It is long, but perhaps its curiousness may excuse its length. The Soldan of the Saracens lamenting the havoc wherewith Richard is desolating his dominions, challenges him to single combat; but being well aware that he will never be able to overcome him by fair means, he has recourse to magic. He sends a messenger to the English monarch, to offer him a matchless steed to bear him in the approaching combat, one compared with which,

"Favel of Cypre, ne Lyard of price
Are nought at need as that he is:
For a thousand pound y-told
Should not that one be sold."

Richard gladly accepts the combat and offered steed; and this intelligence being reported to the "rich Saudon,"

"A noble clerk he sent for then,
A master necromancier,

That conjured, as I oft you tell,
Through the fiendes craft of hell,
Two strange fiendes of the air,
In likeness of two steeds fair;
Like both of hew and hair,
As they said that there were;
Never was there seen none slike,
That one was a mere like.
The other a colt, a noble steed,
Where, were he in only need,
Was never king ne knight so bold,
That when the dam neigh wold,
Should him hold against his will,
That he would not ren her till,
And kneel adown and suck his dam:"

and thereby put his rider's life in the hands of him who was mounted upon the other steed.

Richard is warned by an angel of the nature of the charger which the Soldan was about to present to him, who commands him to ride upon him in God's name, and advises the king to

"Furney a tree stiff and strong,
Though he be forty feet long,
And truss it overthwart his mane:
All that he meets shall have his bane,
With that tree he shall down fell."

Withal giving him a spear-head of steel so well tempered, that no mail, however wrought, could resist its point.

Richard receives the steed, obeys the angel's commands, and stops up the horse's ears with wax. He then, rather preposterously, says,

"——Be the apostles twelve,
Though thou be the devil himselve,
Thou shalt serve me at this need.
Now God for his names seven,
That is one God in Trinity,
In his name I command thee,
That thou serve me at will.
He shook his head, and stood full still."

To-morrow, as soon as it is light, the two armies are arrayed for battle; the Saracens mustering, of saudons and of heathen kings, above one hundred, the least of whom led thirty thousand men to battle, and their line extended no less than ten miles; while the Christian leaders did not exceed a dozen.

"King Richard look'd and gan to see,
As snow ligges on the mountains,
Beheld were hills and plains
With hawberk bright, and helmes clear;
Of trumpets and of taborere,
To hear the noise it made was wonder,
As though the world above and under
Should fall——"

The armies are impatient to engage. Richard encourages his men, and after setting his host in proper array, he stands ready armed cap-a-pee for the conflict.

"The spear-head forgat he naught,
Upon his spear he would it have
God's high name thereon was grave."

The King and the Soldan swear an oath, that if Richard should slay the Soldan,

"He was to go at his will
Into the city of Babyloyne,
And the kingdom of Macedoyne
He should have under his hand;"

but if the Soldan should conquer, then

"The Christian men should go
Out of that land for evermoe,
And Saracens should have their will in wold."

Richard vaults upon his steed, and encounters the Soldan, whose chief hopes were reposed in his enchanted mare.

"Her crupper hang all full of bells,
Her poitrel and her arsoun,
Three miles men might hear the soun';
The mere gan neigh her bells to ring
For great pride without leasing.
A broad fauchon to him he bare,
For he thought that he would there
Have slain King Richard with treasoun
When his hourse had kneeled down,
As a colt that shoud souk,
And he was 'ware of that pouk.
His ears with wax were stopped fast,
Therefore he was nought aghast.
He struck the fiend that under him yede,
And gave the Saudon dint of deed—
With the spear that Richard heeld
He bare him through and under the shield:
None of his arms might last,
Bridle and poitrel all to brast;
His girth and his stirrups also,
The mere to the ground gan go.

Maugre him, he garr'd him stoop
Backward over his mere's croupe,
The feel towards the firmament
Behind the Saudon the spear outwent.
He let him lie upon the green,
He pricked the fiend with his sporce keen,
In the name of the Holy Ghost,
He drives into the heathen host,
And all so soon as he was come,
He brake asunder the sheltrum;
For all that e'er before him stode,
Horse and man to the earth yode
Twenty foot on every side,
Whom that he overcaught that tide
Of life ne was their warrant none.
Throughout he made his horse to gone,
As bees swarmen in the hives;
The Christian men in after drives,
Stricken thorough that down ligs
Through the middle and the rigs;
Six he slew of heathen kings,
To tell the soothe in all things.
In the gest as we find,
That moe than sixty thousand
Of empty steeds abouten yode
Up to their fetlocks in blood."

The battle was finished only with the day. The Christians lost three hundred men. At last,

"They kneeled and thanked God of heaven,
Worship'd him, and his names seven."

Nothing gave fairies and evil spirits so much power over the inhabitants of middle earth as the indulgence of peevish repinings. If a parent or guardian, in a fit of spleen against his child or infant ward, cursed it, wishing it dead, or off this earth, it was, except the curser immediately repented, and prayed God to forgive his sin and protect the child, suddenly snatched to Fairy-land. If the child was baptized, then it became a member of the Seelie Court, and still had a chance of salvation; but if it had the misfortune to be unbaptized, it was seized by the wicked wights, and could not possibly be saved except it were *won*. But horrible were the consequences, should an adult, in a paroxysm of impious rage, commend himself to the devil. It is related of a woman in the parish of Douglas, that having been bid by her master to go and build the oats which they were inning upon the carts, she refused to obey. He somewhat roughly commanded her to go, when flying into a fit of ungovernable fury, "Fould fiend fa' me," said she, "gin I do't!" At last, however, she went, and built the cart-loads as ordered. Twilight had become very grey, and the people were about to stop their inning, the woman having just finished the last load of sheaves, when a huge black cloud came sweeping through the middle air, and stooping down in its passage, for a moment enveloped the top of the cart-load, where stood the woman cowering to the sheaves with terror. Its flight was interrupted for an instant. The servants looked up to the corn, but the woman was not there, but they heard her voice shrieking in agony, accompanied by fiendish *gaffaws*, as the thick cloud in its progress passed through the Winderawood. The servants now ran home in consternation, and as soon as to-morrow's sun had risen, examined the course of the cloud, which they traced by the grass and shrubs having the appearance of being skathed with lightning. The trees of the wood were blasted and burnt, on which were stuck the scorched legs and thighs of the woman; her body, with the entrails wound from tree to tree, was found about the middle of the wood; the tongue, with part of the throat adhering to it, was got dangling from a branch on the opposite side of the wood,

and on the top of a fir-tree, skathed almost to charcoal, was stuck the ghostly head, with the eyes hanging down its cheeks.

No trait of the elfin character is better known than its vindictiveness. No person ever cursed the Seelie Court and prospered. Their power was believed to be dreadful: ruin overtook the worldly circumstances of the hapless wicht who in an evil hour spoke unguardedly of those haughty beings, and a lingering disease attacked his constitution, which carried him, after witnessing the total wreck of his affairs, into an untimely grave. In especial they never failed to pour out the full cup of their vengeance upon the heads of those infatuated husbandmen who dared to violate their peculiar greens, or to tear up with the plough those beautiful circlets consecrated to their moonlight revels: for, according to popular rhyme,

"He who tills the fairy green
Nae luck again shall hae,
An' he who spills the fairy ring
Betide him want an' wae,
For weirdless days an' weary nichts
Are his till his deean' day."

Within my own remembrance, the fairy ring on the Blackhill, alluded to in the ballad, was fresh and fair, a beautiful verdant circlet composed of thick short grass, in the midst of stunted heather. The late farmer, a young man and a brisk improver, extending cultivation over the heath wherein this ring was, took it into his head to invade the fairies' property, and, contrary to the remonstrances of his neighbours, ploughed up the ring. The peasants, who relate his conduct, shake their heads, and add, with a significant tone of voice, that in half a year a consumption carried him to the grave.

But the elves cannot in justice be accused of ingratitude: if they were revengeful to those who invaded their privileges, they were proportionably kind to such as respected their rights, and left their haunts inviolate. We have the same standard authority for this that we have for their vindictive spirit:

"He wha gaes by the fairy green
Nae dule nor pine shall see,
An' he wha cleans the fairy ring
An easy death shall dee."

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WOULD-BE AUTHOR.

Chap. VIII.

PROSPECTS—ADIEU TO HOME—YOUTHFUL EMPLOYMENTS AND BOYISH LOVES—THE EXPEDIENTS OF ONE DETERMINED TO BE IN LOVE.

My anxiety was long excited by my letter to the proprietor of a magazine, as mentioned in my last; at length an offer did come, which at once elevated me to the utmost pitch of sublunary enjoyment.—Disdaining, however, to receive money, although my wine-merchant and my tailor would have had no objection to have shared it with me, I used the offer of my publisher as the means of increasing my library; and as the booksellers were pleased to allow me credit to any amount, I found nearly a hundred volumes upon my shelves ere I had earned three guineas by my labours.

It ill becomes me to speak of my own productions, but I may be allowed to say, that I took all the pains I was master of in producing essays for the *Imperial Magazine*. Poetry I also dealt in, and though I am far from believing that I possess any thing like genius, yet, as my subjects were all drawn from realities, I sketched my pictures, like a painter, from nature; and if feeling what we write be a certain mark of writing well, my productions might vie with those of the most gifted. Of my jog-trot poetry, I remember some stanzas, Mr. Editor, that pleased me then, and they please me now, and recall to my mind persons and things that are no more. I have endeavoured, sir, through many sheets of paper, to please you and your readers; allow me, then, for the first time, to please myself by the insertion of

THE ADIEU TO HOME.

Fly over the mountains, and hie over the rill,
While the sun blushes saffron and breezes are still,
Ere the voice of your sire shall our footsteps delay,
Or the sunbeams with fervour make weary our way.

Why gazes my love from her orbits of blue,
On the scenes of her childhood, and lingers to view
The plains and the hills, where, in infancy bred,
The visions roll by o'er the scenes that are fled?

The virgin still loiter'd to pause on the scene,
With the hand of her lover in hers press'd between;
As he feels the dear throb of her heart beating true,
With a tear in her eye, yet she smiles an adieu.

"Yes, adieu!" she exclaim'd, "to my ancestors' hearth,
And adieu to the spot which gave Helena birth;
And adieu to the ties of the sister and friend!
Your deceptions I pity, your charm's at an end.

"Say, ghosts of my parents, oft hovering near,
Your sighs, if the heavens are destin'd to hear,
Do you smile on your child, do you mock her delight?
Is she quitting her kindred for regions less bright?

"Yes, sister, adieu! Oh! I lov'd that dear name,
Yet I fly from your scorn, for I'll live not your shame:
You trust in your gold and in *state* for your bliss,
While I give up the world for my Altamont's kiss."

Yet a tear, 'twas a pearl dropp'd on him she ador'd,
Which he set in his heart, there the jewel he stor'd;
He had kiss'd off the trembler, and lull'd her to rest,
Who now placidly rose from her pillow, his breast.

They flew o'er the mountain, nor stopp'd at the rill,
Nor paus'd in the valley, nor heeded the hill;
For the tremblings of love gave no time for delay,
And the roses of pleasure were skirting their way.

It has no doubt struck some of my readers as singular, that, for a young man of a poetical turn, I have hitherto appeared insensible to the charms of love; but let them be quiet a little, and they will be informed that I have been guilty of more follies than one. It is true, Cupid was not—as he generally is—with me the father of verse, although the little deity was the nurse of that propensity; and if I have until now deferred touching on the tender passion, it is only that I scarce know to whom I may first ascribe the inoculation of it on myself.

When other boys were at mar-

bles, I was practising "the academy of compliments;" and while they were occupied at some game among themselves, I was escorting some forward minx to or from her mamma's, or chaperoning her to a dancing-school. Thus I early became the butt of my schoolfellows for a precocity which I displayed, not in a perusal of *Lilly's* grammar, but for gallantry and dress; not that I cared for their sarcasms, for I was rather proud of them, inasmuch as they seemed to say, "I rise above you." What glory was equal to mine, when employed to fetch home some favourite female attired in any new habiliment?

Was not this departure from the common track a mark of superior genius? Will not some future biographer (if I ever have any) dwell on this incident, that while other boys were playing at hoop, or such games as are suitable to their years, Mr. Gilliflower was wooing the Muse, or weaving a lyric garland, to throw at the feet of some favoured mistress? But how, Mr. Editor, dare I repeat to you the names of the numerous victims which have bowed at my shrine, or how hide my blushes while memory calls them up? Like Macbeth's kings, "another and another still succeeds." First, Miss Miranda Mealtrap, a miller's daughter, who left *pa* in Hertfordshire to live with a relation in a blind alley, in order to see London: long did I woo *Mirry*, but at length, hearing that she had not only left *pa*, but also something besides, of whom it was doubtful whom to call the *pa*, I left her with a stanza to Remembrance, of which (fortunately for your readers) every word is forgotten, except

"Cease to dress your smiles with virtue"

Item, 2dly, Leonora Wilson, a beautiful young creature, sacrificed to age and ugliness by her father, to save him from a bankruptcy. How closely did I besiege her! How did I store my mind with all the images of cruel husbands, and justifications of jilting them! How far my evil genius would have impelled me, I know not; my love was cured by a cruel decline, which put an end to her existence, and she left her old Robin Grey a lusty widower of seventy-five, and me as mad as any young man who refuses to hear reason, and who imagines himself miserable, in order that he may write an ode to Despair. I, however, consoled myself, as Dr. Johnson cruelly says of Lord Lyttleton, by writing a monody, commencing with

"And is she gone? and is her spirit fled?"

Besides these, what elegies, what stanzas, came from my prolific brain! what an embargo did I lay on *ah*'s and *oh*'s, and *alas*'s and *woes*, with all the machinery of a disappointed lover! I soon after became a victim to the fatal passion with Harriet Dalrymple, a forward school-girl of sixteen; but after wooing her a month, and writing a volume of "virgin blushes and unblown roses," I found her one day inconsolable, not because I was going on the Paddington canal, where I might have met the fate of Lycidas, but because she had lost her pug-dog. I left her with some lines, beginning with

"Say, little pouting trifler, say."

This I was informed by a maid of the house, she never read, but used it to curl her hair. I looked out for another speculation.

I also made friendship as violently as love. Poets would seldom be

poets if they were happy, or wished to be so as men. My mistresses and my friends left me, and very properly, for how else should I have found a subject for my Muse?

I was now, however, like a fish out of water, for I had no one on whom to hang my dismal epithets. In vain I sought adventures, they came not; in vain I looked for incidents, my pen had none to record. I strolled over Lambeth fields; I frequented all the suburb green lanes, but met with no deserted damsel to woo in a pastoral. I at length left my lodgings for a week, and took apartments near a celebrated tea-garden, where muddy duck-ponds meandered to Fleet ditch, and where Dutch cupids played up *jets-d'eau* to the astonishment of Sunday-spending cits and their children. From hence I strolled to Hornsey Wood, and had some idea of collecting my travels to Highgate and Hampstead, had I not imagined that such a task would have been beneath my sublime genius. At Hornsey Wood I *put up two young ladies seated on* the ground; while one read aloud, the other frequently applied her handkerchief to her eyes as often as the name of Werter was mentioned. At the sight of me, they affected to recover from an elegant confusion. I stammered an apology; but what else passed must be deferred until another number.

REINTERMENT OF THE BODY OF KING ROBERT BRUCE.

We last month inserted an interesting article on the subject of the heart of King Robert Bruce. The following particulars regarding the reinterment of this monarch are contained in a letter from Dunfermline, dated Nov. 5, 1819.

This day the grave of Robert Bruce was re-opened and inspected, in the presence of the Right Hon. the Lord Chief Baron, the Hon. Baron Clerk Rattray, Henry Jardine, Esq. king's remembrancer, and other gentlemen of distinction attracted by curiosity to the scene, together with the provost and magistrates of the burgh, many of the heritors and ministers of the parish, and a numerous assemblage of inhabitants of town and country. Considerable alterations were observed to have taken place since the first inspection in February 1818; the ribs of the body, which were then in their natural position, having collapsed, and most of the shroud with which the body was enwrapped being consumed. A point, on which much diversity of opinion had been entertained since the first opening of the grave, was now settled—that the shroud was above, not under the lead; sanctioning the supposition, that the body may have lain in state previous to interment, when this rich covering, consisting of fine damask cloth, interwoven with gold, would be exhibited; as also, that it had been inclosed in a wooden coffin when laid in the tomb, of which some vestiges, as formerly noticed, remained. It was clearly ascertained that the body had been embalmed, agreeably to historical record*, for part of the sternum, or

* "They have him had to Dumferline,
And him solemnly erded syne

breast-bone, was found, that had been separated to facilitate the removal of the heart, which was further confirmed by the discovery near the grave of an oblong leaden box, which, in all likelihood, contained the entrails. The lead that inclosed the body was laid open, so as to expose to full view the whole skeleton, of the length of which, as well as of the several parts, exact measurements were taken. The body was five feet ten inches in length, which, when in life, might have been upwards of six. The head attracted particular notice. It was disjoined from the body, and held up to the admiring gaze of the spectators, during which it was pleasing to observe a solemn stillness reign, betokening the feelings of reverential awe, awakened by the recollection of the noble spirit that once animated it, contrasted with the present humiliation of its mortal tenement. The scull was quite entire, and perfectly firm. The teeth on the under jaw were all remaining, but a few on the upper jaw were wanting. It was properly cleaned, and two excellent casts taken from it, which will afford materials for the craniological inquirer, as well as gratify the curiosity of thousands who had not an opportunity of seeing the lifeless original. The medical gentlemen were particularly struck with finding the angles of the lower maxillary or chaff-bones remarkably acute. They also noticed with surprise the small and delicate bone, *hyoides*, which supports the tongue, in a state of great preservation. The cartilages, too, belonging to the *larynx*, on the top of the windpipe, as well as some of those of the *sternum*, still existed. Every necessary inspection being made, and the head replaced, the body was raised from the spot on which it had reposed undisturbed for near five centuries, and, together with the box before alluded to, and some of the newspapers and coins of the day, inclosed in lead, put into a new leaden coffin, prepared for the purpose, which was returned to its original position. The coffin was then completely filled with hot pitch, to exclude the air, and to more effectually promote the preservation of the bones. This precaution, however, was considered by many unnecessary, while it was abhorrent to the feelings of almost all. On the lid of the coffin was this simple inscription: "ROBERT BRUCE, 1329, 1819."

On the conclusion of the operations, most of the principal gentlemen concerned in them retired to the town-house, when Major Wilson, provost of the burgh, conferred, in the name of the magistrates, the freedom of the town on the following persons:

In a fair tomb into the quire:
Bishops and prelats that there were,
Assolzied him, when the service
Was done, as they best could devise;
And syne upon the other day,
Sorry and wo, they went their way;
And he debowelled was cleanly,
And also balmed syne full richly,
And the worthy Lord of Douglas
His heart, as it forespoken was,
Received has in great daintie,
With great and fair solemnitie."

Life and Acts of Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, by JOHN BARBOUR, Archdeacon of Aberdeen.

Similar, too, in some respects, is the following testimony of a prosaic and more creditable historian: "Sepultus est rex apud monasterium de Dumfermelyn, in medio chori, debito cum honore."—FORDUNI *Scoti Chron.*

Right Hon. Sir Samuel Shepherd, lord chief baron of Scotland; Hon. Baron Clerk Rattray; Henry Jardine, Esq. W. S. and king's remembrancer; Ranald George Macdonald of Clanronald, Esq. M. P.; William Clerk, Esq. Advocate; J. Skene of Rubislaw, Esq.; the Hon. Captain William Henry Percy; Capt. Charles Adam, R. N.; Capt. Adam Ferguson, Keeper of the Registers of Scotland; William Forbes, Esq. late Keeper of the Records of the town council of Edinburgh; Robert Clerk Rattray of Craighall, Esq. younger; Dr. Robertson Barclay of Cavil; Dr. James Gregory; Dr. Alexander Munro; William Burn of Edinburgh, Esq. Architect; Andrew Clephane, Esq. Sheriff-Depute of Fife; Alex. Galville, Esq. Sheriff-Substitute of the western district of Fife; John Macdonald, Esq. Writer and Joint Procurator-Fiscal of the western district of Fife; the Rev. Peter Chalmers, one of the ministers of the parish of Dunfermline; the Rev. George Bell Brand, minister of the Chapel of Ease, Dunfermline; the Rev. W. Dalyell, minister of the original Burgher Congregation, Dunfermline; and the Rev. William Forfar, minister of Saline.

The provost, in presenting these gentlemen with their burgess tickets, spoke to nearly the following effect: "My Lord Chief Baron, my Lord Baron Clerk, and other gentlemen present, I feel much happiness in having the honour to confer upon you the freedom of the ancient and royal burgh of Dunfermline, long the residence and place of sepulture of the kings of Scotland. My happiness, too, is increased by having this pleasing office to discharge on so memorable a day as the present, when we have been testifying our veneration and respect for the remains of one of the most illustrious of kings—the glory and boast of every Scotsman, and I believe I may say of every Briton—the assertor of the liberties and independence of his country. Perhaps it may be improper in me here to omit, that it is to the heritors and magistrates of Dunfermline that the discovery of these valued remains is in a great measure owing; for had it not been for their resolution to build the new church on its present site, they might never have been known. And I may still further mention, that, in consequence of this discovery, the heritors and magistrates of Dunfermline have submitted to much additional expense, in adapting the magnificent structure they are erecting to the purpose of securing the dust, and perpetuating the memory, of the distinguished personages interred within its precincts. Permit me to assure your lordships, and the other gentlemen present, that I am persuaded I shall receive the thanks of my fellow-citizens for adding to the number of their freedom so honourable and respectable a company as is now assembled."

To this the Lord Chief Baron made the following suitable and impressive reply:

"Provost, I return you my most sincere thanks for the honour now conferred on me, which I shall ever esteem one of the proudest circumstances in my life. My pleasure in receiving this token of the respectful attentions of the ci-

tizens of Dunfermline, is greatly enhanced by the occasion on which it has taken place. You, sir, have well styled this a memorable day; for that must be a memorable day which has exposed to sight all that remains of the mortal part of him, whose fame and heroism will be recollected with admiration and gratitude so long as time and human memory last. You have said, sir, that the virtues of Robert Bruce are particularly endeared to Scotsmen; but let me assure you, that, so far as I am concerned, I could not have felt more enthusiasm on the occurrences of this day, for enthusiasm I do feel, even if I had been born a subject of Caledonia. I am much obliged by the honour now bestowed on me, and shall ever esteem it my happiness to contribute, as far as in me lies, to the prosperity and welfare of the community of which I am now a freeman."

Baron Clerk then addressed the provost nearly as follows:

"Sir, I fully concur in every sentiment expressed by my brother lord. He has very politely said, that the circumstance of his being a native of the other side of the Tweed has not impaired the delight which the scene of this day was fitted to impart, considering the object of all the victories which signalize the name of Robert Bruce. Had he and I lived, sir, during the lifetime of this distinguished hero, we should have been enemies; now we are friends. And it is not, perhaps, saying too much, that it is to Robert Bruce that our present monarch owes his seat on the throne of these realms; the line of connection between the former and the latter prince, through the family of the Stuarts, being easily traced: so that well may every Englishman, no less than every Scotsman, glory in the scene which has this day been presented to us."

The healths of the burgesses and the prosperity of the town of Dunfermline were then drunk, and the company parted much gratified with all that had happened.

The barons, it is understood, mean to erect an elegant sarcophagus, with a suitable inscription, over the site of the grave, which, together with the surmounting of the tower erected over it, consisting of a railing, exhibiting in conspicuous letters, "King Robert the Bruce," with other corresponding ensigns of royalty, will tend to perpetuate the remembrance of this illustrious hero, statesman, and patriot, and render this sacred edifice doubtless the most interesting, as it is one of the handsomest, in Scotland.

PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

(Continued from p. 277.)

PLATE 34.—VIEW OF THE ENTRANCE TO THE LAST GALLERY, TAKEN FROM THE SIDE OF THE SIMPLON.

THE traveller leaves with the more regret the charming hills of Dovedro, as the road continuing to descend, leads amongst rocks, where the Doveria, with its tumultuous tide, is again found. The imagi-

nation, calmed by scenes of tranquillity, cannot so abruptly yield to the terrible impressions which before occupied it, and impatiently traverses these savage wilds: but by degrees their features soften; the rocks are less high and steep, and although the valley continues narrow and rugged, the grass and shrubs improve the rudeness of the spot. At the moment when this change of scene is observed, an enormous rock appears advancing from the torrent. The gallery of Crevola, the last of the Simplon, continues in a straight line to the length of 170 feet. When that is passed, the road, still rapidly descending, conducts the traveller beyond the rocks, and far from the Doveria.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE OF MRS. MONTAGU.

THE following letter from Mrs. Montagu cannot fail to interest our readers, not merely on account of the celebrity of the author, but of the subject to which it is devoted. We shall occasionally follow it with others equally worth attention, that have been placed in our hands.

Mrs. MONTAGU *to Mrs.* WILLIAM ROBINSON*.

DENTON†, Dec. 4, 1766.

You will see, by the date of my letter, I am still in the Northern regions, but I hope in a fortnight to return to London. We have had a mild season, and this house is remarkably warm, so that I have not suffered from cold. Business has taken up much of my time; and as we had farms to let against next May-day, and I was willing to see the new colliery begin to work before I left the country, I had the prudence to get the better of my taste for society.

I spent a month in Scotland this summer, and made a further progress than Mr. Gray did. An old friend of Mr. Montagu's and mine, Dr. Gregory, came to us here, and brought his daughter, the end of July; and summoned me to keep a promise I had made him, of letting him be my knight-errant, and escort me round Scotland.

The 1st of August we set forward. I called on the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland at Alnwick castle in my way: it is the most noble Gothic building imaginable: its antique form is preserved on the outside; within, the apartments are also Gothic in their structure and ornaments, but convenient and noble, so that modern elegance arranges and conducts antique strength, and grandeur leaves its sublimity of character, but softens what was rude and unpolished.

My next day's journey carried me to Edinburgh, where I staid ten days. I passed my time there very

* The wife of the Rev. William Robinson, third surviving brother of Mrs. Montagu, and then resident at Denton-Court, near Canterbury. He was educated at Westminster, and at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he formed an intimacy with many men of genius and literature, particularly Gray the poet, who paid more than one visit to him at Denton. He was also rector of Burfield, Berks, where he died, December 1803, aged about 75.

† Northumberland.

agreeably, receiving every polite attention from all the people of distinction in the town. I never saw any thing equal to the hospitality of the Scotch. Every one seemed to make it their business to attend me to all the fine places in the neighbourhood; to invite me to dinner, to supper, &c.

As I had declared an intention to go to Glasgow, the lord provost of Glasgow insisted on my coming to his villa near the town, instead of going to a noisy inn. I staid three days there, to see the seats in the environs, and the great cathedral, and the college and academy for painting, and then I set out for Inverary. I should first tell you, Glasgow is the most beautiful town in Great Britain. The houses, according to the Scotch fashion, are large and high, and built of free-stone; the streets very broad, and built at right angles. All dirty kinds of business are carried on in separate districts, so that nothing appears but a noble and elegant simplicity.

My road from Glasgow for Inverary lay by the side of the famous Lough-Lomon. Never did I see the sublime and beautiful so united. The lake is in some places eight miles broad; in others less; adorned with many islands, of which some rise in a conical figure, and are covered with fir-trees up to the summit. Other islands are flatter, and deer are feeding in their green meadows: in the Lontananga rise the

"Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do seem to rest."

The lake is bright as crystal, and the shore consists of alabaster pebbles.

Thus I travelled near twenty miles, till I came to the village of Luss, where I lay at an inn, there being no gentleman's house near it. The next morning I began to ascend the Highland mountains. I got out of my chaise to climb to the top of one, to take leave of the beautiful lake. The sun had not long been up; its beams danced on the lake, and we saw this lovely water meandering for twenty-five miles.

Immediately after I returned to my chaise, I began to be inclosed in a deep valley between vast mountains, down whose furrowed cheeks torrents rushed impetuously, and united in the vale below. —Winter rains had so washed away the soil from some of the steep mountains, that there appeared little but the rocks, which, like the skeleton of a giant, appeared more terrible than the perfect form. Other mountains were covered with a dark brown moss; the shaggy goats were browsing on their sides. Here and there appeared a storm-struck tree or blasted shrub, from whence no lark ever saluted the morn with joyous hymn, or Philomel "soothed the dull ear of night;" but from thence the eagle gave the first lessons of flight to her young, and taught them to make war upon the kids.

In the vale of Glencirow we stopped to dine by the stream of Cona, so celebrated by Ossian. I chose to dine amid the rude magnificence of nature, rather than in the meanest of the works of art, so did not enter the cottage which called itself an inn. From thence my servants brought me fresh herrings and trout, and my lord pro-

vost's wife had filled my maids' chaise with good things; so very luxuriously we feasted.

I wished Ossian would have come to us, and told us "a tale of other times." However, imagination and memory assisted, and we recollected many passages in the very places that inspired them. I staid three hours, listening to the roaring stream, and hoped some ghost would come on the blast of the mountain, and shew us where three grey stones were erected to his memory.

After dinner we went on about fourteen miles, still in the valley, mountain rising over mountain, till we ascended to Inverary. There at once we entered the vale where lies the vast lake called Loch Fine, of whose dignity I cannot give you a better notion than by telling you, the great Leviathan had taken his pastime therein the night before I was there. Though it is forty miles from the sea, whales come up there in the herring season. At Inverary I was lodged at a gentleman's house, invited to another in the neighbourhood, and attended round the Duke of Argyle's Policy (such are called the grounds dedicated to beauty and ornament). I went also to see the castle built by the late duke. It appears small by the vast objects near it; this great lake before, a vast mountain covered with fir and beech behind it, so that relatively the castle is little.

I was obliged to return back to Glasgow the same way, not having time to make the tour of the Highlands. Lord Provost had an excellent dinner and good company ready for us. The next day I went to Lord Kames's, near Stirling, where I had promised to stay a day. I passed a day very agreeably there, but could not comply with their obliging entreaties to stay a longer time, but was obliged to return to Edinburgh. Lord Kames attended me to Stirling castle, and thence to the iron-works at Carron. There again I was on classic ground.

I dined at Mr. Dundas's. At night I got back to Edinburgh, where I rested myself three days, and then on my road lay at Sir Gilbert Elliot's, and spent a day with him and Lady Elliot. They facilitated my journey by lending me relays, which the route did not always furnish, so I sent my own horses a stage forward. I crossed the Tweed again; dined and lay at the Bishop of Carlisle's at Rose castle, and then came home, much pleased with the expedition, and grateful for the infinite civilities I had received.

My evenings at Edinburgh passed very agreeably with Dr. Robertson, Dr. Blair, Lord Kames, and divers ingenious and agreeable persons. My friend Dr. Gregory, who was my fellow traveller, though he is a mathematician, has a fine imagination, an elegant taste, and every quality to make an agreeable companion. He came back to Denton with me, but soon left us: I detained his two daughters, who are still with me. They are most amiable children: they will return to their papa a few days before I leave this place.

I was told Mr. Gray was rather reserved when he was in Scotland, though they were disposed to pay him great respect. I agree perfectly with him, that to en-

deavour to shine in conversation, and to lay out for admiration, is very paltry: the wit of the company, next to the butt of the company, is the meanest person in it; but at the same time, when a man of celebrated talents disdains to mix in common conversation, or refuses to talk on ordinary subjects, it betrays a latent pride. There is a much higher character than that of a wit, a poet, or a *savant*, which is that of a rational and social being, willing to carry on the commerce of life with all the sweetness and condescension decency and virtue will permit. The great duty of conversation is to follow suit as you do at whist: if the eldest hand plays the deuce of diamonds, let not his next neighbour dash down the king of hearts because his hand is full of honours. I do not love to see a man of wit win all the tricks in conversation, nor yet see him sullenly pass. I speak not this of Mr. Gray in particular, but it is the common failing of men of genius to exert a proud superiority, or maintain a prouder indolence. I shall be very glad to see Mr. Gray whenever he will do me the favour. I think he is the first poet of the age; but if he comes to my fireside, I will teach him not only to speak prose, but to talk nonsense, if occasion be. I would not have a poet always sit on the proud summit of the forked hill. I have a great respect for Mr. Gray, as well as a high admiration.

I am much grieved at the bad news from Canterbury. The dean* is a great loss to his family. Your affectionate sister, E. MONTAGU.

* Dean Friend, who married Primate Robinson's sister.

CULTIVATION OF POTATOES IN STIRIA.

Two documents have been published from the Archduke John of Austria, relative to the cultivation of potatoes in Stiria, in connection with the Imperial Society of Rural Economy.

The first of these states, that the failure of the crops, principally in the mountainous districts, which had reduced the poorer classes to the utmost distress, first occasioned the cultivation of the potatoe, experiments being set on foot to ascertain what species succeeded best in different districts.

At the latter end of the month of April and in the beginning of May 1818, 405 metzes* of potatoes were distributed in various situations in Stiria, among more than seven hundred peasants, labourers, and woodmen: in each district an allowance was dealt out to the cottagers of the respective villages.

In the autumn of 1818 the result of these experiments was ascertained, and they would have been more decisive had not the poverty of the peasants compelled many of them to consume the potatoes before they had grown to their full size, and even a part of the seed-potatoes with which they had been furnished. Nevertheless, the undertaking has had this beneficial effect, that the inhabitants of those districts have been

* A metze contains about two thirds more than an English bushel.

convinced of the excellence of this root, and the best kind for general cultivation has been ascertained.

At the expiration of a twelve-month it was found, that though many of the less straightened of the peasants saved seed for future cultivation, yet others were under the necessity of consuming the whole of their produce. The conviction that a deficiency of food could only be prevented in the most mountainous districts by the introduction of potatoes, which are not, like other crops, affected by the severity of the climate, gave rise to a wish to conduct the cultivation on a principle calculated to secure its permanency. With this view, those of the inhabitants of the different places in which a distribution of potatoes had taken place in 1818, who did not share in that distribution, were ordered to labour the lands allotted for a fresh cultivation in 1819, and in gathering in the crop, a proportion was set apart for seed, sufficient to plant an equal extent of surface in 1820. By following up this course in succeeding years, the cultivation of this root will be secured beyond the reach of accident.

In the same manner, arrangements have been made for extending into other districts, peculiarly calculated for its growth, the cultivation of the potatoe.

The second document consists of observations on the results of the above cultivation of potatoes in different districts of Stiria in 1818.

It is remarked in it, that although the produce of the crops has not been as considerable as might have been expected, on account of the sets having been placed too close together, and other defects in the cultivation, yet in general it has been from eight to tenfold; and no material difference has been observed between the produce on high situations on the mountains, and upon the lands of the vallies.

The following observations have been made on the cultivation of potatoes in the mountainous districts:

The early sorts, which, on account of their earliness, would seem particularly adapted to mountainous districts, such, for instance, as the white and red kidney potatoe, are not found to be calculated for cleared forest-land, which is rich in mould or vegetable earth, or for higher situations, as the produce is of small size, and is besides generally covered with excrescences, or what are commonly called scabs. The most preferable appeared to be the long white Basil potatoe, which, in certain situations, yielded more than twentyfold, as well as the large white English field-potatoe, called the Howard.

It is, however, extremely gratifying to find, that, even on the higher and most elevated situations, the cultivation of this beneficent root has been eminently successful; and by its extension, even the poor Alpine peasant has obtained a security against any failure in his corn-crops, and new means for enabling him to breed and rear an additional number of cattle, and thereby to cultivate, to greater advantage, the different kinds of grain suited to the country.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XLVIII.

Quæ fugit Venus? heu! quo color? heu! decens
Quo motus? Quid habes illius, illius
Quæ spirabat amores,
Quæ me surpuerat mihi.

Ah! whither is thy beauty fled?
That bloom, by nature's cunning spread?
That every graceful art?
Of her, of her, what now remains,
Who breath'd the loves, who charm'd the swains,
And seiz'd upon my heart?

Hor. *Lib.* iv. *Od.* 13.

The following essay on a subject so universally interesting as beauty, proceeds from a mind, that has never failed, I believe, to throw additional light upon any subject which it has been induced to investigate. Nor do I fear, that my readers will think, on the perusal of this paper, that I have promised more than the pages of it will be found to perform. I proceed therefore in offering it to their attention.

Every object which is pleasing to the eye when looked upon, or delightful to the mind on recollection, may be called *beautiful:* so that beauty, in general, may stretch as wide as the visible creation, or even as far as the imagination can extend, which may be considered, in some degree, as a new or secondary creation. Thus we speak not only of the beauties of an engaging prospect, of the rising or setting sun, or of a fine starry heaven; but of those of a picture, a statue, and an architectural object; and even of the actions, characters, and thoughts of men.

In the greater part of these, there may be almost as many false beauties as there are real, according to the different tastes of nations and of individuals: so that if any one were to consider beauty in its fullest extent, it could not be done without considerable confusion. I shall therefore confine my subject to *visible beauty;* and of that, to such only as may be called *personal* or *human beauty;* and that again, to such as is *natural* or *real.* I shall accordingly proceed to consider every thing belonging to beauty as falling under one or other of these four heads—*colour*, *form*, *expression*, and *grace.* The two former of which I shall regard as the *body*, and the two latter as the *soul* of beauty.

Though *colour* be the lowest of all the constituent parts of beauty, yet it is generally the most striking and the most observed; for this obvious reason, that all can see, but few can judge; the beauties of colour requiring much less judgment than either of the other three.

As to the colour of the body in general, the most beautiful, perhaps, that ever was imagined, was that which Apelles expressed in his celebrated *Venus*, and which Cicero has, in some degree, preserved to us, in his admirable description of it. It was, as we learn from him, a fine red, beautifully intermixed and incorporated with white, and

diffused, in its due proportion, through each part of the body. Such are the descriptions of a most beautiful skin, in several of the Roman poets. Virgil thus represents his Lavinia, as will appear in the following translation:

At this a flood of tears Lavinia shed;
A crimson blush her lovely face o'erspread,
Varying her cheeks by turns with white and red.
The driving colours, never at a stay,
Run here and there, and flush and fade away.
Delightful change! thus Indian ivory shews,
Which with the bord'ring paint of purple glows,
Or lilies damask'd by the neighb'ring rose.

Such is often the colouring of Titian, and particularly in his *Sleeping Venus*.

These colours please so much, not only from their natural liveliness, and the much greater charms they obtain from their being properly blended together, but from the idea they also carry with them, of that health, without which all beauty grows languid and less engaging, and with which it always recovers an additional life and lustre.

As to the colour of the face in particular, a great deal of its beauty is owing, besides the causes already mentioned, to variety, that being designed by nature for the greatest concourse of different colours of any part of the human body. Colours please by opposition; and it is in the face that they are the most diversified, and the most opposed.

Form takes in the turn of each part, as well as the symmetry of the whole body, even to the turn of an eyebrow, or the falling of the hair. The distinguishing character of beauty in the female form, is delicacy and softness; and in the male, either apparent strength or agility. The beauty of the mere human form is much superior to that of colour, and I believe it generally happens, that the mind is more struck with a fine statue than a fine picture.

The other constituent parts of beauty are, *expression* and *grace*; the former of which is common to all persons and faces, and the latter is to be met with in very few.

By *expression*, I mean the expression of the passions, the turns and changes of the mind, so far as they are made visible to the eye by our looks and gestures. Though the mind appears principally in the face and attitudes of the head, yet every part almost of the human body, on some occasion or other, may become expressive. Thus the languishing hanging of the arm, or the vehement exertion of it; the pain expressed by the fingers of one of the sons in the group of Laocoon, and in the toes of the dying Gladiator. But this is necessarily lost by our dress, and is of the less concern, because the expression of the passions passes chiefly in the face.

The parts of the face in which the passions most frequently make their appearance are the eyes and the mouth, but from the eyes they diffuse themselves about the eyebrows. Philosophers may, indeed, dispute about the seat of the soul, but, wherever it resides, it speaks most powerfully from the eyes. Homer makes the eyebrows the seat of majesty, Virgil of dejection, Horace of modesty, and Juvenal of pride. But if we wish for an authority of modern date,

and in plain prose, Le Brun, who wrote a treatise to shew how the passions affect the face and features, supports the opinion, that the principal seat of them is in the eyebrows. Indeed Pliny had said the same thing several hundred years before him.

I have hitherto observed only upon the passions in general; but I shall now consider their respective power of adding to, or diminishing beauty.

It may indeed be said, without fear of contradiction, that all the kind and tender passions add to beauty; while the cruel and unkind ones promote deformity. It is therefore on this account, that *good-nature* may very justly be said to be *the best feature in the finest face.* Mr. Pope has included the principal passions of each sort in two very appropriate lines:

"Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train;
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain"

The former of which naturally give an additional lustre and enlivening to beauty; as the latter are too apt to cast a gloom and cloud over it. Yet in these, and all the other passions, I do not know whether moderation may not be, in a great degree, the rule of their beauty, almost as far as moderation in actions is the rule of virtue. Thus an excessive joy may be too boisterous in the face to be pleasing, and a degree of grief, in some faces and on some occasions, may be extremely beautiful. Some degrees of anger, shame, surprise, fear, and concern, are beautiful; but all excess is ugly. Dulness, austerity, impudence, pride, affectation, malice, and envy, have all, more or less, a tendency to shock the witnesses of them.

The finest union of passions that I have ever observed in any face, consisted of a just mixture of modesty, sensibility, and sweetness, each of which, when taken singly, is very pleasing, but when they are all blended together in such a manner as either to enliven or correct each other, they give almost as much attraction as the passions are capable of adding to the prettiest face.

It is, I believe, owing to the great force of pleasingness which attends all the kinder passions, that lovers do not only seem, but are really, more beautiful to each other than they are to the rest of the world; because when they are together, the most pleasing passions are more frequently exerted in each of their faces, than they are in either before the rest of the world. There is then a soul upon their countenances, which does not appear when they are absent from each other, or even when they are together, conversing with other persons who are indifferent to them, or rather lay a restraint upon their features.

It must be observed by every one, that there is a great difference in the same face, according as the person is in a better or worse humour, or in a greater or less degree of liveliness. The best complexion, the finest features, and the most exact shape, without any mental expression on the face, is almost as insipid as any of the waxen figures in Westminster Abbey; at the same time, a face without any good features, and a very indifferent complexion, may have

a very taking air, from the sensibility of the eyes, the general good-humoured turn of the look, and an agreeable smile about the mouth. These three things, it is probable, will go a great way towards accounting for the *je ne sai quoi*, or that inexplicable pleasingness of the face, to use a frequent expression, which is so often talked of and so little understood, as the greater part, and perhaps all the rest of it, would fall under the last article, that of *grace*. Thus it is evident, that the passions can give beauty, without the assistance of colour or form; and take it away, where they have united the most strongly to give it.

The last finishing and noblest part of beauty is *grace*, which every one is accustomed to consider as inexplicable. We know indeed, that the soul is, but we scarce know what it is: thus every judge of beauty can point out grace, but no one that I can quote has yet fixed upon a clear and satisfactory definition of it.

Grace often depends on certain little incidents in a fine face; and in actions it consists more in the manner of doing things, than in the things themselves. It is perpetually varying its appearances, and is therefore much more difficult to be considered, than any thing fixed and steady. While we look upon it in one character, it steals from our observation, and is succeeded perhaps by another that flits away as soon, and with as imperceptible a disappearance.

The grace of attitudes may belong to the proportion of each part, as well as to the disposition and carriage of the whole body; but how much more it belongs to the head than to any other part, may be seen in the works of the most celebrated painters. Indeed every motion of a graceful woman is full of grace: it is true, she may not be sensible of it herself, nor should she appear to be so in any great degree, for the moment that any gesture or action appears to be affected, it ceases to be graceful.

There are two very distinct, and, in some measure, opposite kinds of grace; the majestic, and the familiar. The former belongs chiefly to the very fine women, and the latter to the very pretty ones. That is more commanding, and this the more delightful and engaging. The Grecian painters and sculptors were used to express the former most strongly in the looks and attitudes of their Minerva, and the latter in those of Venus.

In the well-known fable of the Choice of Hercules, the author has made the same distinction in his personages of Wisdom and Pleasure, the former of which he describes as moving on to the young hero with the majestic sort of grace, and the latter with the familiar.

Graceful, yet each with different grace they move;
This striking sacred awe, that softer winning love.

There is no poet I have ever read, who seems to me to understand this part of beauty so well as our own Milton. He speaks of these two kinds of grace with a decided distinction, when he gives the majestic to Adam, and the familiar blended with the majestic to Eve,

but the latter in a less degree than the former.

Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honour clad
In naked majesty, seem'd lords of all:
And worthy seem'd; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
(Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd,)
Whence true authority in men: though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd:
For contemplation he, and valour form'd;
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace.
Paradise Lost, l. iv. 288.

(To be continued.)

PER-CENTAGE OF ALCOHOL,

Of 0,828 specific Gravity at 60° Fahr. contained in various Kinds of spirituous Liquors of Commerce.

SIR,

A number of gentlemen who are votaries of chemical science, and who meet occasionally for the purpose of performing chemical experiments, for the sake of mutual improvement, when the labours of the day are over, instituted lately a series of experiments, for ascertaining the quantity of alcohol, of a given strength, in various kinds of spirituous liquors of commerce. They were induced so to do, on account of there being no statement of the quantity of alcohol contained in *all* the most common spirituous liquors of commerce, to be met with in any of the most popular works on chemical science. The results of their experiments, which were repeated three times successively, were the following:

100 *Parts, by measure, of*	*Per-centage of alcohol by measure.*
Brandy, Cognac, average proportion of four samples	52,75
Ditto, Bourdeaux, average proportion of four samples	51,00
Ditto, Cette	53,00
Brandy, Naples, average proportion of three samples	53,25
Ditto, Spanish, average proportion of six samples	52,25
Rum, Jamaica, average proportion of six samples	53,25
Ditto, Leeward Islands, average proportion of nine samples	53,00
Arrac, Batavia	49,50
Whiskey, Irish, average proportion of four samples	54,25
Ditto, Scotch, average proportion of six samples	53,50
Geneva, Dutch	52,25
Gin, average proportion of six samples	51,50

The alcohol was obtained by distilling the spirituous liquors, and abstracting from the obtained product the water, by the addition of carbonate of potash, and then slowly redistilling the decanted alcohol in a water-bath saturated with common salt, which afforded a spirit of the specific gravity above stated.

I am, sir, with respect, your most humble servant.

J. MILLMAN.

COLEMAN-STREET, Nov. 16, 1819.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

The favourite Overture, Songs, Duets, &c. in Mozart's celebrated Opera " IL FLAUTO MAGICO," *or "* ZAUBERFLÖTE," *for the Piano-forte, Flute, and Violoncello, arranged, and inscribed to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent*, by J. Mazzinghi. Book I. 4s.

A NOTICE, which accompanies this number of the above publication, informs us, that Mr. Mazzinghi has undertaken the laborious task of arranging the five most celebrated operas of Mozart, viz. *Le Nozze di Figaro, Il Don Giovanni, La Clemenza di Tito, Cosi fan' tutte*, and *Il Flauto Magico*, in a twofold manner; that is to say, in *four* parts, consisting of piano-forte, harp, flute, and violoncello; and again in *three* parts, viz. piano-forte, flute, and violoncello. The price of the first-mentioned edition to be 6s. a number, of the latter 4s. a number.

The undertaking appears to us to be one of very great magnitude; but, in the hands of Mr. Mazzinghi, we see no reason to despair of its successful completion. The abilities and the unrivalled experience of this Nestor in the field of harmony, afford to him facilities which few others could command. We are beforehand convinced, that he will do ample justice to the scores of Mozart.

This opinion derives practical confirmation from the first number of the "Magic Flute" now before us. The overture to that opera is an effort of human genius, which, in all probability, will command the admiration of ages to come; it is perhaps the most perfect work of modern arts. In spite of the continual repetitions of its performance, this composition, instead of becoming over familiar and tedious, never fails to create the most rapturous enthusiasm; and there is this peculiarity in its construction and nature, that while its fugued and complicated windings afford the most exquisite treat to the fastidious connoisseur, the raw ears and hearts of the profane multitude are equally electrified. What other composition, as learned and profound as this, can boast of this universality of effect?

These remarks we have made to shew, that the overture to the "Magic Flute" was well calculated to serve as a specimen and test of Mr. Mazzinghi's labour. He appears to have exerted his utmost, not only to infuse the spirit of the original into his arrangement, but even to avail himself of minor features of detail, which, with many, if not most other professors, would have dropped through the sieve of adaptation, but which his better judgment and matured musical tact knew to be important.

Besides the overture, this number contains the introduction, in C minor, "Oh Stelle," and the subsequent terzett in G, both which are handled in a manner fully as satisfactory as the overture. If the succeeding numbers partake as strongly, as this, of the advantage of Mr. M.'s careful attention to his author, this edition of Mozart's dramatic works will be a very valuable addition to the library of the musical connoisseur.

Grand Duet for the Piano-forte and Flute, or Violoncello, dedicated to Doctor Gibbings, by F. Kalkbrenner. Pr. 7s.

An apology is due to our readers for withholding from their notice this classic work of Mr. Kalkbrenner's until the present moment. It has been for some months in our portfolio, and its consideration was delayed partly by a desire to examine its score more minutely, and partly by an excursion to the Continent, in which our favourite pursuit of musical knowledge has not been quite at a stand, but directed to objects which, we flatter ourselves, will enable us occasionally to make some amends for the temporary interruption in our critical functions.

Mr. Kalkbrenner's duet comprises an adagio in D minor $\frac{4}{4}$, an allegro in the same key $\frac{4}{4}$, and a theme in D major with seven variations. Now that we have fully surveyed the structure of this composition, we feel the impossibility of confining, within the limits of our scanty space, any thing like a satisfactory analysis of its manifold excellences. In grandeur of style, originality, depth of science and chasteness, as well as variety of ideas, this duet ranks among the very best labours of its author. The allegro, alone, would vouch for the correctness of this assertion; but in the adagio, as well as in the theme and variations, further and innumerable beauties present themselves. To enjoy these, however, an experienced performer is indispensable, and the accompaniments of either flute or violoncello are absolutely necessary. The accompaniment for either of these instruments is rather lightly written, probably to render the complete execution of the duet more secure.

The Return to Claremont, a Military Movement, with an Introduction for the Piano-forte, composed, and most respectfully dedicated to Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, by Wm. Grosse. Pr. 2s.

Mr. G. has favoured this production of his Muse with an elegant frontispiece, as if he had, like ourselves, been aware of its possessing a degree of superiority over many of his other efforts, which entitled it to this distinction. The introduction, an andantino in D minor ($\frac{3}{8}$), is attractive, and well put together. In point of form, we could have wished Mr. G. had abstained from the use of those Scotticisms in measure, which shorten the value of the first note in the bar, in order to bounce upon the next with the greater weight. In a German, we rather wonder to see such a practice find an imitator. The third line (b. 4 and 5) presents the successive fifths A E and D A, which might easily have been avoided; and in the fifth and sixth bars, a very awkward modulation into the chord of C occurs. The succeeding polacca has many claims to our favour; the subject is very good, and its different ramifications, sometimes in the bolero style, are both ingenious and tastefully imagined. Of these, we may notice an interesting part in the relative minor key (p. 2), and an elegant little trio (p. 3). In the fourth page, a portion in D minor attracts favourable attention; the whole of page 5 is well digest-

ed; and the modulations at the bottom, leading to the resumption of the theme, are in good taste. The concluding lines, p. 7, likewise may be mentioned with approbation.

Grosse's grand Gloucester March and Waltz for the Piano-forte. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Without any pretensions to novelty in ideas, this march (in E ♭) recommends itself by the regularity and propriety of its construction, and the energy of its musical diction. The trio is agreeable, and in consonance with the spirit of the two first parts; except the third bar, p. 3, the long minims and minor chords of which do not appear to us calculated to infuse martial vigour. The waltz in G major, and trio in E minor, are agreeable and neatly devised.

Fancy's Overture for the Piano-forte, composed by W. Grosse.—Pr. 3s.

The *fanciful* title to this overture embarrassed our sagacity, till we gave up all further idea of expounding the meaning. After a few chords in Steibelt's tremulando manner, the overture sets out with an andante in $\frac{3}{4}$ time (G major), a waltz theme, which we fancy to have seen in prior writings of Mr. G. The andante is followed by the principal movement in the same key (♯). The motivo is determined, and in its further developement partakes of the sonata style. In the fifth and ninth bars, the two last quavers of the bass ought to be C G instead of D G. The passage, however, to which this observation refers is tasteful, more so than the kind of "Basso ostinato" of continual G, g's which follows next. In the fourth page, some crossed-hand passages are introduced, and towards the bottom occurs a set of interesting modulations; but the turn which these take, p. 5, l. 1, viz. from B ♭, 2♯ 4 to A, 4, 6♯, i. e. to D *major*, appears to us a little too abrupt. The more natural resolution would have been to D *min* and would well have served the purpose of leading, by the interposition of another bar in A 7, at once to the original motivo transposed to D major. This transposition, into the dominant, of a great portion of preceding matter is carried on verbatim, if we may use the expression, through pp. 5 and 6, almost to the conclusion of the movement; and the conclusion itself might have been a little more active and striking. The ensuing andante exhibits a well-known German theme, and is altogether pleasing; the variation of the second part (p. 8), particularly so. The finale is a rondo of a merry cast, not original as to subject, but entertaining enough. Here, too, we meet with a good portion of prior matter, under transposition into the subdominant; and in the fourth bar, p. 9, l. 6, three successive notes in the treble have three fifths for their bass. The final termination is satisfactory. Upon the whole, this overture, with the reservations above-mentioned, appears to us to be very fit for the pupil's desk. It possesses much entertaining variety, and is by no means difficult of execution.

FINE ARTS.

INTELLIGENCE REGARDING WORKS OF ART.

PRESENTS FROM THE KING OF SAXONY TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

ON the 11th of October, the present destined for the Duke of Wellington, of a superb dessert service from the King of Saxony's porcelain-manufactory, was exhibited to the public, and this beautiful specimen of Saxon art was afterwards packed in four morocco cases, which had been prepared for it. The sight was most interesting, and the hall was crowded with visitors. The ice-pails, which are of the most elegant and graceful form, are embellished with allegorical paintings, executed in the first style. The fruit-dishes, of various shapes and sizes, consisting of twenty-four pieces, are without painting, but magnificently gilt. The plates, one hundred and eight in number, constituted the most admirable part of the display: many of them were adorned with views of the different places where the duke has particularly distinguished himself, and others with designs from the first masters; and the whole affords a proof of the unrivalled excellence to which the art has been carried in that kingdom. This present will be accompanied by another from his Majesty, from the damask-manufactory at Zittau, completed under the direction of M. von der Brehling. This was not publicly exhibited, but those who have seen it at the house of the banker, have been astonished at the perfection of the fabric, and the infinite taste and ingenuity displayed in the design and execution of the pattern. It consists of six table-cloths, of the amazing length of twenty ells, each six ells in breadth. On one of them, the ground of which is ornamented with beautiful stars, appear the arms of the Duke of Wellington, encompassed with laurel, and various other insignia; at each end are grouped the emblems of War and Peace; a rich and uncommon arabesque border encircles the whole. The beauty of the effect consists principally in the apparently high relief of the figures on the clear silvery ground. The newly discovered method of shadowing, which may be termed a kind of painting in linen, has been carried to wonderful perfection. The napkins, on a small arabesque pattern ground, have also the Wellington arms, encircled by the order of the Garter, in the centre.

The British Gallery in Pall-Mall is undergoing some alterations in the management of the lights, which are of great importance to the advantageous exhibition of the pictures. The chief alteration relates to the perpendicular lanterns in the roofs of the three rooms, which are to be displaced in favour of casements on an inclined plane; and the form is not only to be better adapted to the purpose of displaying the pictures, but more ornamental in it-

self. The alterations will not be completed until Christmas, but sufficiently early for the exhibition in February. Too much praise cannot be given to the directors, who spare no expense, guided by the best taste and discretion, to render the apartments in all respects worthy of the science to which they are devoted.

DEATH OF MR. BIRD, R. A.

The arts have sustained, since our last, a heavy loss in the premature death of Mr. Bird, a member of the Royal Academy. The work that principally contributed to his celebrity was the Battle of Chevy Chace, which was exhibited at the British Gallery, and attracted universal admiration. He has since continued to employ his pencil upon these subjects, the last of which was the Embarkation of Louis XVIII. on his return to France. He commenced his career as a painter of humourous scenes in humbler life; and here it was considered, that he was eminently successful, until higher subjects engaged his attention. We shall not pretend to decide between the merits of two styles so totally distinct, and requiring apparently such different talents: posterity, to which Mr. Bird's productions will descend, will arrive at a more just and accurate conclusion. He was a native of Bristol, where we understand he expired.

THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS *from* NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

ON THE THEATRES OF ITALY.

(From *Letters from the North of Italy.*)

In Venice, and every other city of the Peninsula, there is an abundance of theatres, the management of which is undertaken by individuals, who recruit, how they can, and often at very small bounties, from almost every province. To say nothing of the bad recitation of the performers, and the slovenly manner in which they learn their parts (in whatever cause these originate), the effect of this system is, in some degree, what would be the consequence of a dramatic conscription from our various counties in Great Britain. Let an Englishman, therefore, conceive a Hamlet soliloquizing in broad Yorkshire, and he may guess at the feelings of a Florentine on hearing, as I have heard, the lyrical effusions of a David from Bergamo*. It is true that the

* The Bergamosque accent is necessarily associated with *Truffaldino*, a native of the province where it is spoken. I was once informed by a Florentine, that some grand-duke had succeeded in raising a theatrical corps in Tuscany, and that this not being able to recruit itself within the dukedom, was renewed from other provinces, when the Florentines,

Italians are very indulgent as to accent, but I have heard a strong disgust expressed in Florence at the barbarous pronunciation of Milan, as those amongst us,

—"Who have been knolled to church,
And sat at good men's feasts,"

experience at the *whine* of Devonshire, or the *burr* of Northumberland.

As the declamation is inferior to that of our own stage, so is the costume and machinery. The only superiority is in the picturesque. Here, as usual, Italian genius is pre-eminent, and neither the theatres of France nor England can vie with those of the Peninsula in the department of scenery.

As to their notions of *costume*, I cannot give you a better idea of this, than by telling you, I saw, in one and the same evening, a Venetian senator with a foreign order, a pale-faced Othello habited as a Turk, our Prince Hal in a Spanish dress, and Poins in a round hat, blue coat, and silk stockings.

But if the composition and equipment of the theatrical corps in Italy, as well as perhaps the nature of the language, is unfavourable to the cultivation and enjoyment of dramatic poetry, it must be allowed, that these theatres recommend themselves as a pleasant place of resort, by their cheapness and other advantages, and seem indeed to be considered principally in this light by the Italians. As a proof of this I should observe, that the post of honour in a box reserved for the lady, is not that from which she can have the best view of the stage, but that from which she can be best seen by the audience; and that ladies pay visits to one another in their boxes, where they occasionally make little suppers: so that though the principal object of a theatre is not obtained, its absence is, in some degree, compensated by advantages of another description. In London, the evils are perhaps equal, and counterbalanced by no advantages. In order to get a place in theatres, in which you can neither see nor hear, you dine early, and pay dear; you break the first progress of digestion, and moreover have to go dressed. Nor is this the end of your miseries: arrived there, there is usually a difficulty about seats; but should these be obtained, and "quietly held and enjoyed," you sit cramped and crowded, heated and dazzled, till midnight, and then return, under some difficulty and danger, with the pleasing certainty of a reversionary head-ache. In Italy the price is low, and what is more important, the theatres are cool, and only lighted sufficiently for convenience and stage-effect, the latter of which is destroyed by our mode of illumination; you may go dressed how you will, and at what hour you choose, with no more inconvenience than is incurred by passing from one house to another.

In short, the theatres may illustrate national character in Italy and England. The watch-words of the two countries appear to be —in Italy, *ease at home and abroad;* in England, *comfort at home.* Hence it is perhaps, that, sure of it *there*,

disgusted by a pronunciation to which they had been for some time strangers, used at first to repeat after the new-comers the words they uttered, as they conceived they ought to be pronounced.

we never think of looking for it in any other place. Is an Italian cold? he runs into sunshine: does he seek distraction? he resorts to spectacles and society. The Englishman must stir his fire, and fall back upon himself.

SYSTEM OF ITALIAN LOTTERIES.

(From *the same.*)

ABANO, 1817.

I WAS yesterday walking out with a considerable number of persons lodged here, when a lady, on hearing two women talk about the lottery, detached herself from the party and joined them. I give you the dialogue which followed:

Lady. My good woman, I too amuse myself with the lottery. Last night I dreamt that a person who is dead, appeared to me: what number does that signify?

Woman. A dead man, ma'am, is *forty-five*, and a dead man resuscitated, *fifty—(I report from recollection)*:—so that you must play forty-five and fifty.

Lady. Well, but he saluted me.

Woman. What with his hand? *(imitating the motion of the fingers, indicative of a familiar salute in Italy).*

Lady. Yes.

Woman. *That* signifies five.

Lady. Thank you, good woman, for your information, which I shall profit by.

This dialogue requires a comment. The French and Italian lotteries, which, I believe, are now alike, do not resemble ours. A quantity of tickets inscribed with different numbers, associated at pleasure, are shaken together in a box, and then are drawn, and proclaimed aloud; an operation which usually takes place in some conspicuous place in the city. Those who gamble in the lottery therefore play upon certain numbers. Thus I play upon 30, 49, 60, and inscribe these numbers on a ticket which I purchase, previous to the drawing, and of which I receive a duplicate. If, therefore, these numbers come up in the same ticket, no matter whether or not in the same order, I have won a prize. But my gains are not only the sport of chance, but are regulated, in some degree, by previous conditions: thus, I may play for an *ambo*, *i. e.* that two numbers, correspondent to those I have chosen, shall be found on the same ticket; or three, which is denominated a *terno*; or four, which is a *quaderno*. I should observe that the numbers employed are limited to 90, and that if only one of my numbers come up, as 30, I take nothing by my motion.

The choice of figures on which to play naturally enough gives rise to a variety of superstitions, and there are books published which shew the relation of every day's occurrence, whether in vision or in every-day life, to numbers in the lottery. Thus, for example, I meet in my morning's walk a mangy dog, a man in a pea-green coat with a cocked hat, or a woman with a rouged face under a white beaver hat. I return home and

consult my books, and find that the mangy dog is 12, the pea-green man 16, and the rouged face under a white hat 30. But I should have said, that every odd circumstance whatever has a double signification. Thus, if I dream that my dog bites me, I recur to my books for an explanation of what this is significative; and here I find, perhaps, that in my dog's biting me is prefigured an injury to be received from a friend, and that the same thing is connected, by some mysterious link, with No. 62. But as the magic volume cannot of course supply a provision for every possible case, I must, if abandoned by my spells, find a resource in the powers of my own ingenuity. Let us put a case: I see a human figure on one of the highest pinnacles of the Alps. I seek an explanation in my conjuring books, but in vain. How then am I to reach the emblem? I see a man who has reached a pitch as high as human daring and address can carry him: what can this signify but that I am to mount as high as is possible in the lottery scale? The case is clear, and I play 90.

The lottery-books seem, in some instances, to proceed on some principle of analogy, as in the instance of a salute with the fingers signifying five; but, in general, the relation between things and numbers appears to be a mere random association, or perhaps a fragment of the old cabalistic folly, that taught the universe was governed by numbers, which regulated every thing, from the annihilation of a planet to the blowing up of a powder-mill.

I have thus given you a slight sketch of the system of regular lotteries in Italy; but there are also various bye-adventures of the same kind, for the profit of the government. Without, however, going further into these, it will be enough to say, that there is a lottery every ten days*, and that you are pestered with the offer of tickets in every coffee-house, public reading-room, and even on the king's highway.

When, therefore, you consider the frequency of these, and the smallness of the stake, which puts them within the reach of the lowest of the people, for you may venture from a guinea down to a penny farthing, you will easily conceive the wide-wasting effects of this pernicious system, which is precisely like throwing a quantity of twigs before a drowning man, in snatching at which he wastes his remaining strength, which might, perhaps, have enabled him to gain the shore.

The small shopkeeper, or the peasant, impoverished as he is, and desperate of working out his own relief, feeds himself with the vain hope of a prize, and throws away both his capital, his ingenuity, and his industry, in the wild and whimsical speculations which I have described. This is his talk by day, and his dream by night; and things which immediately concern his interests, often occupy his attention less in the direct manner in which they bear upon his shop or his farm, than in the strange relation which he supposes them to have to the lottery.

* You may play at Venice and Padua, for from twenty-four franks down to five Venetian soldi.

the middle by a band of the colour of the dress placed crosswise, and fastened by a button. A half-sleeve, of the same material as the dress, is ornamented by Spanish puffs of white satin: there is a white satin long sleeve, terminated at the wrist by a full rouleau of the same. The trimming of the skirt is always three rows of white satin Spanish puffs let into the gown. This is a pretty and becoming dress. You ought to have one, my dear Sophia, if it was only to please your good uncle by recalling to his mind his favourite game; for as the puffs are always square, if the dress is dark, the trimming of the skirt resembles very much the appearance of a chess-board: nevertheless, it has a very pretty effect.

Plumes of down feathers, coral ornaments, and bouquets of winter flowers, are all worn to ornament the hair in full dress; but they are not considered by any means so fashionable as white satin hats, which have small brims of the same width all round. These hats are lined with the same material; the lining is sometimes fluted in, and they are edged with a very narrow pointed blond lace. They are always adorned either with Marabout or ostrich feathers. This style of hat is elegantly appropriate to *grand costume*.

Confess, my dear friend, that I have tried to make you some amends for the loss of my last letter. Adieu! Believe me always most affectionately your

EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 35.—THREE DESIGNS FOR WINDOW-CURTAINS.

AN ingenious artist will communicate to the commonest theme an inexhaustible variety of design: in doing this he must, however, give *liberty* to his ideas, which, if well instructed in the first instance, will never take their flight beyond the limits prescribed by fitness and true taste. The imagination so controuled is properly distinguished from *fancy*, which wantonly oversteps all limitations, and trespasses alike on the most sacred and on the profanest grounds of *theory* and *practice;* and hence the distinction between the works of an artist and of an amateur, as well in the higher departments of art, as in that of mere upholstery.

The annexed subject presents features of perfect novelty, without a departure from its guiding principles. The centre draperies, in two colours, are composed for a Venetian or Palladian window: they are supported by a bow-like ornament, and by pilasters, to which the curtains are connected; the sub-curtains are also festooned by the bow, and guarded by a lateral transom, that passes from pilaster to pilaster.

The designs on the right and left are light and elegant: they should be composed of silk, and the sub-curtains of transparent materials richly embroidered: so executed, the delicacy of their combinations makes them suitable to a cabinet or boudoir.

For these designs we are indebted to Mr. Stafford of Bath.

SOME FURTHER ACCOUNT OF MR. SALISBURY'S SCHOOL OF ECONOMY.

ALTHOUGH notice has more than once been taken of this newly established institution, yet, as many very useful kinds of employment are likely to arise as connected herewith, we have great pleasure in stating one most material one; namely, the intimate connection it has with agriculture, and the effect of the introduction thereof, as first advised by Mr. Salisbury. It may not be improper to notice, that the Board of Agriculture, some seasons since, offered a premium for the best essay on the employment of the agricultural poor, which was awarded to that gentleman. *His plan* was, for *the introduction of labour by using the spade*, instead of the plough, wherever it was *admissible*.

The husbanding manures, the art of cottage-gardening, and the general culture and the introduction to our manufacture of all our own native materials, whenever such could be substituted for that of other countries; and it will now appear, with what degree of success it may be introduced, by the following document.

At a meeting of Subscribers to the Establishment for finding Employment for the Poor, this day, Nov. 17, 1819,

Present his Royal Highness the Duke of KENT, &c. &c.

It having been affirmed by Mr. Salisbury to his early friends, that a school of domestic economy might be established, wherein could be taught many useful and profitable means of employing the poor, and thereby have the effect of reducing the poor's rates, and rendering once more the unemployed poor of use to the community, and to train up the younger branches in habits of industry, connected with our national system of education, which would tend to keep them from the contamination of idleness, profuse examples, and infidelity:

He has now tried the experiment, and has given most incontestible proofs, by the affirmation of the following gentlemen: Mr. Reynolds, of the parish of Staines; Messrs. Shepherd, Campbell, and Lacey, of St. Clement Danes; and Mr. Stringer, of St. Mary's le Strand; by whose indefatigable exertions and assiduity in the duties of their offices, the plan has been introduced into their several parishes with the most happy effect. Specimens of fine flax and hemp were produced, grown on land hitherto waste, and cultivated by the labour of paupers alone, whereby a clear gain of more than twelve pounds per acre had this season accrued; and many pieces of different linen cloth, sewing-thread, and cordage, wholly prepared therefrom in London by the same class of people, together with other articles, forming a part of the operations of the general plan. Several very interesting facts were also adduced, as regarded the effects that the introduction of this plan had on the poor individually: the profits arising afforded many comforts to the aged and infirm, who were capable of lending their assistance; while many instances had

occurred, wherein sturdy and able paupers had left the workhouse, and found labour for themselves, since they could no longer remain without work: eight men had thus left St. Mary's last week; and entered the marine service. A pleasing contrast to this was also exhibited by Mr. Salisbury himself: Several men and women having been in the establishment from its commencement, had become sufficiently proficient to be sent as instructors and superintendents to the country, from whence letters were produced, testifying their intelligence and good conduct.

It was therefore resolved,

That, from the testimony given this day by the overseers of several parishes where Mr. Salisbury's plan has been introduced, we consider it, beyond all doubt, a most beneficial, wholesome, and effective method of giving employment to the poor, not otherwise engaged.

That it combines in itself the means of suiting labour to the different age and strength of the parties; so that men, women, and children may be rendered at once useful in obtaining that support, which is now wholly, or in great measure, supplied by the poor's rate.

That a barrier is hereby set to the torrent of evils, which otherwise would sweep away the few remaining sentiments of independent principle, that a continual course of idleness has weakened almost to annihilation; at the same time, a test is furnished, by which parish officers may prove the ability and motives of all persons applying for relief.

That, in consequence of the great importation of similar materials, the increase of produce thus effected, is not likely to injure the present manufactures; and lastly, that it is a most encouraging recommendation to the cultivation of waste or other lands by the poor of country places. All of which conclusions, facts have been produced this day to establish.

(Signed,) EDWARD.
WILLIAM GURNEY, A.M.
H. GREY MACNAB, M.D.
WM. GURNEY, jun. A.M.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

R. ACKERMANN begs leave respectfully to inform the public, that the first number of the *Second Tour of Doctor Syntax*, so long promised, from the same pen and pencil as produced *the First*, will appear on the 1st day of January, 1820.

Volumes III. and IV. of *A View of the History, Literature, and Religion of the Hindoos* including a minute description of their manners and customs, and translations from their principal works, are in the press. They are, as our readers know, by the Rev. W. Ward, of Serampore, Bengal.

A most entertaining work is now in the press, consisting of a valuable *Series of Anecdotes*, collected and arranged under separate heads, by Shutts and Reuben Percy, brothers of the Benedictine monastery of Mont Benger. The collection

is, we understand, the fruit of much curious reading during many years of romantic seclusion, and while it embraces a vast fund of entirely original matter, will omit nothing particularly worthy of preservation in the anecdotal treasures either of ancient or of modern times. The first four parts will consist of anecdotes of humanity, embellished with a portrait of William Wilberforce, Esq.; anecdotes of eloquence, with a portrait of Lord Erskine; anecdotes of enterprize, with a portrait of the lamented Mungo Park; and anecdotes of youth, with a portrait of Robert Charles Dallas, son of Sir George Dallas. These will be followed by anecdotes of science, of genius, of liberty, of heroism, &c.

Mr Stump proposes to publish, early in December, a Head, in the chalk manner, of Mr. Kean, in the character of Lucius Junius Brutus, from one of his own pictures.

Mr. Accum, M. R. I. A. F. L. S. &c. is at present engaged in delivering, at the Surry Institution, *A Course of eight Lectures*, on some important chemical phenomena of nature and art. The principal topics of these lectures are, 1. The Earth. 2. Ores of metals. 3. Earth, stones, and inflammable fossils. 4. The atmosphere. 5. Gases. 6. Gases continued. 7. Fire, heat, and light. 8. Water.

The following courses are also in progress at the same institution: 1. On the literature of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, by W. Hazlitt, Esq.; which commenced on Friday, the 5th of November, and to be continued on each succeeding Friday at the same hour. 2. On the elements of civil architecture, by James Elmes, Esq. architect; in January 1820. 3. On music, by W. Crotch, mus. doc. professor of music in the University of Oxford; early in 1820.

The following notice to exhibitors has been circulated by order of the directors of the British Institution: "I am desired by the directors to inform you, that the pictures, &c. you intend for exhibition and sale in the British Gallery the ensuing season, must be sent there, for the inspection of the committee, on Friday, the 14th, and Saturday, the 15th of January next, between the hours of ten o'clock in the forenoon and five in the afternoon, after which time no picture or other work of art will be received. Particular attention is requested to the following regulations: 1. Each picture is to be marked on the back with the name of the artist whose performance and property it is; and if more than one be sent, they must be numbered. 2. Written accounts must be addressed to the keeper, containing the names of the respective subjects, as proposed to be inserted in the catalogue, together with the prices, with or without the frames, and the name and residence of the artist. 3. No quotation exceeding four lines can be inserted in the catalogue; nor can any picture be admitted without a frame, or that is not for sale, unless by special order. 4. Portraits, drawings in water-colours, and architectural drawings, are inadmissible.

"I am your most obedient humble servant,

"JOHN YOUNG, *Keeper*."

"British Gallery, Pall-Mall,
Nov. 1, 1819."

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